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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Vol. XI No. 3

"Canada's Greatest Magazine"

CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.
TORONTO, CANADA.
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The Ground Floor

Wherein We Take The Reader Into Our Confidence

They Nailed Him To A Cross!

"WHO is he?" was the burning question asked by every soldier. They called him "The One Who Comes Alone," for nobody knew who he was or whence he came, this brave and simple soldier of the Allied Cause. With eyes that seemed to look ever beyond, he moved among his comrades, ever present under fire, helping, healing, soothing and serving. Mystery and fame of him spread abroad, even among the gray-green Huns. The Imperial Command at Berlin placed a princely ransom on his head. His capture brought him into the presence of His Satanic Majesty, the Kaiser—and when his comrades found him—they wrote his revenge in letters of fire and blood.

Who he was and what he was is the startling and amazing narrative of this realistic and vivid story "The One Who Comes Alone," by Edith J. Craine. It appears complete in the October issue.

Suppose Your Mother Wandered Away!

AND one day, after many weeks of weary searching, she was found in a public institution? That's what happened to Augusta. Then a cold-hearted official told her that she would not be allowed to take her mother home unless she (Augusta) were married. Now, Augusta had been brought up to believe people married for love, and when Jimmy, a reporter who boarded with them, suggested that she marry him, Augusta was in despair, because she did not love Jimmy. Besides, she was a Catholic, and he was not. But the law said she must be married to secure her mother's release. Of course, it did not matter that Jimmy could barely support himself—law is law, you know. Now, Augusta loved her mother more than anything else in the world, and so the law gave Augusta back her mother, and Life gave her all the care and support of the poor, mentally deranged mother and a husband with one lung. And although the gates of life seemed forever shut to anything but care and sorrow and anxiety for Augusta, she kept her vision high above her troubles until Love opened wide the gates, and Augusta and Jimmy and Donohue set forth along the happy, out-of-door trail that led them both to the "Hills of Desire." Start this delightful serial by Richard Maher in October.

She Was Horrified When—

WELL, when her dearest friend told her she was plainly growing old. Now, growing old is largely a matter of health, and sensible folks who desire to avoid "the handwriting on the wall" will do well to heed the timely warning contained in the article on beauty culture, coming in October, and entitled "New Exercises for Health and Beauty."

Did He Go Away and Forget Her?

TWENTY years he had searched for his ideal woman, and in one hour of his soldier's leave in Paris he found her,—only to lose her as suddenly as he had met her. Did he go away and forget? Well, he was a Canadian officer, and she was a charming maid of Paris. In this number of "A Paris Incident" Frederick Hawes proves conclusively that it was love at first sight, and to find love and then lose it—well, the October number will tell whether or not he went away and forgot her. The ending is a bit unusual, but very satisfying. This don't-miss-it two-part serial is concluded with the October issue.

What Good is a Buttonhole Without a Button?

LIKEWISE what good is a laid-aside or cast-off garment without ways and means for making it serviceable and of use again?

The efficient make-over department of Everywoman's World will always "button-up" with your needs and requirements for making over and changing the style of any garment or hat.

Why Did She Lie To Him?

WAS it the witching spell of a Hawaiian beach bathed in magic moonlight, or was it an airy adventure along the highways of romance, that intrigued the chivalry of a conventionally correct young Englishman and caused him to fall blindly in love with slim, flower-crowned Kealoha, a half-cast Hawaiian maid? Drifting side by side through a velvety sea, conversing in halting, pidgin English of the island, was it strange that romance and reality should merge into one? Many a lad has laughed

lightly at love and whispered consolingly to himself, "I'll never see her again," and Lewis yielded gaily to his moment of moon-madness, saying likewise, "I'll never see her again." But he did, and most unexpectedly, too, for when a man finds both romance and the maid confronting him from a socially-correct tea-party—well, naturally, he—

No one could conceive a more thrilling answer to such a fascinating tale than Fanny Heaslip Lea in "The Moon of Nanakuli," complete in October.

Mary Pickford to You

A CHARMING message, over her own signature, is Mary Pickford's gift to you. With every copy of "Little Mary's" latest photo-play, "Daddy Long Legs," you may secure the facsimile autograph of the world's most famous moving picture artist. Mary Pickford's autograph in the moving picture edition of "Daddy Long Legs" is a possession worth having. Full particulars are given on page 45, telling you how you may secure both the book and autograph.

Stop Forgetting

THIS is not a memory advertisement. It is just a reminder. Everyone knows a good memory is a valuable possession, but not everyone possesses a good memory. Hence the reminder to use the renewal coupon below. It is here for your personal use.

Paris and Return

IF it had been meant for the human race to confine themselves to the deadly dull and drab of the old Puritan belief, a wise Nature would have provided us all with a permanent fur coat or feathers. But Nature left us to our own resources, to fashion our own clothes. Just as we have architects to design our homes, so must we have artists to design our gowns. And ever and always the eyes of the world turn to Paris, the super-city of fashion creations. Every woman may develop the latent charm of her own colours and lines through the fashion service of Everywoman's World, presenting the famous Pictorial Review Fashions. The latest fashion whisper in Paris is the first to be heard and offered to our readers through the "Paris and Return" fashion service of Everywoman's World.

Come Out of the Kitchen

AND spend more time in play—in just doing the things you want to do. Don't spend long, hot hours over a steaming stove, or worrying over what to eat three times a day, or wondering what on earth you will serve for unexpected guests, that will fill the bill and still be easy to prepare. Our Food Editor has five pages monthly that meet just such emergencies. Menus for each meal of the week, with simple rules for preparing; a marketing guide that reduces the problem of buying meat to a simple chart; household economics, labour-saving short cuts, and almost any household problem will be answered in advance for you. Come out of the kitchen, and just make friends with the Household Department of Everywoman's World.

That Was The Life!

THAT was the life when great-grandmother put the family baking for a whole week into the deep throat of the old-time brick oven. A close-up of the ultra modern electric kitchen, with all its labour-saving conveniences, would have convinced great-grandmother that she was "seeing things." No labour strikes troubled the old spinning wheel of great-grandmother's day, with its lazy whirr and hum, and the toil of securing a dozen or so yards of thread, so easily replaced by the giant spinning frames that reel off millions of yards in our mills to-day.

That was the life—drawing water from the old-fashioned well-sweep, carrying it up the old worn path, making a dozen or more trips a day, little dreaming of pipe lines that would bring water with a mere turn of the wrist. Now, young 1920 might not consider that treading the stately measure of the minuet could compare with tripping the light and fantastic toe through the mazes of the latest fox-trot to canned music. Yet that was the life as it was lived less than 100 years ago.

This vitally interesting topic will be presented as a Pictorial feature in October, under the heading, "The Good Old Times and Now." It is a feature you'll not want to miss.

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See page 55 for this month's List. Illustrated Catalogue mailed on request.

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MARY M. MURPHY, *Editor-in-Chief*
Associate Editors JEAN BLEWETT, KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, HELEN CORNELIUS

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Neōlin Soles

'Tween You and Me

MY OWN PAGE

Whereon I will Discuss with You the Livest Issues of the Day as They Affect You and Me in Your Home and Mine

Jean Blewett

The All-Important Home Help Question

NEEDLESS to say, it is the leading one. Go where you will, you hear, either from the lips of mistresses—lips drooping, as a rule, with discontent and self-pity, or from those of the maid, who seems to be smiling at something good she holds in anticipation, the words—higher wages, shorter hours, rights and privileges and so forth.

"There's no pleasing a domestic any more," sighs one. "I offered mine a raise in wages, by way of holding her, but she shook her head. "'The work isn't so very heavy I'm sure,' said I, and what do you thing she flung back?"

"Dear only knows," sighed her friend. "Their impertinence passes everything."

"'It's not so heavy,' returned she, 'as it's lasting. All the day long I've no time for reading or loafing with my own soul.'"

"That girl must be out of her mind," and the friend's hands were lifted skyward.

"No, just spoiled for being any good where she belongs—in the kitchen—by the foolish teachings of would-be reformers. Depend upon it, once a maid joins a club and begins to feel her work is beneath her, she ceases to be a good servant."

Then the quiet little woman over by the table spoke up. "By the way, the new 'Association of Domestic Helpers' object to the habit the mistress has of calling her helper a servant. It is a word not used in any other calling or business. The merchant employs a salesman, the mechanic an assistant, the manufacturer a labourer, the professional person a clerk, and so on and so forth. Our home-makers are the only ones who engage 'servants.' It is high time the girl in cap and apron arrived at the determination to raise her status by raising the standard of her calling—or to try something else."

The Better The Helpers, The Better the Homes

"THE Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under the skin,"
says Kipling. But are they? Farther and farther away from each other have travelled mistress and maid for long enough. There is not a doubt of it. The new plans formulated by domestics and their friends for uplifting housework into a science does not appeal to the average mistress of a home to-day.

Three classes of employers are ranged against the promised reforms among home helpers—those to whose narrow vision change and chaos mean one and the same thing, who think there can be no change for the better—that there is no "better" these days; those too exacting to own even to themselves that a mere maid has any rights—even the right to become more efficient; and those who refuse to consider "hired help" as anything but puppets put into the world to do their bidding.

"What is the aim of your organization?" we inquired of the head of the "United Work Women." "Is it a matter of work and wages?"

"It is—and more, much more," came her answer. "As to the work, we claim utter freedom from it for certain hours each afternoon; the evenings to be our own. Not only a living wage, but the right to live like other people. Our aim is to make the 'Home Helpers' of this country, a trained, thinking, disciplined army of workers, winning their way to better and higher household ethics and to the respect of all, even of those who at present term the refusal to serve afternoon tea a mark of utter depravity on the part of the 'hired girl.' Housework a science, indeed!"

The better the class of home helpers, the better the homes; the better the homes, the better the country. Eventually, then, employer and employee are bound to meet on a platform of mutual fair play and respect, don't you think?

Tour Canada's Beauty Spots First

DO you know that as Canadians we have one very bad fault, or shall we say habit? When we go off on a holiday, instead of trying to get acquainted with our own country we cross the line. Atlantic City, Colorado Canon, Pike's Peak, these and many more places are just as beautiful as the advertisements—and returned Canadians—portray them. Far be it from us to belittle the glories of nature, but these places are not a whit more desirable than the home places we neglect. Catch our cousin across the way belittling his own country by preferring (and praising) ours! He sees his own country first, and if later opportunity offers, comes over and makes a few comparisons. He isn't too mean to pay tribute to Canadian beauty spots; in truth, he is more appreciative than many a native-born, but his own country holds first place, as it should.

I write this plea, protest—call it what you will, in our own Algonquin Park, under the shadows of our own forest, already taking on its autumn glory. You could not surpass it in grandeur no matter where you journeyed. You could not look on it without thrilling to the thought that it is part of your heritage as a Canadian.

The oak has a song, the cedar only a breath, but the breath carries farther than the song. A big white moon shines warmly down upon a world of woods and waters. Someone is singing Dixie to the strumming of a guitar, the latest of the Fall bridal couples to arrive supplies the sentiment, and the whole lovely scene the romance. It is that incomparable thing—a silver crested, scented, perfect September night in Algonquin Park, OUR Garden of Allah.

"Citizen of no mean city," says Paul. This means us. Ontario stretching out fair and fertile, has her beauty shrines innumerable. East and still farther east to the sea lie provinces as fair and fertile—almost. West, and still farther west, to the sea stretches a land of promise, the home of millions yet to be. North, and still further north,

The Highland Shepherd

O, the little hills of purple heather
And the skies so warm and gray!
O, the shimmer of the sea-mist
In the sea-wind far away!
O, the singing of the waters—
Sweeping down Ben VorChich's side—
And my white ewes faring foldward
In the hush of eventide!

JEAN BLEWETT.

where the great Peace River sings its song on silver sands:

Her hills are singing to the skies—
The wild flowers deck her virgin soil—
So much of nature in her lies
She must be near to nature's God!

Let us be proud of our own land and love its beauty spots well enough to seek them. Other lands are fair, but home things first is a good motto.

What Women Can Vote in Canada?

IN reply to many queries from Canadian women re the right to vote in Dominion elections, we quote from a letter just to hand from the Deputy Minister of Justice:

"The Women's Suffrage Act is none the less operative because the War-Time Elections Act is still in force. The enumerators' lists govern, and women should see to it that their names are on these lists. The Provincial lists are adopted as a basis, and the names appearing in these are entitled to vote in a Dominion election."

All that the woman who desires to cast her ballot has to do is to see to it that her name is in the Enumerator's list in good time and that she reaches the voting place—also in good time.

Query No. 2.—No, it is not a property vote, nor is the right to wield it based on educational fitness. Canadian women possess the right to vote under the conditions that they are British subjects, twenty-one years of age and upwards, with the usual restriction as to period of residence in the country, and provided that they are not disqualified by nationality, race or blood.

No. 3.—Under the Women's Suffrage Act, the wife of an alien is denied the right to vote.

Undue Preparations for the Newcomer

"ONE trouble with young married women is that they think too much about the little stranger due to arrive in the near future." Thus the country cousin breaks in upon the sentimental lady's discourse concerning pre-natal influence, parenthood, and other perfectly good but worked-to-death subjects. "Yes," she goes on, in answer to a deprecating murmer from the half-dozen of us who have been listening with all our ears to the sentimental lady, "and they talk too much. Lord love their poor husbands, I say. Unfeeling?—Not a bit of it—just human. The most loving young man in the world must get mortally sick of hearing nothing but "baby." I haven't a doubt he'd be happy to have his wife take spells of talking along that line in a proud and gladsome sort of way if only she'd ever talk anything else at other times.

"You know that little bungalow back of us—the nest the groom built last year for his bride? The stork will be calling there after a while, and the fact seems to be worrying them a lot. In fact, Lelia has about forgotten how to laugh; says her mind is always on her coming duties. She thinks baby, dreams baby, and heighho! talks baby. I'm not sighing for myself, but for that nice little, troubled woman and her nice big, miserable man. She won't go anywhere, on account of the baby that's expected, and he can't for the same reason. She was reading aloud to him from a book bound in white when I dropped in last evening. He was doing fairly well as a listener, only the shouts of the neighbourhood baseball team gathered for practice in our meadow kept him as uneasy as a young hound that hears his brother's 'give tongue' on the hunt. 'Advice to Young Mothers' was printed in gold on the cover of the book. He wasn't a young mother, and consequently didn't need the advice, so I told him to skip off to the game—and skip he did, while Lelia and I had a good talk."

Bring Sensible Sentiment to Bear

"WHAT did you tell her?" we asked in a body. "What rules did you set forth?"

"Not a blessed rule. 'Lelia,' says I, 'there are some of the fattest, sweetest thimble-berries ripe in our pasture. Bring along your five-quart pail and we'll go pick them.' 'I don't know as I'm able,' she returns, 'I've not been extra well of late.'

"And won't be until you act yourself, so come along," I urged. "It isn't fair to Hubby to be moping around, afraid to act natural, afraid you're going to die, afraid if you do some other woman will take your place, afraid—"

"'Oh! Who told you what's in my mind?' she cried."

"Bless you, I don't need to be told," said I. "I've been through it myself. Listen. You don't want your man to be sick of his life, do you? No; then get hold of a few other subjects besides symptoms, anticipations, and all the rest of it. He's of the male persuasion, and being a father isn't the same as being a mother. But it's as far as he can go. Between paternity and maternity there's a heap more difference than between the letter 'p' and the letter 'm' used in spelling them. Pater doesn't want a continuation of eugenics, Holt's advice to mothers, or wife's doleful ditty. He wants a happy and normal atmosphere, a happy, normal mate, a happy, normal—"

'I believe you,' she cries, reaching for the five-quart pail and her sun hat, 'and it's what my man is going to get, though'—with a sigh—'it seems hardly fair to the little stranger who—'

"The woman who wants to have a lovely baby, a happy, contented, healthy baby, an up-and-coming-forward baby, must herself be that kind of an individual before the boy of the house or daddy's daughter arrives on the scene." I resumed.

Lelia's face got all aglow—not even when she came home a bride did she appear quite so worth while. Her lips moved. I believe she was saying a little prayer. Then off she started for the pasture lot singing one of her old gay songs—or rather the very core of love and laughter set forth in free verse, without stops or metre, to an old air.

Up from the meadow came the shouts of the players, the katydids called for rain, the wind sang through the millet—the world seemed a good place in which to live.

Canadian Textbooks for Canadian Schools

SOME day, someone is going to write a little book for use in the schools of this country. It will contain things interesting and instructive to our boys and girls. Most of the feats recorded in the books at present in circulation are of the United States. Not that we mind our children realizing the cleverness of our neighbours when it really is theirs, but we grow a trifle weary of having them lay claim to more than is their due.

This text book will contain in brief form the history of things calculated to create pride of country and faith in our countrymen.

A New York publication, in giving one of Bliss Carman's spring songs, calls the author "our summertime bard." He is not their summertime, wintertime, or any other time bard. He is a Canadian product. So is Charles D. Roberts, Arthur Stringer, George Pattullo, and other clever story-writers on the Saturday Evening Post are ours, too. Let our young people learn these facts, not for the purpose of boasting, but because knowledge is power.

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Illustrated by T. V. McCarthy

A Paris Incident

First Instalment of a Two-Part Serial

By FREDERICK GORDON HAWES

RAND KENDALL arrived in Paris, and alighted from a crowded train in the Gare d'Orleans. He climbed the stairs from the train shed to the station proper, and stood a moment to study the crowd, milling everywhere like ants, surging about like waves, bubbling and effervescing like water at the foot of some cascade.

There were young girls in chic costumes and smart hats, smiling as women smile when life is bright and promising; old people who trudged along with satisfied, deep, set expressions on their faces, as though age and weakness and dull, ordinary existence were something not to be argued or discussed, but passively endured; and now and then an officer or soldier flashed by in blue or khaki, French, American or British, highly at ease with realities, and quite aware of the honour, the dignity of the cloth, singularly free, too, from that solemn expression, so characteristic of those who formerly partook of the party or banquet, with their mind's eye set constantly on the distant but inevitable panorama of war.

It was a peaceful-looking crowd, not so much in regard to individual appearances or concerted activity as in its atmosphere of relief and repose, and satisfaction that the worst was over; quite different from the crowd that had met Kendall's gaze when he came to Paris on his first furlough nearly four years ago.

A taxicab rolled up to the curve. Kendall mumbled his destination and got into the machine. Over the Pont Royale, past the Comedie Francaise, and it slipped through a labyrinth of streets, across squares and finally whirled up in front of the porte-cochere of the Hotel Francaise.

He registered, passed through a lobby filled with various elements of society, consisting of representatives from every country merged into a lingering group stopping in Paris on sundry different missions.

His room was neatly furnished and comfortable. As he looked more closely at its various details of furnishing, its cream-coated walls, its old mahogany furniture, a candlestick or two on the deserted mantel, and the old-fashioned fireplace a vague inkling of a similar apartment trickled into his consciousness. On his first trip to Paris he had stopped at the Hotel Francaise. Gradually it dawned upon him that he was occupying the same room he had tenanted on a former occasion. And standing in the corner was the little table he had played cards on with Henri Gantier, a young French officer who was sharing his quarters. And there, too, he had written his first letter in French to a young lady, without the aid of a dictionary or book of idioms.

He opened the windows and stepped out on the balcony. Before him Paris stretched beneath the moonlit skies. A narrow street or two, dark masses of buildings, and the shadowy blotches of chimney-pots entered his vision. And scattered here and there his gaze caught traces of monumental pieces of architecture. Cowering under the moon, with its shadows and bizarre light effects, Paris appeals strongly to the imagination. And who would not people its historic scenes of history, romance and intrigue, with the old actors—villains and heroes—conjured up by fancy, who played the greater part of their desperate roles in this city of mystery! Kendall was thinking of the past in a dull mood of melancholy. But there was something, or at least someone else in his thoughts besides Paris.

How his life had grown since he last stood there and viewed the city! And the growth was of depth, and beauty and strength—not of years! Kendall was young four years ago, and now he is wise and grave and old. Old—but his head of dark hair shows not a sign of gray! His eyes—ah, that's another matter.

He possessed light blue eyes, with every trace of having looked on long hours of anguish and sorrow. How many people have looked into those eyes and dreamed of that remote stare that seemed to be always looking backwards over the barren, shell-torn ground of the past.

Kendall went into war with the first Canadian contingent. His first hours in the trenches were spent in the neighbourhood of Armentaires. Right from the start he had a passion for doing brave stunts—reckless displays of bravado, some of them, but men looked on and wondered and admired. They learned to love him, and said so in terms that left no doubt about how they felt. "Kendall!—We'd go to hell for him!"

And then came Ypres. There is a wood not far from the town of St. Julien in that neighbourhood, and many a hot scrap took place there in the course of the great battle. Kendall fought well in that hole—so well that they made him a captain for it later. Festubert and Gavenchy, and then the Royal Flying Corps, that was Kendall's record of service. In the last he won a V.C. and several other decorations. Men have been heard to say that he hung over his old regiment as an air scout whenever the opportunity offered to get trace of them. Many a German attack he broke with his rattling machine gun fire. The men would look up from the trenches and watch the flash of his machine in the sunlight. Admiration welled in their hearts, pressing thought into speech. "Good old scout!" they would mutter; "Good old scout!"

For a long time he stood on the balcony there, and the light of the moon fell on his face, and showed it up, youthful yet lined, and set coldly white like a death mask, and brought out vaguely the worried, troubled look in his eyes, such as shows in the eyes of men who are looking for the last time on a favourite scene of pleasure. Only much more sorrowful was the look in Kendall's eyes, and ever so much deeper.

Many women had admired Rand Kendall at London and Paris. None of them could resist his gallantry when he chose to be gallant. But that was on rare occasions, for he seldom trifled with women's hearts. However, his manner of dealing with women was decidedly a deferential one, and quite a few of them mistook a developed masculine etiquette for a display of interest, and accepted with delight his polite graces as more familiar attentions.

Splendidly he made love to Fay—after the grand romantic manner.

Handsome men are always dangerous, even when they don't possess a record of glorious achievement, but when bravery and gallantry on blood-sodden fields of death are added to a splendid presence and a pleasing personality the effect in a drawing-room is indescribable, and women wonder and grow dissatisfied with themselves, compliment lavishly and lionize prettily after their own fashion, and then go away quietly and try to forget.

In London there were Peggy Wade, the young actress, who wrote him letters and sent comfort boxes and packages of all kinds; Rene DeVere, daughter of a high Government official; Jean Andree, a debonair little secretary, and Dorothy Burton, a little artist's model, who was herself studying art, and who sent him numerous letters, sketches and delightfully pencilled drawings.

"You will soon forget," he told them, "with your ephemeral loves." And he would laugh and say that love such as theirs was a disease—usual with gay butterflies that die after a summer of gladness, moths that fall in love with the light of candles, and strange little wildflowers that bloom during an hour of sunshine and then wither in the shadows. And then he would laughingly chide them for taking an interest in himself. Unable to solve the brilliant mystery of his emotions, they would linger a while, and then gradually go away.

To the women he met in Paris, such as Andree Dusquet, Charlotte Betheau, and a host of others, he was somewhat more frank and outspoken.

"I don't intend to marry," he said. "I haven't met any of you that I like."

"But maybe—"

"No. I am sorry. Never!"

And they too, went away, some of them smiling and loving with the same light-hearted fancy, this dashing Canadian, hoping that at some future date he might relent. And others did not smile. Theirs was the love that lies slightly beneath the surface. Yet most of them in time found solace in other things, and Randall became merely a memory—a delicious bit of retrospection, and his words and his acts were like the phantoms of a dream that had passed away.

NOT so with Fay Bercou! Like Bayard and the knights of old, he had come from battle gallant, romantic, stalwart, brave and handsome, and she happened into his life. Out of the trenches Randall had come and accidentally chanced upon her. Splendidly he made love to Fay by a reed-grown moat and in the shadow of ancient trees—after the grand, romantic manner.

Days of sunshine and love in the little thatched village, with its square-towered church and shining river, its hedges and fields and parks, where their hearts nestled together, and an exquisite, vague unreality wove itself over their very existence, and everything was forgotten except their own sweet selves.

When his furlough was ended, came the parting.

Her dim, regular little face nestled against his breast; her hair a light colour, like straw-coloured early autumn grass, streamed over her shoulders unbound, eyes like the light green of shallow seas—Fay was beautiful, enthrallingly beautiful, and innocently unconscious of the immense effect she created.

There might have been a trace of how Randall felt if the expression of his face had been closely studied. At a glance no emotion was apparent.

And Fay, knowing how generous she had given of her love, looked up into his face, and in her eyes was the light of a whole-souled woman—giving, sympathetic and just. Randall kissed her once, and happy in her own way—a quiet, undemonstrative manner—she smiled, and her lids dropped slowly on the watery pools her eyes became.

Even on the stage, actor and actress are thrilled when the touching moment of a big love scene is reached. It is the climax of the audience's desire. And how passionately it is played out! Out on the shadow-dappled roadway, with the old trees whispering overhead, there were no spectators. But surely the birds must have sung the merrier, and the flowers by the roadway must have bloomed brighter for witnessing the emotions that swept over Randall. Fay had suddenly taken on, in his mind's eye, a wonderful aspect. She was something to be admired, loved, adored, nay, cherished, and he felt towards her as he had never felt towards a woman before. He kissed her, and when their lips met there was a half-smothered whisper:—

"Dear heart! Dear heart!"

Standing on the balcony, dreaming his listless dreams, he was thinking of a ruined village, a steel-battered moat, where the reeds had grown, now covered with clay, and gaunt spectres of gnarled and broken trees where the leafy old trees had been.

Peace had come! But to some hearts it meant little of calm and repose. For there are things that the heart and the mind can never forget. Rand Kendall had visited the village. True to his promise, he had come back. But the soul of the village was gone, and the sunshine beat in upon the ruins of the things that were! No birds sang, no flowers bloomed, and the fields were scathed and torn, with wild poppies revelling among the ruins, sweeping over the fields in a glorious effulgence of colour that served as a background for the white-gray crosses—and the memories of *(Continued on page 44)*

The Woman Who Wrecked the World

The Tragic Romance of Sophie Chotek---She Dreamed of a Throne and Unleashed the War of 1914-18

By H. De WISSEN

PEERING at history, one sees through the red mists of war the faces of women—delicate faces framed in castle windows, or heavier featured maids in peasant skirts warming old taverns with coarser beauty. A smile or a slight, an ambition or a whim, whispered searing words from some cozened charmer, and then, rumbling as summer thunder, the great catastrophe—war. Charming women, their dainty hands have ever unleashed the passions of combat, from Helen of Troy down through time to the Little Lady of Bohemia. Was not Venus enamored of Mars?

The French, they know these things to be true, they are very old and they are very wise, so they say: "Cherchez la femme." From the English there came to us the thought, "The Woman in the Case." But in the sterner lands of Central Europe such things could not be; for there men ruled and women were but "hausfrauen." So they thought. . . . .

But the hand that rocks a cradle can also rock a throne. And through the assassin's smoke of Sarajevo, on that awful summer day five years ago when first leapt the flames of war, one discerns the face of a dainty, petite, high-cheeked woman with rounded chin and fragile nose, intangibly attractive, yet not unlike many of the women of Bohemia. She possessed wondrous eyes, demure, yet deep, vague, yet welling with ambition, a vast ambition, that was to bring her and the man she loved to Sarajevo—to their doom—and the world to war.

You have never heard of the Little Lady of Bohemia, Sophie Chotek? . . .

She, an obscure little countess of Bohemia, daughter of an impoverished household, a mere lady-in-waiting at the court of Vienna, won the heart of Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne. And, in her persuasive way, she awakened in him a desire to do justice to those dragooned people of Hapsburg domains, conspicuous among them the Czechs of Bohemia, the land she loved. So did the oppressors at Vienna come to fear the ascension of her husband to the throne. So came it that they struck him down, and she with him. So from that assassination war burst over Europe.

* * * *

NOT far from the Imperial Palace in Vienna can be seen a distant house that crests green terraces and shows through the trees in a shimmer of white. It stands solitary, aloof; its back to the pretty countryside, its face to the dawn—and to the Emperor. In that white house lived Isabella, Archduchess of Austria, favoured of Franz Joseph, the solemn mentor of his court. It was an austere house, one in which a royal chaperone should dwell.

In the train of the great Isabella was an ambitious woman, small and prettily made. Her face was round and delicately coloured; her eyes, large and blue, could be at times as innocent as a baby's—a gift she did not despise. But it was her hair that had attracted the majestic Isabella, and made others glance more than passingly at the obscure little lady-in-waiting. Blue-black, she wore it coiled and braided, an aureole of swarthy bands, a tiara of sable, glossy, abundant and fragrant. The ambitious little woman was Sophie Chotek.

Not strikingly beautiful, but possessing that magnetism so superior to mere regularity of features, she was admired regretfully by visitors to the white house of Isabella. In Vienna the law of caste was then the highest law in the land, and the dainty Sophie had not been bred to the purple. Impoverished and of low title, merely a Bohemian countess, her rôle in the establishment of Isabella was only a little more elevated than that of a servant. Men called her the "Little Lady of Bohemia," and sought to make love to her, always to the vast indignation of the royal chaperone, Isabella. Nor would Sophie have any of them. There was another.

One morning, a slim figure of a girl, dressed all in white, her abundant hair uncoiled and tumbling about her shoulders. She opened one of the tall windows that faced the garden and after cautiously glancing about waved a tiny handkerchief. Excitedly it fluttered in her hand until, in answer, there came through the trees a voice she knew, softened in song. He sang a Viennese love-song as he came down the path, a thousand patches of gold running over him as he walked—the sunshine draining through the trees. A thousand happy voices stirred about him—the voice of the Little Lady of Bohemia in greeting.

The man was Franz Ferdinand, whom the world then expected would some day be Emperor and King of Austria-Hungary. He believed that the little Sophie would some day sit at his side in the throne room of Vienna. Fate wrote it otherwise. They would love and be wed? Yes. They would rule? No. For there were men and women in high places in Vienna, Budapest and Berlin who plotted.

Toward noon on the day that Franz Ferdinand had clandestinely met the Little Lady of Bohemia below her window, the mighty Isabella took the air in her garden. As she proceeded majestically along the walk something metallic crunched against her slipper. It was a gold chain and locket. She picked it up, and, recognizing it instantly, fingered it thoughtfully.

"Yes," she mused, "it belongs to Franz Ferdinand. What could he have been doing here—in my garden?"

Isabella frowned, the way a chaperone should. Her suspicions were aroused; the regarded the locket that hung from the chain. Isabella was but an Archduchess, but she possessed feminine curiosity which knows no rank. She snapped the locket open and regarded the image she saw there with startled eyes. Gathering up her skirts quite gingerly, she proceeded back to the house.

A few moments, and Sophie Chotek ceased to be lady-in-waiting to the Imperial chaperone. Nor was she allowed time to pack her belongings; for in the eyes of Isabella she had committed grievous sins—risen out of her class, blinded the heir to the Austrian throne, and made of Isabella's very proper abode a trivial trysting place for ladies-in-waiting. Weren't there enough actresses in Vienna making trouble for the Hapsburgs without a little countess increasing the holy Emperor's worries? Pandora's box contained harmless mysteries compared to what the locket held—it was Sophie Chotek's picture that had smiled out at the enraged Isabella.

Franz Ferdinand went into a royal rage when he heard that the Countess Sophie had been dismissed, but he was powerless. He knew that she came from an old but obscure Bohemian family, the house of Chotek, Chotkowa and Wognin. They owned a little debt-ridden castle in Bohemia, and there Countess Sophie took refuge from the wrath of Isabella, the Imperial chaperone. Five years passed, Sophie remained in seclusion in Bohemia, and, whenever he could escape from his duties in Vienna, Franz Ferdinand went north to his castle in Bohemia and met her clandestinely.

From her home of seclusion, Sophie finally went one day to the Bohemian castle of Franz Ferdinand at Konopischt. There came, the same day, to his home in the forests, his half-sister, the Archduchess Marie Annunciata, Abbess of the Hradraschin, and her mother, the Archduchess Marie Therese. Franz Ferdinand had taken them into his confidence. He had told them that he and the Countess Sophie were to be married, and had pledged them to secrecy. They were the only witnesses of the ceremony, and they kept their pledge. Franz Ferdinand was called back to his duties in Vienna and Sophie remained at the Castle of Konopischt, a lonely place in the Bohemian forests where the old Emperor never visited. Her oldest child, Sophie, was born to her there; and still the Emperor never knew. Years passed, Sophie lived in the castle, and Franz Ferdinand remarked more frequently that he was going up to Bohemia for a rest.

It was during those days that she remained in seclusion at Konopischt that the Little Lady of Bohemia played at being Queen, poising an imaginary royal train, fancying the weight of a crown on her pretty brow. She transported her future to the palace at Vienna. To her life became a nursery playroom, her ambitions toys. She played with fancied policies. She realized that when her marriage became known a storm would break, but she was confident of the love of her husband. "I will renounce my throne rather than sanction a dissolution of our marriage," he had told her.

During those days when she was alone in the castle in Bohemia, Sophie reflected that the Austrian law would not allow one of her rank to ascend the throne; nor could children born of her union be in the line of succession. Another woman might have surrendered, but Sophie determined to change the inevitable.

There burned in her that fierce patriotism common to the suppressed little nationality of Central Europe. Through her girlhood in the little poverty-stricken castle of the Choteks she had heard of the wrongs done the Bohemians. She knew that they were numerically a power. Once Bohemia was placed upon the same political footing in the empire as Hungary they would be a decided political power. She thought if she could induce Franz Ferdinand, when he came to the throne, to revive the old kingdom of Bohemia, and, in the south, to form a "Triune" kingdom of Croatia-Slavonia-Dalmatia, this would make him extremely popular with the Slavish elements in the monarchy. It would strengthen her position, and that of their heir, whom she was determined to put upon the throne. And she knew that, secure in her husband's love, she could appeal to his sense of justice to grant these little people the political advancement which was their due. She knew that in Vienna her husband was often likened to a liable horse, "Warranted without vice, will stand unhitched, can be driven by a lady."

She knew also, what Vienna did not know, that she was the lady to do the driving. Yet, she was not a schemer who had married him merely to make him the instrument for her ambitions. A clever, far-seeing woman, she was looking into the future, and she knew that unless justice were done the small peoples, that upon the death of the old Emperor, "the crazy-quilt Empire" would be torn apart and thrown into the ragbag of European powers. And in the castle of Konopischt she dreamed and bided her time.

There came a day when she was only half happy; it was not in her heart to be unhappy. Her Franz Ferdinand was sent to the tropics. He was gone on Imperial business, many, many months; indeed so long was he away that Sophie began to grow uneasy. Had the old Emperor learned of their love? What if something had happened to Franz Ferdinand? She felt that only disaster could keep her from him. She was confident of that. Then from over the seas came letters, wonderful letters, the thoughts in them softened by the tropics where he worked. And he followed the letters home.

He went first to his distant home at Konopischt, to Sophie and his baby girl; then to his official home, the palace of the Emperor. Franz Ferdinand had worked strenuously on his foreign mission, and so delighted was old Franz Joseph that he named him Inspector General of the Army and hailed him as the heir to the throne. Of course, Franz Ferdinand's father, the swollen spider, Karl Ludwig, "Blue Beard of the Hapsburgs," was first heir. The spider, though, had not long to live; nor did the old Emperor wish him to live. Franz Ferdinand was his choice. The young man was high in favour. He had been in Vienna but a few days when the Emperor made known a wish. He wanted Franz Ferdinand to marry. He wanted to see an Emperor and Empress in embryo ready to ascend his throne. Old Franz Joseph knew the Hapsburg blood. He wanted Franz Ferdinand out of trouble, happily, "safely" married.

Meanwhile, Sophie remained in the forest castle of her husband. Even the little Bohemian village nearby had heard the rumours drifting up from Vienna. "The Crown Prince has returned from the tropics," it was said; "the old Emperor is forcing wives upon him."

A less clever woman would have gone straight to Vienna and shrilled in the aged ear of the Emperor that Franz Ferdinand was already married and she was his wife, the mother of his children—for other children had been born in the castle at Konopischt. But Sophie had more sense

(Continued on page 52)

To An Old Oak

(Removed from Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park, to make way for an Aeroplane landing place.)

A sturdy British Oak, with gnarled trunk
And knotted limbs, I saw thee; and anon
I glanced thy way and like a galleon sunk
There was no sign to show where thou hadst gone.
For mortals who have run th' allotted span
There is some sign erected, thus to say:
"Here lieth such and such an worthy man,
"Who, in his prime of life was called away;"
But thou, whose birth was e'en before the time
Of Human memory, twice, yea! thrice removed,
Art felled by axemen, charging thee no crime
Except that staunch and sturdy thou hast proved.
Some wond'rous bird alights where thou hast stood,
A winged monster, roaring in its might,
Whose pilot thought on thee as so much wood—
An obstacle to modern means of flight.
Didst thou not from the tiny Acorn's shell,
A green and slender shoot put forth to Heaven?
That God might see thy birth and say:—"'Tis well!
"To thee, brave Oak, will life and strength be given."
Didst thou not grow apace with passing years
That foiled the schemes of Statesmen and of Kings?
Hast thou not stood a Sentinel that hears
And learns the great futility of things?
Canst thou forget the first sweet mating birds
That made thy branches tranquil home of love?
Or, wilt thou e'er dismiss the tender words
Th' impassioned swain spoke whilst thou sighed above?
.....Methinks 'tis most unjust that thou shouldst fall
A victim to th' exigencies of Strife,
And yet, the Patriot gives at Britain's call,
Like thee, his World's inheritance, his life!

HECTOR MACKNIGHT,
21st August C.F.C., Sunningdale, Berks.

Our October Cover A Work Of Art

IT has never been the privilege of any Canadian magazine to present to the public a piece of art more striking, more beautiful, or more distinctive than the Hallowe'en subject, "The Masque," which Mr. T. V. McCarthy has prepared for the October Issue of Everywoman's World. The story behind the painting is linked with the two-part serial "A Paris Incident," by Frederick Gordon Hawes, the first instalment of which appears in this issue and which terminates next month. This fact, in itself, makes the cover doubly interesting, and we mention it that our readers may expect a really worthwhile conclusion to a good story, additionally enhanced by Mr. McCarthy's interpretation of one of the most gripping incidents in the tale. You will want to frame the October cover. Don't by any chance miss the issue. A coupon for your convenience and that of your friends always appears on page one of every issue.

—THE EDITORS.

"I Say to Canadian Girls: 'Have Patience'—And to Our Returned Men: 'Pull Up Your Socks'"

Says ARTHUR BEVERELY BAXTER

Author of "The Blower of Bubbles," Etc.

"A Rather Inelegant Phrase, That—'Pull Up Your Socks.' But Every Soldier Knows What It Means!"

SINCE my return, a few days ago, from England, it has been brought to my attention in a dozen different ways that all is not well between the boys from Overseas and the girls at home. Complaints are made on both sides, and in many cases genuine unhappiness exists.

Nothing would be more foolish than to pose as a Solomon in Wisdom, or to assume that a mere bachelor could hope to possess the complete remedy for the situation, but in all sincerity and with the interests of both the English and Canadian girl at heart, I am going to offer some observations which may bring a little light to bear on the "contre temps" which is taking place.

When our chaps first went over to England they used an expression which was most offensive, though somewhat amusing, to the English. They spoke of Canada as "God's Country." The Australians committed the same ungracious blunder, and when the Americans arrived they also brought the phrase in their kit bags.

It was not that our chaps wanted to brag particularly, but when they were plunged into an old world civilization with its class distinctions, apparently obsolete methods and lack of bigness generally, they became nationally self-conscious for the first time. They pictured the great sweep of their own country with its rolling prairies, its minarets of snow, its chain of lakes and mountains. . . . For the first time they felt that Canada was not only a nation, but was the very embodiment of freedom and progress.

The English were very patient and listened to our criticisms of their little Island with its comic opera climate, its badly shod women and its lack of central heating with a good humour that must have strained politeness many times.

If the war had ended suddenly our men would have come back convinced that everything Canadian, including its girls, was without a parallel.

So much for the first men who went over.

When the war developed into a ding dong battle of years, our men began to settle down to the situation and, the unpleasant novelty of war wearing off, they commenced to feel the pangs of loneliness and to yearn for feminine companionship.

It is difficult to exaggerate the great sense of loneliness felt by our men after a short time in England. I have seen Canadian soldiers in camp at Crowborough walk down to the village at night and gaze at the lighted windows of houses, just getting what little pleasure they could from picturing the homely scenes inside.

Now at this point, it is necessary to turn to the English girl.

Those who have studied England know that probably no girl in the world had less liberty before the war than the English one. She was ruled by convention and lived under the rules of a Society more completely masculine than any other in existence—with the possible exception of the Turk.

War Was Emancipation

TO her the war meant suffering, but also emancipation. The country called for women workers and by the tens of thousands, English girls left their homes and in munition works, driving ambulances, driving motor cycles, as Waacs (Army Auxiliary), as Wrens (Navy Auxiliary), on motor 'buses, in banks—the list is endless—they threw off the restraint of ordinary convention and pluckily did their bit. With most of them it was a sincere desire to help the Nation; and I never lost my sense of pity and admiration for the slim girls handling trunks and other baggage in railway stations.

But there were many, and some from the finest homes, who took little flats in London with only one idea, to have a rattling good time with no questions asked.

Officers and men from the Dominions were waited on in their clubs and rest houses by volunteer waitresses. Introductions were not necessary and were not looked for. It was a pretty slow Canadian who could not find a jolly good pal if he went to London.

It would be absurd to read nothing but evil in all this; it would be equally foolish to assume there was no evil at all.

From France, from the lonely training camps, our boys streamed to the great metropolis and they heard the sound of women's voices in their own language. Many charming friendships were made, culminating in marriages which should prove most successful. In other parts of the British Isles, Canadians were meeting girls and forming splendid friendships. In many cases, thoughtful hostesses gave dances and our men met young ladies in the same manner as they would at home.

I confess to being an optimist about the Anglo-Canadian marriages. I have seen many of these young brides leaving for embarkation to take up their homes in the Dominion, and in the majority of cases—the large majority—they are girls that Canada can be proud to welcome.

In the sacred spirit of hospitality let us remember that they have thrown in their lot with us, that they are strangers in a strange land, and let our welcome to the English bride be not only cordial, but sincere.

"Pull Up Your Socks!"

BUT the trouble existing is not caused by the Canadians who have married, but by those who have come back, bachelors, and claim that the Canadian girls are cold, unresponsive, not "sports" and, in fact, are too much the daughters of "Our Lady of the Snows."

If I may be permitted a vulgarism, I would say to these soldiers, as one of them:

"Gentlemen—pull up your socks."

Every soldier knows what that means. When a chap has an imaginary grievance; when he thinks Bolshevism a good thing; when he tries to ride a horse with a tight rein over a jump. . . . . It is the habit of his fellow soldiers to urge him to elevate his socks.

The freedom of intercourse which existed between the sexes in Paris and London during the war was a mixture of good and evil. On the hail-fellow-well-met basis, nothing much was demanded of the soldier. If he gave the girl a good time, not necessarily an expensive one, she did not look for the same standard of etiquette and courtesy as in ordinary times. Not that our chaps were not fundamentally courteous, but it resulted in the ignoring of many of the niceties.

For instance, I knew some Canadian Officers, stationed in London, who used to attend some charming dances in Chelsea, the Artist Quarter of London. The girls arrived by themselves and as far as these officers were concerned they were allowed, at two or three in the morning, to go home without an escort.

(*Continued on page 42*)

Strange Wedding Rites and Customs in Other Lands

A WEDDING party in the Kamerun in Africa. The maids of honour and the children attendants are all dressed in their Sunday best.

A CHINESE bridal party. The bride and groom are members of high class families.

A GYPSY wedding in Hungary. All are dressed in their most gorgeous costumes for the festive occasion, but sitting for a picture has a saddening effect.

IN Persia on the morning of the wedding of any member of any high official's family, a breakfast is served for the poor of the community. A priest attends and prayers are said for the future happiness of the bride and groom.

THE gorgeous costumes worn by a Bulgarian bridal couple. The bride, you will note, appears quite chastened and the groom a trifle apprehensive. They may be happy though—who knows?

IN the South Sea Islands. The prospective groom's servants bring gifts to the prospective bride's father. The larger the gifts the better the prospects of the suitor to claim his bride.

ELIZABETH SURRENDERS

First of a Series of One-Act Plays

By CATHARINE ROBERTSON (Raggs)

WHEN the curtain rises, Elizabeth is seen in her studio. She is an artist, possessed of that artistic temperament which soars above cobwebs and dust, yet her painting garb—an all-over smock-like apron, which was once a glorious blue, but now has daubs of many-coloured paints upon it—shows unmistakable signs of having once seen service as a duster, so we must not judge her too harshly. Chaos reigns supreme in her person and her studio. Her curly, dark hair stands on end, except where it "wisps" behind; even her carpet slippers are floppy and faded; tortoise-shell spectacles are almost on the end of her nose—that could do with the application of a powder puff—so, to see more plainly, she tilts her chin in the air as she works. Canvases are reversed against the walls; the floor is bare; to the left is a small, square platform, on which is a vacant chair; on the right is an easel supporting a large canvas on which she is working.

Elizabeth is doing a little work on the trousers of the gentleman whose portrait is half-finished. We know that Elizabeth is enjoying herself vastly, for she is talking at the portrait, and the portrait, naturally, can't talk back. She is talking in a very emphatic manner; Elizabeth is nothing if not emphatic. We feel relieved that the original of the picture is not present to hear her; we don't hurt people's feelings ourselves, and we don't like to see it done.)

ELIZABETH: No, my friend—n-n-n-n- NO! Trousers were never meant to be immortalized! But, for the matter of that, neither was your funny face! The conceit of men! Now, no woman with such generous ears, high cheek-bones, and a tendency to baldness would ever sit for a portrait! O, you funny old dear! Never mind, though, your mouth is as nice as they make 'em, nothing manly and savage and brutal about it, like the mouths of most males, and your eyes are like the beautiful orbs of a faithful old hound—faithful—huh!

(There is something pathetically bitter in Elizabeth's "huh!")

But you're a faithful pal, Friend-Alec, even if, in the matter of—

(We feel that Elizabeth is on the point of letting cats out of bags, so we are rather annoyed that she is interrupted by a knock at the door, which is at the back of the studio, facing the audience. She goes to the door, and returns well laden with a dress box, a hat box, and a shoe box. She drops them all on the floor beside the easel, and whistles a tune that is no tune at all, as she retrieves the shoe box, undoes the knotted string with her teeth, and takes out a pair of bronze boots of fashionable slenderness. She ignores the portrait for the moment and talks to herself this time— a bad habit, acquired through living alone. We realize the pathos of this, withhold our criticism, and sympathetically contemplate her as she eyes the boots with a chuckle.)

ELIZABETH: The darlings! Stylish—but not gaudy! And such heels! Shades of the sandalled Greeks! Such heels! Those ought to catch his eye—bless 'em!

(She again addresses the portrait of Alec.)

Oh, I know you're thinking I'll never squeeze into 'em—but there is much virtue in a shoe-horn, my friend.

(She pauses, irresolute, looking from the portrait to the boots, and back again.)

I hate to waste precious daylight, but—I must try 'em on, the ducks!

(She kicks off a carpet slipper, which lands—anywhere—and, with much effort, squeezes into one of the boots. She chatters away to herself.)

You know, Elizabeth, you used to have rather nice, neat Trilbies, once upon a time. You're a wicked woman to spread your toes in carpet slippers. A sensible female, a womanly woman, never looks the monstrosities in the face until she takes to warming them before the fire for the worthy lord of her hearth and home. Oh, dear, why did the Good Lord create me a mad genius when he might so easily have made a soft, satisfied, restful creature, with a passion for high heels, silk stockings, peek-a-boo waists, and—babies?

There—that looks nice!

(She sits on the platform and elevates her two incongruous feet, the slippered one looking half as big again as the neatly-booted foot.)

Well, if the rest of the fine feathers make as great a difference, I certainly ought to be ravishing enough to DO THE TRICK. (She smiles at the portrait.)

What do you think, my dear?

(Another knock on the door upstage. For some reason, Elizabeth is momentarily petrified; then she starts unlacing that bronze boot as if her life depended upon having the carpet slipper upon its accustomed foot before another human sees her.)

ELIZABETH: Don't come in! Who is it?

NEVILLE (Outside. Quite cheerfully): It's only me, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH (Ecstatically): Heaven be praised, you lamb child! Just a minute, and you can come in. I'm—uh—dressing.

NEVILLE (more cheerfully yet): Oh, rats! Honey, you know you sleep in your clothes!

ELIZABETH (Ruefully, to herself): I know they look it.

NEVILLE (Still on the wrong side of the door): Can I come in now?

ELIZABETH (Shrieking): NO!

(She hops wildly about on one foot, looking for the carpet slipper; finds it; puts it on; gathers up her parcels; rushes out of the studio by a door at the left, calling to Neville as she does so.)

ELIZABETH: Now you may come in.

(So Neville comes in. He is a good sort, young, athletic, tall; what the vulgar would term "a looker." His age? Well, he's voted once, perhaps.

Catharine Robertson, author of "Pat, Peg and Another" in the May issue and the accompanying play in this.

He looks altogether too merry for a lad who hasn't a living relation; but then he and Elizabeth take a great satisfaction in their adopted relationship of aunt and nephew. He feels that she "belongs," and few nephews feel that way about their real aunts, I've been told.)

(Elizabeth having made the aforesaid hurried exit, Neville is surprised to find the studio empty.)

NEVILLE (Declaiming): "Gone! And I always loved that girl so well!" (Then, becoming prosaic): Where the Dickens are you?

ELIZABETH (appearing at the door minus her bundles): Here I am.

(Elizabeth beams upon Neville as her carpet slippers carry her to him. She puts her hands on his shoulders and looks him in the eyes. We feel that this is a little ceremony that has been many times performed, when she speaks.)

How goes it, Boy?

NEVILLE (with an obvious carelessness): Oh, all serene.

(But Elizabeth isn't satisfied.)

ELIZABETH: How goes it, Boy?

NEVILLE: Honestly, Auntie—all serene—as can be expected—

ELIZABETH: Yes, Nev?

(Neville breaks away, strides to the portrait and faces it with arms folded as he speaks again, just the suspicion of a choke in his voice.)

NEVILLE: O, Auntie!—Auntie—does she really love the old duck?

ELIZABETH: Thinks she does—the silly little foo—

NEVILLE: Don't be blasphemous, Auntie!

ELIZABETH: You lamb!—My mistake!—But, on t'other hand, it approaches blasphemy to call Alec an "old duck"—yes?

AMATEUR PRODUCERS!

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NEVILLE: Does he love her?

ELIZABETH (pugnaciously): Not a particle!

NEVILLE (in an irritated tone of voice): Then why—in the name of common sense—

ELIZABETH (pityingly): Oh, the poor innocent thinks that he loves her with a romantic devotion!

NEVILLE: That's like a lot of people—don't know the difference between being in love and imagining that they are.

ELIZABETH: Yes, and some of us persuade ourselves that it's all imagination, when it's the real thing. Funny—isn't it?

NEVILLE: Is their engagement announced yet?

ELIZABETH: Only to me. I thought that you ought to know—might be interested—huh!—so I dropped you that line to tell you the joyous news.

(But from the quality of Elizabeth's voice when she says "joyous," you know that she really means "tragically idiotic.")

NEVILLE (conversationally): I always thought he was still soft on you, Auntie.

ELIZABETH (hypocritically): What an idea! Such a thought hasn't entered his head, or mine, for the past nine years.

NEVILLE (rather diffidently, for him): You were engaged to Alec, then?

ELIZABETH: Like a silly young fool!—I notice you don't say that's blasphemy?

NEVILLE: Ha!—Why did you break it off, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH: Didn't care enough to give up Paris—my work—artistic atmosphere—Bohemianism—all such piffle—and SETTLE DOWN! That phrase has done more to wreck young lives than any other in the English language. What human being with youth and all life to live, wants to "SETTLE DOWN?"

NEVILLE: And he's never spoken since, Dear?

ELIZABETH (quietly): I told him, in good set terms, what a small footling thing he was offering me, in comparison with my art, with my future, with fame—bright, golden fame.

(She indicates the cheerless, untidy studio in a comprehensive, weary gesture that somehow bespeaks all the desolation of heart, of which it is a symbol.)

No, Nev, ole son, he hasn't spoken since!

(She smiles a crooked, pathetic little smile that has much of humility in it.)

NEVILLE (reflecting her mood and speaking with a sad enthusiasm): And to think that, now, he's in love with his own ward—a mere kid—all of fifteen years his junior—the most beautiful, exquisite, alluring little darling girl that ever—

ELIZABETH (dryly): Yes; tastes change; don't they, Nev?

NEVILLE (all contrition): Darlin' 'dopted Auntie Betsy—you know I didn't mean that.

ELIZABETH: But what beastly luck that the dear old reprobate should fall in love with your best girl!

NEVILLE (emphatically): Confound him!

ELIZABETH (sotto voce): Confound her!

(When Elizabeth finds herself growing emotional, she invariably and sternly curbs those emotions of hers, and, as we all know, the only way to do this thing is to think hard, instead of feeling. So she sets her wits to work.)

Now, listen to me, Neville. We've got to face this situation and see what can be done. For your sake, I'm willing to go to any lengths to shatter their dream of wedded bliss—for it's only a dream, from which they would awaken with an awful jolt when they were once married—for your sake—

NEVILLE: O Elizabeth, you don't think it's too late, then?

ELIZABETH (with a cheerfulness that is perhaps a bit too obvious to be convincing): Of course not, you silly boy! This thing just simply isn't going to happen—that's all—I—your adopted maiden aunt—do hereby declare that I just naturally won't have it! I—I—I will not have two young lives laid waste—two young hearts broken when they are just—as it were—learning to beat—I WILL NOT—

NEVILLE (only his sense of humour saving him from tears of self-pity): Why, Auntie—you're eloquent—positively eloquent!

ELIZABETH (with a more sincere emotion than that inspiring her previous speech): And I'll be switched if Alec's going to make a fool of himself at his time of life! He'll marry her over my dead body—my—my quivering corpse! The idea! ALEC! —And that blonde, blue-eyed little pin-head! There—I've said it—and I mean it! Be jabers!!!

NEVILLE (bewildered): Why, Honey, you sound as if you were positively jealou—

ELIZABETH (indignantly): I'm not—I deny it! —But—

(There is a knock at the door up-stage.)

Jimminy Christmas! There's one of them now, and I've promised them tea, and there isn't a smitch of cream in the house.

NEVILLE: Give 'em lemon—

ELIZABETH: No, Alec—I mean Kitty—prefers cream. Run out to the grocery store, like a dear lamb — back way — this door—half-a-pint—and take these two bottles.

(She thrusts upon him two small empty cream bottles, which she retrieves from a small table littered with papers and prints and sketches.)

They allow you five cents on each bottle. You'll find my purse somewhere in the kitchenette.

(She puts his hat on his head at a rakish angle.)

I like your new hat, Nev.

NEVILLE (beaming): It IS a sporty lid.

ELIZABETH: But you shouldn't buy a new hat just because you're in love; the girl may not like it, and you'll have to wear it out, anyway. Now rush—you can make it in five minutes.

NEVILLE: Do I carry the bottles through the street, clasped to my manly (*Continued on page 32*)

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A Prince of Egypt

Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE

A Modern Tale Of Ancient Significance—As Enthralling As It Is Weird

By MADGE MACBETH

"SHE is a very old lady, and her smile is set and tired, yet in it I found both warmth and welcome—yes, and a stirring recollection, like the awakening of a dim remembrance of something once familiar but gradually forgotten during the passing of many years. And I stood a long time in silent contemplation of the Sphinx, trying to understand the message she had for me, coming as I have at last to the land of my fondest dreams; coming, not as a stranger among unknown people and untrodden ways, but as a world-wide traveller returned home after many, many years."

THIS is the first entry in the diary of a nurse with whom I was associated for several months in Egypt, and the book came into my possession in almost as unaccountable a manner as that in which the writer of it went out of my life.

I was the matron of our hospital, which was stationed at Cairo. I don't know that the War Office really looked for much fighting in that section, but troops were sent out to Egypt, it will be remembered, during the time that Germany's policy was to keep the Allies on tenderhooks, and England was obliged to maintain a considerable fleet at the mouth of the Dardanelles, as well as to strengthen her forces in India and Egypt. Of course, hospital units accompanied the troops.

None of us thought we would be busy. We used to joke about the overcrowding of the Continent, and tell one another that if Cairo became unpleasantly full of tourists, we would move on to the more exclusive and mountainous regions of Abyssinia. But before long there was little time for ordinary conversation, much less joking. With batches of wounded coming in and a discouraging number of fever patients among our own staff, we found ourselves toward the middle of the winter obliged to send out calls for relief.

Days passed and no help came. Meanwhile, the wards grew more crowded, and the staff less able to care for the men. Almost every night the name of a nurse or a doctor was added to our list of patients, until I found myself alone one morning, save for the questionable assistance of a couple of native orderlies. The climax came when Colonel Mowberly brought me word that a boat-load of "cases" were on their way, and that we would have to make room for them.

I stared at him, helplessly.

"We ask for relief, and they send us patients!" I muttered. Then aloud: "It isn't simply because handling the wards under present conditions is a problem, but there isn't room for the men. . . . It doesn't seem fair to them . . . no attention. . . . I am willing, but human'"

The rows of cots were moving in a crazy quadrille as I looked from my old friend to them, and my knees felt unsteady, limp.

"There'll be some nurses with them," cheered the Colonel. "You shall have as many as can be spared. Swallow hard, Sister, and take a fresh hold! No matter who else fails, you must stick by us!" He turned at the door to call back: "Mind, I am depending upon you to hang on until the finish. Whenever I can, I will come in and help you."

I shrugged and looked down the long rows of beds, each with its victim of Kultur and Kaiserism. There wasn't room for another man. The heat was withering; not the sort of sun-heat that sends the thermometer up in an honest endeavour to dry the mercury, but the torrid atmosphere that comes from fevered bodies too closely packed together, from boiling water and saturated dressings; heavy, fétid heat, unrelieved by a breath of freshness or purity; heat that throbbed with sighs and moans and gibberish, often shouted in high-pitched voices.

Wisps of steam hung about the ward and obscured my vision as I moved with leaden feet from bed to bed, and something inside me seemed to threaten that if another fellow shrank and quivered under the touch of my hands I would shriek aloud and beat my head against the floor.

I DON'T know when she entered the room, but I was somehow conscious of her presence, even before the sound of murmured voices came to me. One was low and indescribably sweet. I distrusted the evidence of my own senses. "People hear angels singing just before they die," was the thought that ran through my heavy head. "It is likely the fever coming on."

My last dressing finished, I turned, and was amazed to see a girl kneeling beside Jim Donaldson, our youngest and our worst patient. She was crooning to him and trying to quiet his delirious ravings. "Your hands are cool," he muttered, "cool and sweet—like dog-wood blossoms. Lay them on my cheek . . . on my lips! A drop of dew, if you please, and a glimpse of green! The accursed glare of the sun hurts my eyes, and drives sharp arrows through my head. . . . There is a fragrance about you. . . . You are very fair, just like an English primrose," he babbled happily. "I love you, Primrose. Are you Primrose?"

He clutched at her face and held it between his burning hands, repeating the question with all shades of anxiety and pleading in his voice.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, "I am Primrose."

He began to sob. "I believe you are teasing me. Will you swear that you are Primrose?"

"Of course," she smiled, her face very close to his. "And I will come to you often. . . . I will sit beside you while you sleep. . . . Close your eyes." She trailed her fingers across them. "Close your eyes and think of the cool, green lawns and the close-clipped hedges, and the shady lanes. Think of primroses . . ."

His muttering ceased, and he fell asleep.

The chap in the next cot held out a wound-shrivelled hand, and the girl, after a look at young Donaldson, slipped noiselessly across the floor to him.

"I say, is your name really Primrose?" he whispered.

"Oh, no," she replied, brightly. "My name is Dryad Dixon."

If I were to tell you that she was tiny of form and feature, with a pale, serious face, framed in shimmering yellow hair, with great staring eyes that never seemed to see you, even though they looked directly into yours, you will have no idea of the girl who, quite oblivious to me, knelt on the floor and stroked that boy's close-cropped head.

I watched her with a sort of dull fury. I had been promised help, and this inefficient atom had been sent! I felt keen resentment, too, at her apparent contempt for military etiquette. Why had she not reported properly and asked for her assignment? And then her casual treatment of the truth—this both shocked and angered me. Strictly reared in the Established Church, not even the ravings of a delirious patient could have induced me to tell a lie, and to this day "Cross-my-heart-and-hope-I-may-die" is as binding as any oath. Above all, I was fretted by her method of dealing with the men. It was irregular, queer; it made me vaguely uneasy.

Weeks went by before I would acknowledge even to myself that Dryad Dixon helped me. What she really did, God knows—I mean of the things nurses are supposed to do. She just sat still in an uncanny way and thought them done, and the necessity for doing them passed!

For example, all the rest of us bathed the fever patients frequently to reduce their temperatures. She did not. She merely sat beside them and patted their pillows and smoothed their heads and talked to them about cool things, and when I went around with my thermometer, they were hardly more than normal! She did not make the men quiver and flinch in changing their dressings, for she seldom changed any. Not only did I think her untrustworthy for such work, but there never seemed to be the necessity for changing them when she was on hand. When I went through the ward, and she was there, I felt as though I were stirring it up. I was conscious of seeming to bustle with a fearful activity. My voice sounded

(*Continued on page 48*)

Daring to raise my eyes I recognised the personality whose presence I have only felt all this while.

EVERYWOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Food and Housekeeping Efficiency

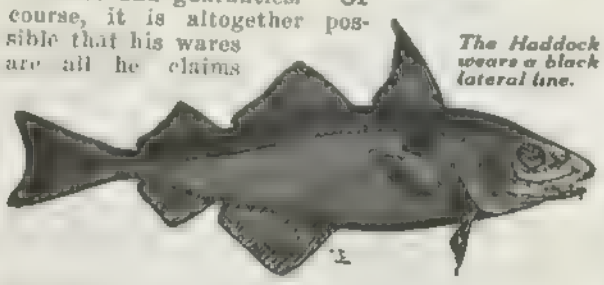
Edited by Katherine M. Caldwell B.A.

Our Marketers' Guide

The Fishes We Buy in September

"FRESH fish! Fresh fish! All caught to-day!"

So cries the itinerant fish monger, as he pushes his hand-cart, with its bed of ice and piles of scaly merchandise up and down the streets of many a town. And he may never meet a single serious challenge of his sweeping statement, though he sell halibut, cod or flounder from the Atlantic coast, and frozen salmon that has travelled from the Pacific, with equal assurances and guaranties. Of course, it is altogether possible that his wares are all he claims



The Haddock wears a black lateral line.

for them in the matter of perfect freshness, for they are speeded on their way in refrigerator cars, and when properly merchandised, pass from receiver to consumer with the least possible delay. She is a wise buyer, however, who knows just how much "fisherman's license" to allow the "all caught to-day" slogan, and who also knows the varieties obtainable just when they are at their best, and the prices they should fairly command. It is easy to fall into "fish rut"—fish may almost mean "whitefish" or "halibut steaks" or "ciscoes" in each of three households, so little is the great variety of fishes considered and appreciated.

September gives us a wide choice, including fishes of vastly different flavours and prices, to suit all tastes and all purses. Add to this the breadth of choice, the many ways in which each may be prepared, and the scope is truly tremendous. There need be no such thing as becoming "tired of fish."

The average locality will find the following fishes obtainable in the early fall:

Fresh lake fish: Trout, pike, perch, eels, whitefish, pickerel, catfish, herring.

Fresh sea fish: Halibut, salmon, herrings, hake, flounders, haddock and pollack.

Smoked fish: Finnan haddie, kippers, bloaters, haddie fillets and ciscoes.

Of these, the cheaper varieties, averaging below 25c a pound in most places include herrings, pollack, hake, cod, flounders and whitefish. Trout is usually a step up; halibut is higher priced; and sea-salmon ranks as a delicacy among the fishes, and is, for the most part, priced accordingly. These larger fishes are cut in steaks, or in chosen sized pieces for boiling or baking.

The selection of fresh fish is very important, and a fair knowledge of the outward and visible signs of the desirable fish may be easily and quickly attained. The flesh should be firm to the point of rigidity—never soft and flabby.

If the gills are red, and the eyes bright and protruding, the evidence is in favour of freshness. Beware of the fish with a dull and sunken eye!

The scales merit a little examination. If they are scarce, it is quite in order to suspect that the fish is stale, or that it has been damaged and the scales knocked off, in which case it will not keep. In flat fish, look for a smooth, moist skin that adheres tightly to the flesh, and is without blisters.

When salmon, cod, and most of the other large fish are cut, the flesh should show a bronze tint. It is preferable to buy from a fish that is not the largest of its kind. Size usually means age and toughness, with a consequent coarsening of the tissues and a falling off in flavour. In buying a fish steak, or a boiling piece, therefore, a thick piece from a small fish is preferable to a thin cut from a large one.

Fat and Lean Fishes

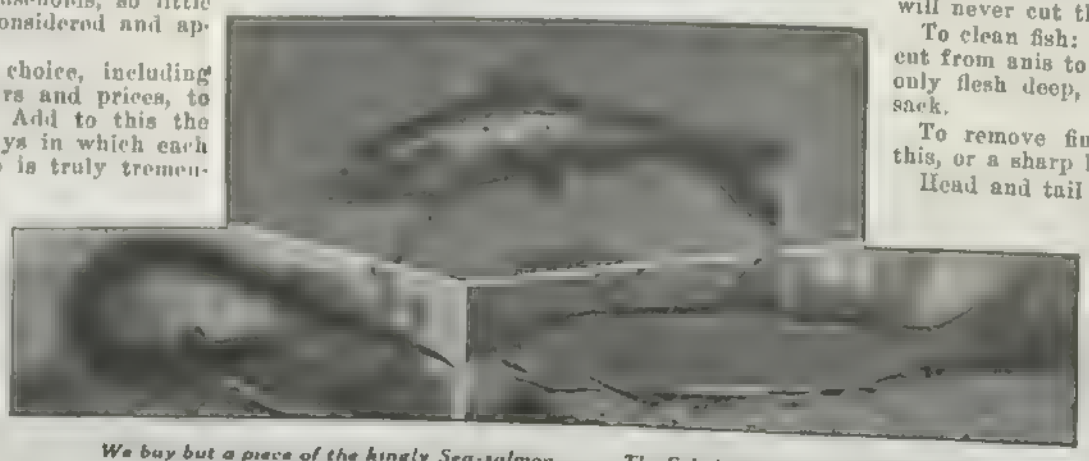
"I CANNOT eat fish—it's too rich for me," is not an unusual statement, although it might readily be thought absurd by those who translate fish into terms of the easily digested, white-fleshed fish, such as whiting haddock, hake, cod, and so forth. In these varieties, most of the fat is confined to the liver, leaving the flesh lean and light, and consequently most suitable for invalids or people with weak digestions.

Inquiry will usually show that the fish that is considered rich is one of the fatter varieties, such as herring, sprats, pilchards, eels and mackerel. These species have more or less white flesh, but considerable fat in the tissues. Unless for delicate persons, with whom they may disagree, these are very popular varieties, however, because they are so well flavoured, more nourishing and therefore more satisfying than lighter varieties, and in most cases, cheaper. Herring is often called the most nourishing, best flavoured and cheapest of all the fish foods.

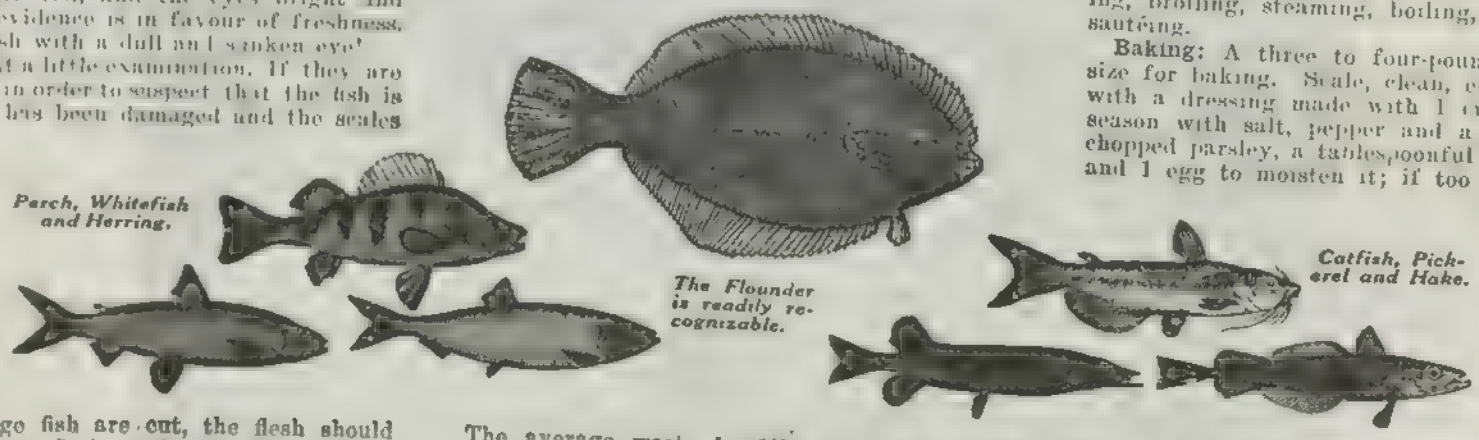
Some of the red-fleshed fish are almost as nutritious as butcher's meat. Salmon, so valued for this and other reasons, could not be eaten as often as either meat or the less strong fish.

The nutritive value of fish, compared to that of meat, is much lower—the explanation of the "unsatisfied" feeling some people complain of after eating a fish dinner. This may be largely corrected by serving the right things with fish. If a lean fish is used, let it be accompanied by a rich sauce, or with strips of fat bacon. For active persons, who feel that fish does not last, that they are hungry too soon after eating it, beans as an accompanying vegetable will make the matter right. Beans are rich in protein, and with the fish will quite equal the protein value of a meat dinner. Cheese, either in the sauce served with the fish or vegetables, or in another course, will do the same, and fat and "filling" merit will both be found in a suet pudding or a fruit or a good pie.

The economy of using any but the very expensive fish, in place of meat, is an established fact, but one cannot call the difference between the cost of a pound of meat and a pound of fish clear saving. It is necessary first to estimate the waste part carefully, and to remember that the edible portion of fish is, pound for pound, less nutritious than that of meat, and will do less body-building and repairing of worn tissues.



We buy but a piece of the kingly Sea-salmon, than he receives. *The Eel deserves more appreciation* *The Trout is a general favorite.*



Perch, Whitefish and Herring.

The Flounder is readily recognizable.

Catfish, Pickerel and Hake.

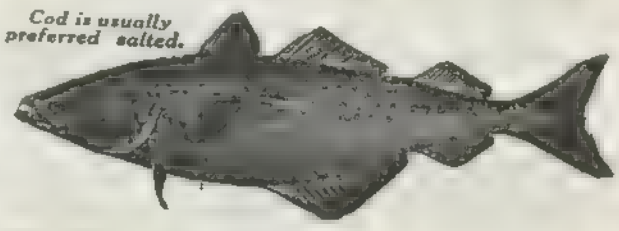
The average waste in fish—head, fins, scales, inedible skin and bones, averages 40 per cent. (leaving out, of course, fillets, ready prepared, boned and shredded codfish, fish pastes, etc.), while the average waste of meat is about 25 per cent. This shows that to get equal value for the edible portion (leaving out the difference in food value) fish must be bought for about one-fifth less than meat.

But because of the lower food value of fish (more of it must be eaten, or more of something that accompanies it), it has been found that to get really equal value, one should buy fish for one-third less per pound than one pays for meat. Thus, if the average cost of your meat per pound is 30 cents, you should not pay more than 20 cents a pound for fish, to get equal value for your money.

Taking all this into consideration, however, most housekeepers will find that they can do better than get equal value when they buy at least some of the excellent fishes on our market. Excellent fish has been procurable at 12 cents a pound this year—but where, oh where, has there been meat obtainable at 18 cents?

Preparation of Fish

THERE is no great difficulty about preparing fish for cooking if it is done in the simple



Cod is usually preferred salted.

right way. Frozen fish is treated just like fresh fish, except that it is first thawed in *cold* water.

The strong odour of fish will quickly affect other foods if it is kept uncovered near them in ice-box or pantry. Be sure, therefore, that it is tightly covered.

To scale fish: Hold by the tail, keeping the fish under water, and scale *from* you, with a dull knife (an old silver table knife is suitable, and will never cut the skin).

To clean fish: With a sharp knife, make a clean cut from anis to the point between the gills. Cut only flesh deep, so as to avoid piercing the gall sack.

To remove fins: The kitchen scissors will do this, or a sharp knife.

Head and tail may be cut off with sharp knife, or, if fish is to be served whole, they may be left on.

Wash fish quickly, and wipe dry with a cloth. Too much washing will destroy the flavour.

To skin a fish: With a very sharp knife cut off a strip of skin the entire length of the back. Loosen the skin on either side, following it very closely with the knife.

To bone fish: Clean and skin the fish. Beginning at the tail, run a knife under the flesh close to the backbone, first on one side, then on the other.

To keep fish: For future use, fish may be potted, or pickled or salted and hung up. If fresh fish is required for use next day, fry it, and it may later be re-heated in boiling fat, or made into fish cakes or stew. Codfish or haddock may be kept a day or two in cool weather if washed and rubbed with a little salt. The flavour of fresh-water fish is sometimes improved by soaking in strong salt and water after it has been cleaned.

The common methods of cooking fish are, baking, broiling, steaming, boiling, deep-frying and sautéing.

Baking: A three to four-pound fish is a good size for baking. Scale, clean, etc., and stuff fish with a dressing made with 1 cup bread crumbs, season with salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a tablespoonful of melted butter and 1 egg to moisten it; if too dry, add a little milk or water.

When fish is stuffed to shape sew or tie it and place in pan with plenty of dripping or fat, to keep it well basted. If there is a tendency to stick or burn, place a greased paper in bottom of pan first. Sprinkle the fish with a little flour and put into hot oven, reducing heat when it begins to cook. Baste frequently, and if it browns too fast cover with a greased paper. Allow 15 minutes to the pound for baking. Serve with parsley or egg sauce, and garnish with parsley and lemon.

Broiling: Clean, wash and wipe quite dry with a soft cloth. If whole, skin and bone the fish; have steaks about 1 inch thick. Season with salt and pepper, and flour each piece. Lay on a clean gridiron, which has first been heated and rubbed with a piece of suet or other fat, to prevent the fish from sticking. Broil over a clear fire—smoke will spoil the flavour—

(Continued on page 10)

EVERYWOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Food and Housekeeping Efficiency

Edited by Katherine M. Caldwell B.A.

Different Pastries and Their Uses

THE Canadian cook has such an enviable reputation as a maker of pies that in many cases she needs little in the way of suggestion. For that occasional one, however, who has felt that she has not the "knack," and for the young housekeeper who has, perhaps, not yet tried her hand at it, a discussion of the different kinds of pastry and the uses for which each is most suitable will be in order.

The making of pastry is an old art indeed, and even in our day of new and numerous shortenings, refined sweeteners and highly-developed milling, we are inclined to think that the pastry made by the Orientals in ancient days, of "flour, fresh sweet oils and honey" may not have been hard to take!

We have quite definite divisions in our pastries nowadays, to include puff or flaky pastry. Choux paste, rich and plain short pastry, frying batters, suet pastes, and the thin, crisp pastry that makes a mere shell or container, such as those illustrated on page —

There is one quality that is commonly desired in all of these—that they be light. Various things contribute to this lightness:

Eclairs are made with Choux Paste.

1. The cold air bubbles which are in the pastry when it goes into the oven. This air, heated, will expand, and so lighten the pastry.
2. Baking powder is used as a lightening agent.
3. Eggs have a lightening, as well as richening effect.

But greatest of all is the way in which the materials are put together, and the low temperature at which they are kept until ready for the oven.

Shortenings have come into great prominence in late years, and where pastry was formerly made with butter, butter and lard, mixed half and half, suet or drippings, for the plain pastes and puddings, we have to-day a wide choice. Butter is so expensive that we turn gratefully to oleomargarine, the vegetable shortenings, and the cooking oils, that offer us such wide variety. Individual

Place butter on paste, fold over each flap and flatten gently with pin before rolling.

tastes differ regarding the use of these, but a little experiment will soon teach the cook which she prefers. Half and half of butter and some other shortening holds the favour of many cooks. Whatever it is, it must be very cold before it is used, and kept so during the manipulation and standing.

The shortening used must be fresh and sweet. Any substitute is preferrable to rancid butter. The flavour of butter, if poor, may be greatly improved by kneading it in sweet milk and then in cold water, squeezing it well in a floured cloth to get all the moisture out. Superfluous moisture and the salt are always better to be removed.

To Make Light Pastry

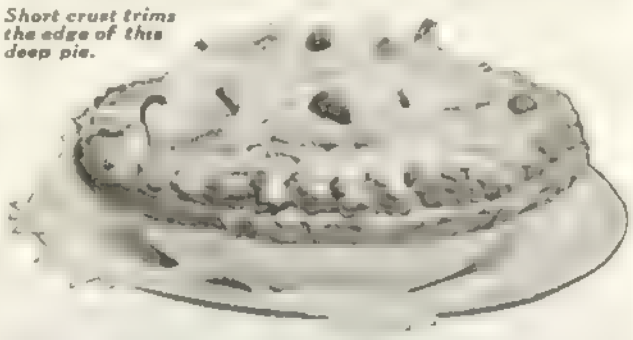
FINE, starchy flour makes the lightest pastry. There are excellent all-purpose flours on the market in normal times, that from the new crops this fall will be milled according to the old pre-war standards. These, or a good special pastry flour, are best—the gluten, so valuable in bread flour, tends to make pastry tough.

Flour should be stored in a cool, dry place, and repeated sifting of the quantity in use will introduce much air, as well as remove any lumps. If baking powder is used it should be sifted with the flour.

The mixing of paste is most important, and although the rules are few and simple, they must be followed if good results are to be obtained.

1. Materials must be cold—the shortening and liquid very cold.
2. Care must be taken not to heat them by unnecessary contact with warm fingers, or an extra moment's standing in a warm room.
3. Fat should be rubbed in quickly and lightly with the tips of the fingers (unless other special instructions are given), just after they have been rinsed in cold water. Never use the palms of the hands.
4. Liquid, very cold, is added gradually, but as quickly as possible, avoiding the formation of lumps, and keeping the consistency of the whole mass uniform. The average proportion of liquid will be ½ pint to a pound of flour.
5. After the fat is rubbed in, the mixing should be done with a spatula or a knife, which will be colder than the hands. A light, firm touch will soon be cultivated.
6. Never roll paste back and forth, but always in short forward rolls, lifting the rolling pin between rolls. Never roll puff pastry off the edges, as that forces out some of the air. Roll near the

Short crust trims the edge of this deep pie.



edge, then a short roll from the edge toward the centre.

7. Pie-crust may be kept a week, with improvement, rather than deterioration, if it is closely covered in a dish and kept in a cool place, or in the ice chest in summer. *(Continued on page 43)*

Digging In For The Long Months

Many Things Done Now, Will Repay Us During the Coming Winter, and Even Next Summer

THE fall like the spring, is indeed a make-ready season. Summer, with its decided heat, is behind us; winter, with its decided cold, is before.

Even though the days are still mellow and no frost has touched us, it is wise to anticipate winter just enough to realize that there are many things we can do now to add greatly to our comfort when cold weather comes. And as the warm days leave us, we must look forward to a still more distant time—the next warm season—and see that all the trappings of summer are put away in the manner that will insure their reappearance in the best possible shape.

Delightfully between-seasons as our autumn is, there are, then, many chores for the housekeeper that belong to it exclusively. It is pleasant work, however this setting one's house in order for a new season, salvaging all that is left in the garden, and acquiring a growing contentment with the knowledge of household goods safely stowed until the need of them shall come again. Here are a few general hints that may adapt themselves or suggest other timely items that will repay attention.

The porch has gradually claimed nearly all of our cushions during the summer, and many of the covers are soiled or faded, and must be brightened up for indoor use. It is surprising how well such covers as those of silk brocade, and heavy upholstery materials, will wash—and how easy they are to do. Soak them first in salt and water, to set the colour. Make a suds, using soap flakes or a first-class soap which has been shaved thinly and put on in cold water to melt. A gentle rubbing with the hands, will quickly loosen even the deeply embedded dirt. A little of the melted soap, cooked to moderate warmth, may be poured directly over stubborn spots. Rinse in clear, lukewarm water several times, removing every particle of soap, hang up at once, in a shaded place and iron while still damp.

Others will clean with gasoline or perhaps require new covers. Sometimes a new cord will freshen a cushion.

Treating Furniture

FURNITURE that has been exposed to the weather on the verandah, requires going over before it resumes its place in sun-room or living room, or is stored away until next year. Reed furniture or that of painted wicker, is in most cases in use all year. A certain amount of dust will have lodged in it, and is best treated in this way.

Make a light lather, as for washing cushion covers. With a common nail-brush or an old whisk, wash the chairs, getting the brush well into the crevices, but not soaking the chair. Rinse promptly with clear water and dry in the sunshine. If the furniture is white, or one of the lighter colours, it may require a single coat of enamel paint to make it really fresh looking. Have such paint quite thin, so that any surplus will run and drip off, not clot and come away later on some person's clothes.

Strictly verandah furniture should be brushed well and stored in a dry place, where it will not warp. The upholstery of a swing couch should be well brushed and closely covered with newspapers or an old quilt.

Cotton clothing that is to be put away until next season should be washed and blued, but not starched. Starch is said to rot the clothes, during a long term. They need no ironing, but should simply be rough-dried and folded away, being sure that there is no lingering dampness.

If the furnace, fire-places and chimneys have not been cleaned during the summer months, it is essential that they be put in condition without further loss of time. Furnace and heaters should be well cleaned out parts examined and any necessary repairs made. Chimneys should be swept—one shower of soot may prove a very destructive matter, and also, a good draft is necessary to a properly working fire. Furnace, stoves and heaters in first-class condition, will help materially to conserve the coal which we are told is to be precious as ever this winter.

Did it ever occur to you that your piano might prove a great attraction for moths? If you have not been watching it this summer, it will be well to open it up, and whisk off the felt on the hammers. Moths often find very congenial homes there, and may flourish unsuspected until discovered by the piano tuner (whose visits, unfortunately, do not always occur three or four times a year), in spite of the fact that the lack of this consistent little attention greatly shortens its musical life and lowers its quality immeasurably.

Most mother's hearts are truly plagued during the school term, by the texts and note-books that seem to be all over the house—or that are unaccountably missing when the home study hour arrives. The untidiness and the tiresome hunting are both avoided if there is one definite place where school-books must be put immediately the child arrives at home—with the additional advantage of the forming of a neat and orderly habit.

If lessons are done in the living-room, there may be a drawer or a corner of the book-case available for the youthful student's use. A shelf in the closet, a drawer in the hall stand or the sideboard—in fact any place that is convenient for the mother and not too high or too discouragingly far away when the youngster comes in with probably just two things in mind—an after-school "piece" and a good play.

Now, at the commencement of the new term, is the time to establish the reform, if reform is needed.

Warm Bed Clothing

THERE will be cold nights, before long, when plenty of warm bed-clothing will be needed. Now is the time to go over the winter blankets and quilts and bring them up to the mid-winter requirements.

Very cosy and serviceable quilts may be made of woollen blankets that have become shabby in service. Spread the freshly washed blanket out flat, darning or patching it where necessary. Two blankets may then be tufted together—with a layer of wadding between, if a very warm quilt is desired. Or the cotton batting may be tufted on to a single blanket simply spreading the layers on the blanket and catching it through here and there with a stitch *(Continued on page 43)*

EVERYWOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Food and Housekeeping Efficiency

Edited by Katherine M. Caldwell B.A.

The Last of the Season's Fruits

For Present Use, or Bottled for the Winter

SOME of us, returning, perhaps, from a summer spent where preserving was not, nor the making of jams and jellies, know what it is to feel just the smallest glimmer of envy when our friends and neighbours refer casually to their preserve closet and its contents. True, we missed the gruelling heat of the strawberry and raspberry seasons—but this winter, we shall miss the stawberries and raspberries!

Here, in the comparative coolness of September, is our chance to retrieve ourselves, to break the staring emptiness of those fruitless shelves. For though the summer fruits are gone, we are not beyond succor. Apples we have—a wonderful basis for jelly—and crab-apples, the later varieties; pears, big and luscious, and that fruity contradiction of dour looks and inimitable flavour, the quince. Add to these the grapes and late plums and peaches, and we can stow away many jars of very delicious and quite respectably varied jellies and jams, good old-fashioned fruit butters and relishes.

Apples, good in themselves, and capable of widely different treatments, are quite wonderful in their pleasant adaptability. Mixed with other fruits, they will take on the more dominant flavour, being content to swell in bulk in the preserving kettle, even to the point of surrendering their own flavour.

It is the early apples, and windfalls, that make the best jellies. True, we shall have fresh apples all winter, but it is these apples of early fall that are rich in the pectin that means the jelly will jell!

In preparing such fruits as apples, pears and peaches, we have all been troubled by the discolouration of the peeled fruit before we can get it cooked. To escape this difficulty, make a large bowl of acidulated water by adding the juice of one lemon to about three quarts of water. Drop the fruit into this as it is peeled, and there will be no jellowed or browned surfaces.

Peach Ambrosia

CUT thin slices of sponge cake into small rounds or squares, and saute in clarified butter until golden. Skin, halve and stone perfect peaches, and simmer until tender in a syrup of 2 parts sugar to 3 parts water. Drain and place on cake, rounded side up, and sprinkle with cocoanut. Top with whipped cream and a cherry on each. Serve very cold.

Sweet Chili Sauce

BLANCH, peel and cut into small pieces 30 ripe tomatoes; peel and cut into pieces 6 pears, 6 onions, 6 peaches, and add 3 red peppers in little pieces, 4 cups sugar, 1 quart vinegar, 2 tablespoons of salt, and 5 cents' worth of whole all-apice, tied in a small bag. Boil mixture together for 3 hours, and pour into sterilized pickle bottles. Seal.

Mint and Grape Jelly

PUT washed and crushed unripe grapes in a kettle, and allow to boil 5 minutes, stirring often. For 4 pounds grapes, chip finely the leaves of half a dozen stalks of mint, and add to the grapes. Boil the mixture until the seeds fall from the pulp and the grapes are very soft. Drain through a muslin bag, and to each pound of fruit juice add 1 pound of sugar, which has been made hot in the oven. Boil until a little of mixture when dropped on a saucer will jell. Skim, add a little green vegetable colour, and pour into sterilized jelly glasses. Seal with wax when firm.

Apple Chutney

CORE and quarter 2 pounds of apples. Peel and chop 4 ounces of onion, 2 ounces salt, ½-ounce mustard seed, 3 ounces stoned raisins, and ¼-teaspoon cayenne. Cover with 1 pint vinegar, and cook slowly until soft. Press through a sieve. In another kettle boil 6 ounces brown sugar and ½ cup water until a syrup, and add to apple mixture. Stir altogether well, and stir every day for a week and bottle.

Pear Honey

PARE and grate 4 quarts pears, and drop immediately into 4 cups of water, so that the fruit will not discolour. Bring mixture to the boiling point, and add 4 cups of granulated sugar. Boil 20 minutes, and add ½ cup lemon juice. Pour into glasses, and cover with melted paraffin, and keep in a cool place until wanted. It is best to use rather unripe Bartlett pears for this honey.

Quince and Apple Butter

PARE and core 2 quarts each of quinces and apples, and drop into acidulated water. Chop fruit finely, or run through a coarse food-chopper. Put into a kettle, and add 3 cups of water, and boil until soft. Add 3 cups granulated sugar, and boil for 1½ hours.

Note: The skins and cores may be used in the making of jellies.

(*Continued on page 40*)

The Charm of the Croustade

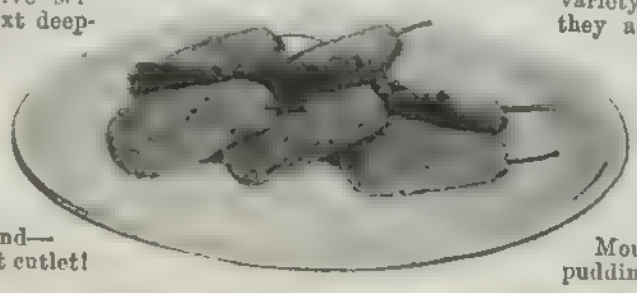
DELIGHTFUL for serving made-up meat dishes, fish, and various entrées are the croustades that are so easy to make, and so effective to use. Select a loaf of day-old bread, and with a sharp knife cut off the 6 crusts and trim to whatever shape desired. Scoop out the centre, being careful not to penetrate the walls. (The crusts and centre should be dried, crumbed and kept in a gem jar). Brown the croustade in the oven, or, much better still, fry it in deep fat until a golden brown.

Latticed Potatoes

POTATOES, which are served in almost all households at least once a day, sometimes become a trifle boring. With so many delicious ways of preparing them at hand, however, this is unnecessary. A delightful version of the ever-popular French-fried potatoes is illustrated here. The potatoes are cut in thin slices, and pressed through a small contrivance made for the purpose, which turns out little squares or rounds of "lattice" work." These are dropped into hot fat, and fried to a golden brown. The fat should be heated to about 390 degrees F., or until a cube of bread will turn golden brown in it in one minute.

To Finish a Cutlet

THE cook who shapes her cutlets nicely dips them first in seasoned crumbs, then in egg, then in crumbs again, lays an excellent foundation for attractive service. She will next deep-fry them in fat at about 390 degrees F., to a golden brown—then she will press a one-inch piece of macaroni into the small end, and—behold the perfect cutlet!



Little Niceties of Table Service

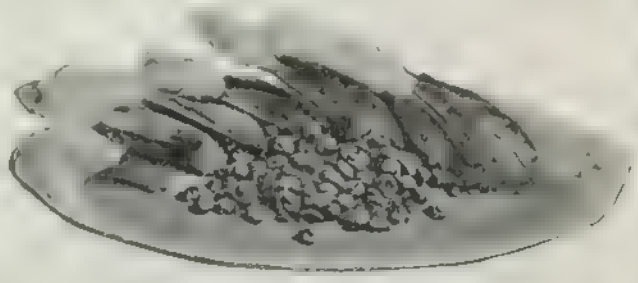
GOOD food, well cooked, is the foundation of all table attractiveness—but closely seconding it is careful, dainty service. The fact that both appetite and digestion are stimulated by the appeal to the eye, has been thoroughly established, so that there is a practical as well as an aesthetic reason to justify some thought and trouble expended in the little finishing touches and the attractive means of serving even every-day foods. The busy woman must reserve the details that call for too much time, for the occasions when she entertains guests. But even she will find many little ways of adding the artful touch that will transfigure a plain meal, or a plain course, into a rather delightful one.

The Useful Paper Doily

THE infinite uses of the dainty paper doilies that are now so much used, make them doubly valuable. Coming as they do in a wide variety of sizes and patterns, they are quite readily adaptable. Here, for instance, a curled doily, in a close pattern, gives the individual touch to each portion of ice cream. Moulds of jelly or individual puddings are daintily served likewise.

How to Make Timbale Cases

CHARMING little edible containers are the Swedish timbales that can be turned out in such pleasing forms. A timbale iron is the only special equipment needed. A good batter calls for ¾ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, and 1 tablespoon olive oil. Mix dry ingredients, add gradually the milk, egg and oil. Make the timbale iron very hot, dip in the mixture, and boil it in deep fat until golden brown. Slip off the iron and invert on brown paper to drain.

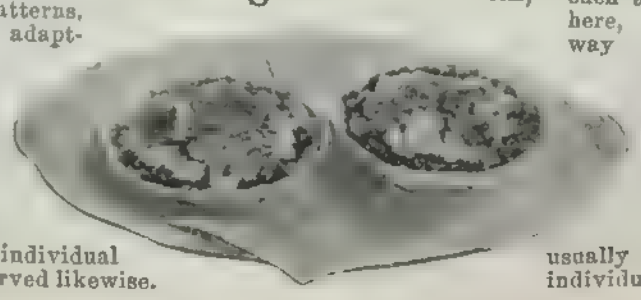


When Chops Are Really Dressed

BE a lamb chop ever so juicy, ever so carefully broiled, it is still inclined to look a trifle unfinished if the bone extends from the meaty portion in all its unadorned boniness. A tiny paper frill should twine around it from the thick part to the tip of the bone. These paper cuffs may be bought ready for use, or are easily made by folding an inch and a half wide strip of white paper lengthwise, cutting it along the fold to within a quarter-inch of the outer edges, then folding, without creasing, the opposite way; a large cuff of the same kind should adorn a leg of lamb or pork.

Serving Fish in Shells

SMALL china "shells," such as those pictured here, offer the ideal way of serving a dainty creamed or scalloped fish course. They contain just the right amount, and have the added attractiveness that usually pertains to the individual service.



When Upholstered Furniture Needs Repairing

Will You Do It Yourself As I Have Done?

By KATHERINE KYLE

THE casual, come-and-go relationship between my house and me, that existed during the happy days of summer, has ended. Most of the days are still fine enough to lure me out-of-doors, even when I must carry duties with me. But there is a rustle in the tree-tops, a tang in the air at evening, that warns me of the day not far distant when I must stay in my kitchen to prepare vegetables, and when my sunny living-room will once more know me, my chair drawn to the window and my sewing basket at my side.

Already there is a difference, even though I pass through my house hurriedly, dusting, putting to rights, the very little that has been disturbed (for it is the wide, shady porch that bears morning record of much occupation the previous day). There is a considering look in my eye, as it scrutinizes curtains, rugs and wood surfaces. Are they all ready to welcome back the family that has regarded them so lightly for almost a quarter of a year?

This chair: the edge of its covering is frayed; a month of steady use will see it out, an ugly fringe of threads hanging from it—

That deep, cushioned chair, such a favourite—but its popularity bears sad fruit. It sags dis-spiritedly—a broken spring—

I am glad the days are cooler. My house needs me. To-morrow I shall be ready to turn to it, strengthen and refresh it, restoring its weak places to their old strength, making it, too, ready for the long, happy intimacy of fall and winter.

A hammer, small and not unnecessarily heavy; tacks; longer nails, slender and sharp; a few small screws; some webbing; if there is a chair or sofa that needs it; also some padding, if the old padding is too flattened and lifeless to be renewed by pulling and fluffing it out; such coverings as are required—leather, or the soft new fabrics that are so like it, with leather-headed tacks to match it, or burlap, tapestry or denim, whatever is chosen to make new coverings; strong cotton, to go on just beneath the outer covering, a sort of lining to make it look smoother and wear longer; a pot of glue, some strong upholsterer's needles and stout thread or string to sew with—then I am equipped to fix up a whole regiment of wounded furniture.

My dining-room chairs, seated with cane, have broken in several places. Once a cane-bottomed chair gives out there is no stopping it. I shall re-seat them all, five in number, using a leather-finished fabric that is soft and supple, and a good brown tone to match my room. In case you, too, should feel the call to turn upholsterer, I shall tell you how it should be done.

First, the old seat must be stripped out. A sharp knife will do this work best, and any tacks must be carefully removed. With the point of the knife any tiny deposits of dust can be scraped out and crevices cleaned that have hitherto been inaccessible.

The requirements for each chair are: A veneer or fibre chair-seat, which may be bought for a few cents, and cut to fit the rabbet of the chair seat frame (A, in Fig. 1); a piece of heavy cotton, large enough to extend about 1½ inches on all sides beyond the fitted veneer seat; a piece of fabric cut the same as the cotton, and some flat-headed nails—leather or brass heads are chiefly used.

Figure 1 shows the wooden chair-seat frame, figure 2 a fibre chair seat trimmed to fit it, figure 3 the covering for figure 2.

Fig. 3.

In figure 4 the cover has been glued on neatly and figure 5 shows the completed chair seat.

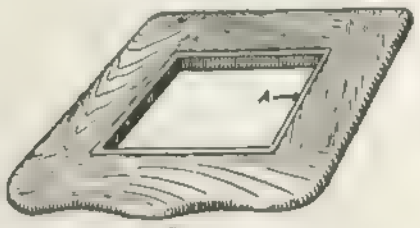


Fig. 1.

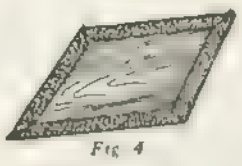


Fig. 4

Fig. 2.

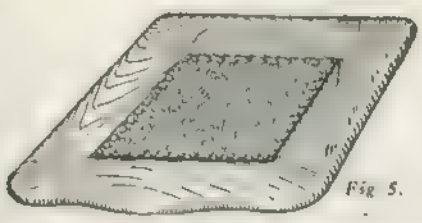


Fig. 5.

To cut the cotton, lay the fitted piece of veneer on it, and mark the size with a pencil, being sure to allow 1½ inches all around for the work. Mark off the corners just far enough beyond the corners of the veneer to let it fold over smoothly, and cut them as shown in Fig. 3. Cut the fabric just the same way, using the cotton as a pattern. Place the veneer squarely in the middle of the cotton, fold the margins of the cotton over neatly, and fasten with liquid glue. Place heavy weights on the glued portions for an hour or so, until the glue sets. Repeat the process, fitting and fastening the outer covering in just the same way. If a cloth fabric is used, it is necessary to apply the glue carefully, not allowing it near the inner edge of the margin, or it may run in the cloth and show on the finished chair seat.

When the glue has all set, the result looks like Fig. 4—the under side of the seat. It remains only to turn it over, fit it into the seat frame of the chair, and secure it with the broad-headed tacks. In order to get the tacks in straight, it is best to start each hole with an ordinary small wire nail. Place the tacks one inch apart, and near enough the edge to get a firm hold in the rabbet of the seat frame. Finished, it will look like Fig. 5.

Figure 6—Method of weaving and fastening webbing.
Figure 7—Springs are tied to each other and to frame.

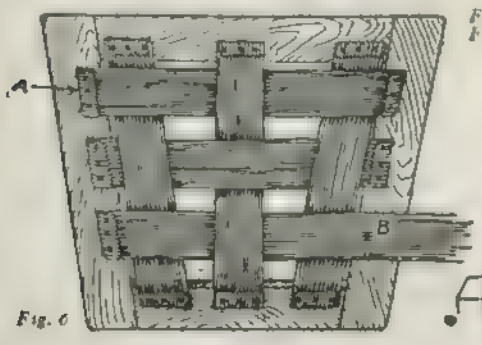


Fig. 6

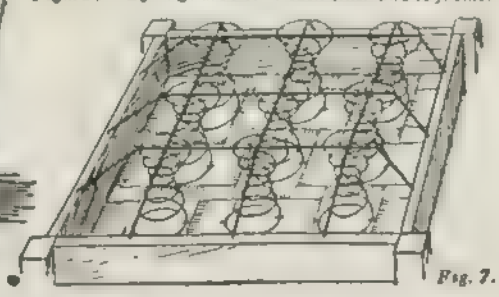


Fig. 7.

Mending a Padded Seat

A PADDED seat, or one with springs, is more complicated, but not really more difficult to mend. If the webbing, which really supports the seat, has frayed or broken, it must be replaced. Old, frail webbing will only cause early trouble. Take off the old webbing, and measure it to see how much new stuff is required. Allow plenty to turn all

(*Continued on page 41*)

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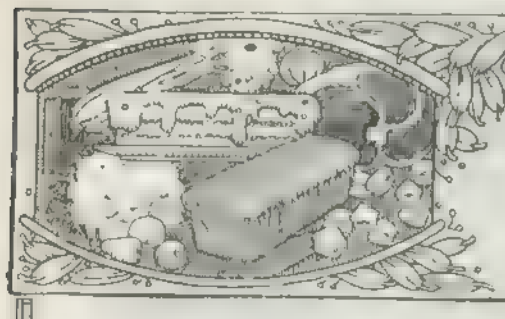

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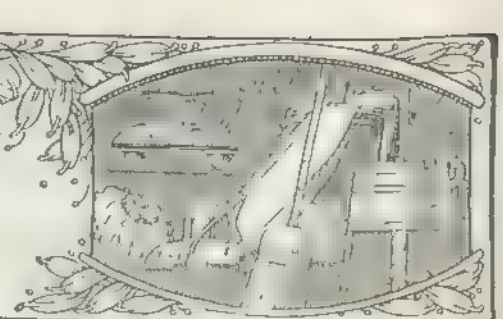


When Jack o' Lanterns Ripen

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a pumpkin, couldn't keep her,
Canned and dried her very well,
And so kept all he didn't sell.

OF course, pumpkins just belong to Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving times, but there comes many a day in the rest of the year that might be vastly improved by a good pumpkin pie.

It's of those coming days we're thinking when we plan ways of keeping the luscious pumpkin in as nearly as possible its natural state, for it will stand by us nobly, not only as a pie-filling, but as a pudding, vegetable, or soup-maker of splendid parts. It is valuable especially for its mineral salts, and contains over six per cent. carbohydrates.

Pumpkins are easily stored, if one has a dry cellar or an attic. Simply place them on shelves or on a table, if they are sent to the cellar, or if they are to be kept in the attic, the floor will do admirably. They should be gathered before there is a frost, and dried for a week or ten days in the sun before storing.

If one is an apartment-dweller, without room for storing such cumbersome things as pumpkins, canning and drying present themselves.

To Preserve Pumpkin

TO each pound of pumpkin, allow 1 lb. sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, finely grated rind of 1 lemon, ½ teaspoon ground ginger.

Cut the pumpkin and remove seeds. Cut in slices, pare them, and lay on a large dish, covering each layer thickly with sugar and the lemon juice, and allow it to stand three days. Put into a preserving kettle, add the ginger and lemon rind, and one pint cold water for each 6 lbs. of fruit. Bring slowly to boil, and cook until slices are tender, but not broken. Turn carefully into an earthen crock, and keep covered for a week, then transfer the slices carefully to large-necked jars and strain the syrup into a pot. Boil the syrup until it threads thickly, fill the jars with it, seal, and store in a cool, dry place.

Fried Pumpkin

AS a most delicious vegetable, try cooking pumpkin this way: Cut in slices, pare, remove seeds, and boil in salted water until tender, but quite firm. Drain, dip each piece in bread crumbs (that have been seasoned with salt and pepper), dip in egg, coat again with the crumbs, and fry in deep fat until golden brown.

For Pumpkin Fritters, proceed the same way, only dip the cooked pumpkin into frying-batter instead of egg and bread crumbs.

Pumpkin Soup

CUT 1 lb. fresh pumpkin into pieces, add a very little water and a little salt. Boil 6 or 8 minutes; then rub through a fine sieve. Melt 4 tablespoons butter in a saucepan, then stir in the pumpkin and cook gently for about ten minutes. Add 1 pint boiling milk, ½ teaspoon sugar, salt and pepper to taste, and serve with croutons of toast.

From Laden Vineyards

AT the date of writing, the outlook for this year's grape-crop is excellent. Last year and the year before, the yield was very low, but this Fall we hope to be able to indulge to the full our taste for the delicious jams, jellies and fruit-juices that are so plentifully ours in a good season.

Grape jelly is, like that made from red currants, very good with meats, if it is not made too sweet.

Grape Butter

SELECT good Concord grapes, pick from the stem, measure them, then wash and "shoot" them—press each one from its skin. Put skins and pulp into different pans. Cook the pulp with just a little water for 15 minutes, then turn it into the kettle with the skins, and boil together for half an hour, or until the skins are tender.

Add 2 cups of fine granulated sugar for each quart of the grapes measured before cooking, and boil for half an hour longer, stirring frequently. The butter should be thick and ready to put in the jars.

Grape Jelly

TO four pounds of grapes, stemmed, washed and pulped, add quarter their weight of water. Boil together for 20 minutes, then press through a jelly bag. Have ready a flannel jelly bag, which may be fastened up in some convenient place, if you have not got a jelly bag on a stand, and allow the juice to drip through it entirely without pressure. Never try to hasten it or to squeeze out juice, which obviously remains in the bag.

Bring the cleared juice to the boil, add ¾ cup sugar to each cup of juice, stirring constantly until sugar is dissolved, and boil until the jellying point is reached. Test by dipping a spoon or wooden paddle into the boiling mass, then cooling it by moving back and forth a few times. Drop the jelly from it onto a saucer. When the jellying point is reached, it will break from the spoon in slakes or sheets. Remove from the fire immediately, skim it, and pour at once into hot, sterilized glasses. Set aside where it will cool as rapidly as possible, securing it from dust or contamination. When cool, cover with melted paraffin, and store in a cool, dark, dry place.

Home-made Grape Juice

SELECT sound, ripe Concord grapes, stem, wash and crush, heat slowly to about 180 degrees F., the simmering point (the flavour will be better if the sterilizing is done below the boiling point). Strain through double thickness of cheese cloth and stand aside for a few hours to settle. Pour off very carefully, to free from the dregs, which will remain in the bottom of each vessel. About 1 cup of sugar to 1 gallon of fruit juice will improve the flavour, without making it too sweet.

Pour the juice into sterilized bottles, adjust stoppers or corks lightly, to allow for expansion; set bottles on a rack or folded cloths in a hot-water bath outfit (a deep kettle or ordinary wash-boiler, in which the bottles may be immersed) and process at the simmering point for half an hour. Put stoppers in tightly, and when cool, dip top of bottle into melted paraffin to seal it.

Storing Winter Vegetables

COUNTRY people are in the habit of storing their own winter vegetables, and have the facilities for doing so. Many city folk, on the other hand, never think of the storage of vegetables as touching themselves at all.

There is no trick about putting away a supply of vegetables for winter use, if the following simple instructions are carried out.

Storage Cellar: The average cellar, with a furnace, is too warm for most vegetables. If there is no storage cupboard, make one in a corner with a window. Some four-inch uprights nailed to the beams in the ceiling are first put in place, then building board is nailed on each side of the uprights, making a rough double wall with an air space between. A circulation of air is necessary, and is easily supplied by a piece of bent pipe (stove-pipe or drain-pipe with elbow-joint answers well), one end thrust through the window frame, the other opening near the floor. This will keep the air moving, and may be shut off in extremely cold weather. If the floor is of cement, it is a good plan to put a layer of earth or sand on it, some two or three inches deep. If this becomes too dry, sprinkle occasionally with water.

There are, generally speaking, three groups of vegetables fit for storage, and they require different treatment.

1.—Root vegetables — potatoes, carrots, turnips, beets, parsnips, etc., need a temperature just above freezing-point, around 40 degrees F., and all but parsnips and salsify must be carefully guarded against freezing. Potatoes must be especially guarded from frost and light—either will ruin them. Carrots and turnips, not immediately spoiled, like potatoes, by a single touch of frost, will not keep; beets are destroyed by it.

The root vegetables should be placed in small bins (or they will heat in the centre of the pile and spoil), or in boxes or barrels that are raised a little from the floor to allow air to circulate beneath.

They should be gathered when fully matured, but in absolutely sound condition. Never store a bruised or blemished vegetable—it will spread decay far and wide.

All leaves should be cut off, refuse and dirt removed (but not washed off), vegetables dry and cool when stored, and in case of potatoes, stored in small quantities and in darkness.

2.—The second class of vegetables are of the heading variety—cabbages, cauliflowers, Brussels sprouts, celery.

They should be gathered when just less than ripe, looked over carefully for worms or insects, roots left on. If not matured at first frost, dig up and set in six inches of earth in cellar, watering occasionally without dampening leaves. Mature cabbages are placed heads downward, roots on, in a layer of sand or earth. Bury celery, roots on, in slightly damp earth.

3.—Other vegetables will stand a higher temperature than roots and headed varieties. From 50 to 75 degrees F. suits them.

Peas and beans are kept thoroughly dry and safe from rodents. Onions must be dry and fairly cool. For these three, the attic is often preferred to the store-room. Pumpkins and squash are gathered before frost, and dried in sunshine for a week or so, then piled on shelves or table, or on attic floor.

Concerning Eggs and Butter

THE prices of eggs and butter are never exactly buying-inducements during the winter, and the only woman who can calmly regard their fevered increases is she who has a goodly store of eggs and butter put away when prices were lower. It is delightful to enjoy good butter and fresh eggs when the thermometer is trying to see how low it can drop, and still enjoy the comfortable knowledge that we are not eating our New Year's coal supply nor the children's new shoes!

It is usually considered that good dairy butter is the best to put away. When choosing it, plunge a long-bladed knife far into the centre; when it is withdrawn, it should have a fresh, sweet smell. Aided by the sense of taste, no one need have difficulty in selecting first-class butter. Make sure that there is no surplus buttermilk in it. If there seems to be too much, knead the butter well under fresh, cold water. Large quantities of butter will keep better than small quantities (unlike eggs, which should only be stored a few dozen together), as it is the surface butter that will spoil. The idea is, of course, to have as little surface exposed to the air as possible. A large crock is therefore best. A glazed earthenware crock is preferrable to a wooden tub, as it cannot give any flavour to the butter.

Scald the crock thoroughly, dry well, and pack the butter in closely, filling well to the edges. Lay a sheet of butter-paper on top, and on this put a thick layer of salt.

Pound bricks of butter may be put away after a very simple but efficient fashion. One of the invaluable earthenware crocks is again the best container. Make a salt and water brine, strong enough to float an egg. Boil it, cool it, and pour it, when quite cold, into the crock, which has, meantime, been partly filled with pound rolls of butter, each just wrapped as usual, in oiled paper. Fill and cover the crock, and keep in a cool place. The butter will remain perfectly fresh and sweet, and will not take up the salt from the water. It may be lifted out, just one pound at a time, as required—a quite considerable convenience.

The one absolute essential in putting eggs away for the winter is that they be strictly new-laid—not from the average shop-keeper's viewpoint, but as a matter of calculation in hours from the time they were laid to the time they are sealed away. A few days, even a few hours, under certain conditions, will often suffice to begin the damage, and no amount of waterglass, grease, salt or bran can stay it. Seal the egg—you merely seal the mischief inside it, and it will go merrily ahead.

Quite the most satisfactory method of preserving eggs is to put them in water-glass. Buy it from your druggist or grocer, and make the solution according to directions on the package.

Earthenware crocks again are the best vessels to use; several smaller crocks being preferrable to very large ones. Place the eggs in the crock, one by one, small end down. A crushed newspaper or folded towel will help to hold them upright while they are being arranged. When they are packed—five or six dozen together is considered best—pour in the water-glass solution, cover and keep in a cool, dry place.

Diana's Discovery

By Beatrice Gordon

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GREFE

FROM her accustomed place on the little porch, Diana Montgomery watched her husband out of sight on his way to the early train. But for the third successive morning, Don did not look around or wave to her from the bend in the road. Hurt and disappointed, she stood looking wistfully after him for a moment longer than usual. She wondered vaguely how many husbands stopped caring for their wives in three years—and what, if anything, these other women did about it. Then she turned mechanically and entered the house.

Every day for months there had been evidences of a change in Don's affection for her. All of them were small, of course, so small she hadn't been able to bring herself to mention them. Things were apparently just the same as ever, but Don was growing away from her, she knew. He had given up almost every little demonstration of his love. In the morning, he read the paper all through breakfast, scarcely giving her a word. Then, at the last minute before rushing from the door, he merely brushed her cheek in parting. All day long, she had just the memory of that hurried kiss.

At least two nights a week lately he had been staying down town for dinner. Usually he would phone late in the afternoon to tell her—"It's the busy season, you know," or "Got a big job that must be cleaned up to-night." And, of course, such messages meant long evenings alone for Diana—long evenings when thoughts were beginning to come that she tried and tried to push back. Was it always business that kept Don in town? Yes, it had gone that far. Suspicion, just a shade of suspicion, had begun to lift its head above the horizon of her great blind faith in her husband.

And so this morning when again he had failed to turn and wave "Good-bye," the hurt went deeper in Diana's heart, and all that forenoon as she went about her work the change in Don was almost constantly in her thoughts. Then, in the afternoon she had an inspiration. She would surprise him that night with a real "spread," a dinner after his own heart. Every dish should be something of which Don was especially fond. He could not help but see what pains she had taken to please him, and maybe when it was all over he would take her in his arms as he used to and tell her how wonderful she was to be always planning for his happiness. The prospect of it sent her forth gaily on a marketing expedition, and her plans for the surprise carried her all through a happy afternoon.

And then, as the hands of the clock were falling toward six-thirty, and the snowy cloth had been spread and the very best silver laid, and the golden sweet potatoes were growing brown in the oven, and a juicy steak was just waiting his step on the walk outside to go over the roaring fire—the phone rang. Diana ran and caught up the receiver, "Yes?" and, then—"I'm at the St. James, just sitting down to dinner with Turner. Sorry. Get yourself a bite. I'll be home about ten"—and before she could really grasp the words, there was a click on the wire. He had gone.

Diana dropped to a chair, sat there a long moment, trying to adjust herself to the overwhelming disappointment, then rose and half running, half stumbling up the stairs, threw herself upon the bed in her own room and gave herself up to a flood of tears.

TWENTY minutes later as she lay, fairly worn out with weeping, she was roused by the sound of footsteps on the porch below. She jumped up and rushed to the long mirror—to see how red her eyes were. Then as she listened, a familiar receding whistle proclaimed the caller only the boy with the evening paper, and she was much relieved.

But the momentary excitement had dried up the fountain of tears. Diana was again herself now. She walked over to the mirror to arrange her hair, and as she stood there, her eye fell to a picture on her dressing table, a picture of herself taken the June they were married, a picture Don used to call his favourite. There was a girlish charm about it, emphasized by the dainty, becoming dress she wore. It was a dress that anyone would have said must be Diana's even if they had seen it in a shop window. But what held her gaze now was not the picture itself so much as the contrast between it and what she saw reflected in the mirror. She looked from one to the other, and then, slowly, she seemed to feel coming over her a great understanding And with it came a firm resolve. She would not submit quietly to the loss of her husband's love.

An hour later, the dining-room cleared of its silver and linen, the carefully-planned dinner things put away for to-morrow, she was running through a pile of magazines in the den. And at 11, when Don came upstairs she was fast asleep, the trace of a smile still upon her lips.

FOR a few months things went on apparently as usual in the Montgomery home. Don was deeply engrossed in his work at the office, where he was slowly but surely winning recognition from his firm. He frequently worked till late at night, and always had to hurry to catch his train for town in the morning.

But there had been a subtle change in Diana. She had somehow chased away the shadow that formerly pursued her. During the day, she sang cheery little songs as she went about her work. And on more than one occasion she had failed to have dinner ready at the appointed hour. She seemed continually preoccupied—with something pleasant. Don noticed this, of course, and it bothered him a little. Once or twice he tried to discover Diana's secret, but he got no satisfaction from her. When he came home at night and let himself in with his latch key, Diana was never there any more to greet him. He had to get his slippers and hang up his coat and hat himself. But when he whistled, Diana was always upstairs in her room. And she would come downstairs simply radiating some pleasant secret! Could she be preparing some surprise for him—or what had come over her lately?

THEN finally one glorious October evening it all came out in a most wonderful way! Don had left the office a little later than usual. It had been one of those days—which happen in all offices and all kitchens—when everything seems possessed with contrariness. He was worn out physically and mentally.

Arriving at his station, he walked slowly, thoughtfully, up the hill toward his home. He was wishing that he felt more as he used to feel about his home. He pictured to himself the bright, attractive girl he had married three short years before. How she had changed! Had he? He wondered.

From the bend in the road, he noticed that the house was lighted brilliantly. "Probably callers—or, worse still, guests," he thought. "I hope not! All I want to-night are slippers, the big chair and a book! There isn't anybody in the world I want to see!"

Going up the porch steps, he tried the door. But it was locked and the curtains drawn. He listened, but heard no voices. So he produced a bunch of keys, turned the lock and entered. What he saw amazed—transfixed him!

There stood Diana—yes, it surely was Diana—but a NEW Diana! She was waiting for him with a strange, glad light in her blue eyes! She was younger—more beautifully alluring than ever before—and she was wearing the most wonderful and becoming dress he had ever seen! Instantly he was conscious of a change within himself. Under the magic spell of re-awakened love, he tried to speak, but could not. And so he came toward her slowly—both arms outstretched.

"Diana!" he cried, in a voice she could never forget. He was the old, proud, tender Don once more!

IN the big leather chair before the open fire that night, Don and Diana sat watching the dancing flames and talking of a new-found happiness. They had so much to say that words suddenly seemed inadequate. Most of what these two had to tell each other does not concern us. It cannot be told in minutes, nor yet in years; it cannot be perfectly told even in a lifetime, for it is endless and runs through eternity.

"I must have been blind, dear," Don said, after a long silence, "but—thank heaven—my eyes are opened at last!"

"Well, it wasn't your fault, Don," Diana replied. "I don't know how it came about. But I grew careless and indifferent about myself. You really never saw me in anything much but dowdy housedresses or something equally untidy—and I don't blame you. But I haven't told you the real secret yet.

"You see, I felt that you were growing away from me—I saw it in so many little things. And one night when you phoned that you were not coming home, I had a terrible cry about it. Then I

There stood Diana—yes, it surely *was* Diana—a NEW Diana! She was waiting for him . . .

caught a vision of myself as I had been. And I saw at once, of course, that no woman can hope to win—or hold—her husband's love and respect, unless she keeps herself attractive.

"Right there I resolved to try and remedy the trouble. But the expense looked like an insurmountable difficulty. You know we haven't had any new clothes to speak of—either of us—since we were married. The money has always been needed, even before we had it, for what seemed just necessary things.

"Well, while I was pondering over my problem, suddenly the solution flashed into my mind. I recalled reading a magazine article, a few evenings before, about a girl who found the way to happiness, by learning how to make stylish, becoming clothes for herself.

"It told about an institute of domestic arts and sciences, through which any woman could learn during spare time, right in her own home, how to make all kinds of dresses and hats.

"So I hunted up that magazine and read the Cinderella story again. It was so convincing that I sent for more information at once.

"IN just a few days a handsome book came, telling all about the Woman's Institute and its 30,000 delighted members. I saw right away that here was just the opportunity I needed, so I joined and took up dressmaking.

"When my first lesson came, I knew any woman could learn to make her own clothes by this easy, fascinating method. The pictures make everything so plain that a child could understand. I really felt like a different woman just because I was so happy! I spent every minute I could on the lessons, and at night I dreamed I was wearing the kind of clothes that would bring you back to me!

"One delightful thing about the course is that almost right away you begin making actual garments. Why, after only three lessons I made the prettiest little house-dress. It's in the closet of my room with a lot of charming, dainty things. I hid my work and lessons there because if you saw them too soon it would have spoiled my surprise for you!

"The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two each day. The textbooks foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take just as personal an interest in your work as if they were right beside you.

"You see, it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient. Besides learning how to make every kind of garment at a saving of half or more, I also learned the all-important thing in making clothes—the secret of distinctive dress—what colours and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to really develop style, and how to add those little touches that make clothes distinctly becoming.

"Luckily, I began my studies in the summer—the logical time, because summer clothes are so much easier to make. Now I have more and prettier clothes than I ever had before in my life. And they cost only one-fourth of what ordinary clothes cost ready-made. Some of the very prettiest things I have were made from out-of-date clothes of former seasons. I was soon able to work on even the most elaborate dresses and suits. I learned, too, to copy models in the shop windows, on the streets, or in fashion magazines. In fact, this wonderful method of the Woman's Institute has really made me more capable than most professional dressmakers—after just a few months of spare-time study at home!

"So that's the secret of my surprise, dear," finished Diana. "Just think what it is going to mean to us all the rest of our lives. And isn't it fine that any woman or girl anywhere can learn through the Woman's Institute to dress attractively at such little cost?"

"It certainly is," replied Don, drawing her face down close to his. "Any school that can teach women and girls the things you have learned in so short a time is performing a wonderful service. Now—let's go up and see the rest of this magic wardrobe!"

DIANA'S discovery will solve your clothes problem, whatever it may be. More than 30,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can easily and quickly learn at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success as a dressmaker or a milliner.

It costs you nothing to find out just what the Institute can do for you. Simply send a letter, a postcard or the convenient coupon below and you will receive—without obligation—by return mail the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business to women and girls all over the world.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 6 W Scranton, Penna.

Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name .....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

There Are Heroes and Heroes---

BUT---Richard Barthelmess is one of the latter

A STOCK company at Hamilton, Ont., was the starting point in Richard Barthelmess' career—in 1912 when he was sixteen. That makes him—well, supposing you figure it out.

It was during a school vacation while his mother was playing in Montreal—his mother is Caroline Harris, an actress distinguished for her work in support of numerous stage stars, particularly in the Shakespearian drama—that he got his start.

After that summer Richard was sent back to school, where he displayed some writing ability, so his mother sent him to Trinity College. But at the end of his year he took a jaunt into Pictureland—the princely stipend of an extra being the chief incentive—and there he stayed.

His first important part was in "War Brides"—Nazimova's initial photoplay.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS has served with Pathe, Metro, Paramount, Goldwyn and Triangle. Of late he has been playing with Dorothy Gish, and a splendid team they make. Dorothy is one hundred per cent. "pep," and Richard one hundred per cent. youth.

He is one of the few really young heroes of the screen. Yet he wants to do character parts. I'd say, "Why not wait until he isn't really young any more?" His characterization of the Chinaman "Ching Huon" in "Broken Blossoms" justifies his desire, however.

"Broken Blossoms" is really worth while—suffice it to say that it is D. W. Griffith at his best. Lillian Gish has the leading feminine role.

Mr. Barthelmess will continue under Mr. Griffith for a time at least.

IN "Three Men and a Girl" Richard said to Marguerite Clark, "Did you ever look at your eyes? They're wonderful!" Now if I were in Dorothy Gish's place in "I'll Get Him Yet" (scene shown above) I'd say to Richard, "Did you ever look at your eyes, they're wonderful!"

THE "stills" on this page are all from "I'll Get Him Yet," the latest play in which Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess have appeared. From the gun flashing and offering of the ring—not to mention the gazing into one another's eyes—one gathers that it must be a very exciting picture. But did you ever notice that when these two get together the play generally is exciting.

Tea seems to have become the favorite beverage (surely not the aftermath of Prohibition!)

In the picture above, the figure immediately behind Dorothy is Ralph Graves, her new leading man since D. W. Griffith has taken Richard into his fold. Ralph Graves is a likeable chap too.

In his next picture for Griffith, Richard wears a moustache—fancy that!

He plays the part of an outlaw, a young Spaniard with a sash 'n everything—including the moustache.

You see, Richard is gifted with that "do-or-die" look about the eyes—that always insures the success of a villain.

"SIR RICHARD" getting in a little eye work.

A FEW FACTS about RICHARD BARTHELMESS:

He was born in Hartford, Conn. When? Well, if you haven't figured that out before—in 1896.

No, he isn't married, nor engaged, and he thinks all ladies are lovely. Of course they are, but it's nice of Richard to say so.

He is fond of outdoor sports and enjoys a bit of dancing now and then.

He has just had a vacation in New York. His mother lives there, and with her and his many friends, "a wonderful time was had by all."

Why a vacation? say you. Well, it's this way. We folks are inclined to believe the movies one long, uninterrupted holiday. But the artists claim not. They say they work—and we'll have to take their word for it.

Anyway, Richard's back in California, ready for more and better work than ever.

His policy like that of many older celebrities is to work hard and then play hard. One justifies the other, even in the movie world.

Simple Suggestions For Increasing the Longevity of the Wardrobe

By Helen Cruickes

Flour Sack Gowns An Economy?

A SEQUENCE of leaves to form a costume—there's nothing breath-taking about that. Eve sponsored the idea, and we accept it as the mode of that time, thinking it not unusual because they were spinning-wheel-less days.

A mesh work of grasses to clothe the shipwrecked Pauline in one of her Perils!" It doesn't even cause a stir among the movie fans with mid-Victorian minds. But when we are confronted by the statement that one's washed out, re-dyed, flour sacks make modish smart frocks, we are apt to show our incredulity with a disbelieving giggle, and shades of Aladdin! Why shouldn't we!

"Faith" may be the "evidence of things not seen," but it requires something more than that estimable quality to credit the idea with practicability. Here-to-fore, if we were able to point to our casement windows where rather smart stenciled wash curtains flirted with the sun and say to our neighbour, "They cost me exactly twenty-five cents, my dear, the price of the dye to stencil them. You'll never guess what they are made out of—sh! don't whisper it to a soul—flour sacks!" we felt so clever. Or if we possessed a particularly absorbent dustcloth mayhap a dishcloth, stitched and restitched, [illegible] our selves at the fact that their cost was nil [illegible] we studied our empty flour and sugar bags we literally scored another victory!) But we ask you dear readers in all earnestness and we beg of you in all sincerity did experiments of yore do you think it was worth to get such priceless valuable time and treasure but the task of ripping was by doing during sewing and perhaps one to letting or sending flour sacks into the soul-lure of a dress at the name of economy!

For four or more years we have been literally fed on make-over methods. We have put into practice some of the practical hints, viz.—turning inside out our all wool blue serge suits and dresses, using a passé pongee or foulard dress to re-line our two year-old suit-jacket or top-coat; making father's silk and wool, worn-at-the-neckband and-cuffs shirts into little school dresses for dainty Dorothy, or in our extremity fashioning a very sensible apron from the tail of that shirt; cutting the best out of big brother's "civie" ulster to make Johnny a school coat, or any of the following utilitarian ideas, but we have yet to advocate the flour sack dress as an economy.

The ideas described on this page are contributions from some of our interested subscribers, to whom we express a vote of thanks.—The Editor.

Reclaiming The White Elephant

Wool Reconstruction On A Practical Basis

New Sweaters From Old

WHILE making a spring inventory of my wardrobe, my worn out knitted woollen sweater was one of the problems that confronted me. Realizing the prevalent price of wool, I was in a quandary what might be done with mine other than discarding it completely. It was badly worn and raveled at the elbows and pockets, so I cut out the sleeves and bottom of garment to just above the pockets and also removed the shawl collar. The two good tops of the sleeves I cut open and joined together and used this piece to line the back of the sweater, thus making it doubly warm. Around the neck, sleeves, fronts and bottom of garment, I crocheted a black edge. The sweater being a cardinal red, this contrast was most pleasing. The shawl collar made an excellent stove polisher, for as every house wife knows there is nothing like woollen goods for raising that extra gloss on stoves. The old lower portions of the sweater were used in my mop, saving just enough to make a pocket for the left hand side. For cool days in the house or for wear under one's suit coat, this sleeveless sweater (left) is indispensable.

Directions for Making Crochet Edge used on Sweater

CAST on eight or ten double, trebles (to suit desire of crocheter) in the same hole, chaining four to form picot on every double, treble and repeat.—Mrs. J. A. D.

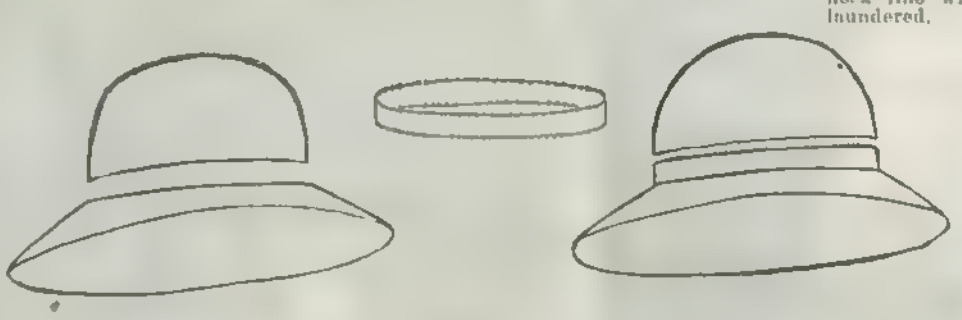
Adjustable Cuffs and Collars

CUFF and collar sets for grown-ups may be fitted with snappers so that a dress can be quickly transformed by unsnapping, say, a plaid silk set, and snapping on sheer organdy cuffs and collar in a trice.—S. Weaver.

A NEW use has been discovered for the old-fashioned sailor collar of white organdy or Georgette crepe. It will be found very helpful to many wearers of fine blouses that are worn down the front from removing one's breast pin repeatedly. Reverse the old square collar, so that it forms a bib effect over the front of the blouse, thus hiding the worn places. It will meet at the back, where just enough of the white collar will be shown to be smart. It may be necessary to cut out the collar in the front to follow the neck line of the blouse. A bias bind around this neck line will keep the collar in good shape when being laundered.

Making Use of a White Elephant

ALMOST every family cupboard contains a white elephant. Mine, took the guise of an old-fashioned, many gored, dark blue broadcloth coat. It gave no promise of ever coming into style again, and because of its many gores, there was little possibility of ever making it over into something modish for myself. My young daughter of ten years was in need of a warm school dress, however, and, as the material in the coat was of excellent quality, having been bought many years before the war, I considered myself fortunate to have a "white elephant." After having ripped apart the many seams, and cleaning and pressing them, I recut them into a little [illegible] which [illegible] yoke to fit my daughter. By way of making it a little distinctive black braid was introduced on the belt and at the hem of the skirt between the box pleats (above).—Mrs. W.



Cutting Our Crowns For Vogue's Sake

Hats

THE crown of a hat may be lowered by simply cutting out a portion, near the brim, and sewing or stitching on the machine the raw edges together. Crown trimming of any description may be artfully used to cover this work

A crown may be made higher by cutting it in two—also near the brim—and inserting a band of heavy buckram. Trimming will also serve to disguise the "patch" as indicated to left

Preserve Your Shoes

VARNISH with shellac or ordinary varnish the soles and heels of new shoes and they will wear much longer than usual—deferring that inevitable visit to the cobbler's.

A New Lease of Life for Faded Ties

TO give a new lease of life to men's faded and soiled ties (they are no use as they are) wash gently, even tenderly and dip them into a small basin of purple dye or [illegible] dark [illegible] suits the fancy. [illegible] be boiled or left in the dye too long as silk takes the dye quickly, but rinse well and press when almost dry, using a cloth between the iron and silk. This simple process makes them look quite new, especially ties of two colours. Half a package of dye will do for a dozen ties.—Mrs. E. Conomy.

Sanitary Ever-ready Sweeping Cap

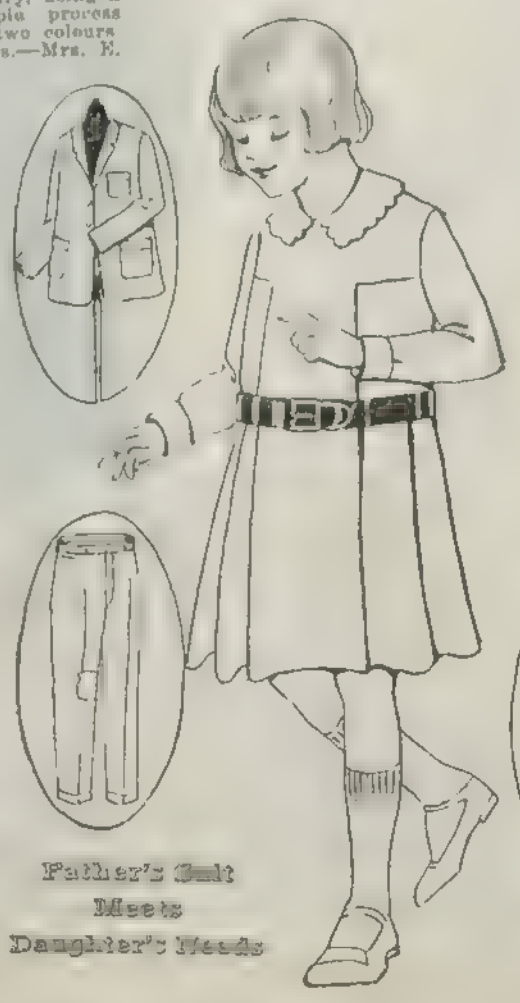
A MAN'S handkerchief, white, khaki or coloured, knotted at the four corners is very neat and smart and may be easily laundered when soiled with the dust and dirt of housecleaning.

Father's Suit Meets Daughter's Needs

ONE mother of my acquaintance made this smart little dress (right) for her eight-year-old daughter from a coat and vest belonging to the child's father. The trousers had met with some disaster—perhaps a nail in the fence, perhaps a burglar had "borrowed" them—while the upper garments were practically new and of wonderful material. The sleeves of the dress were cut from the sleeves of the coat, each in two pieces. The dress was made slightly narrower than the pattern, from necessity but it was a complete success. It was brightened by a shining leather belt and by a sizable round, white pique collar. Two of these collars were made in one afternoon by marking scallops with a thimble and pencil and two strands of cotton in the embroidery needle. With two collars the child need never wear one that is not fresh and dainty.

False Hair Again!

WHEN your switch is a poor match (false hair is coming in again) pin the top of it flat against the very crown of the head then fold your own hair over and around it, twisting it into one large coil. The mount of the switch will be completely covered and the strands of it will be mingled with the natural hair.



Father's Suit Meets Daughter's Needs

A New Role For Old Trousers

A New Role for Old Trousers

THAT made-over garments can be quite as chic and up-to-date as bran new raiment goes without saying. I saw a dainty dress for a six-year-old girl made of white duck, scalloped around the edges of the skirt, sleeves and neck with old rose, washable embroidery floss. This fetching little frock (left) was fashioned from a pair of cast-off white trousers donated by the child's uncle. —Mrs S. W.

WHEN sending in queries for re-modelling garments, please state clearly the size of the gown, blouse or wrap, etc., you wish to make over and if possible enclose a rough sketch of same in its present state. Also the kind and quantity of other material you may have on hand to combine with the garment to be made over. Perchance it is another skirt, a blouse, a coat, or a remnant of new material. Address all communications to "Fashion Editor," Make Over Dept.

Fascinating Models for the Woman of Discrimination

8392—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 8462—Ladies' Four-tier Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5½ yards 36-inch check taffeta—⅞ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vest and collar—3½ yards grosgrain ribbon—3⅛ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and gores. With the more frivolous frocks the three and four-tier skirt has returned to favor and it is especially attractive in soft silks, nets, laces, and Georgette crêpe. Check taffeta is one of the fashionable fabrics for afternoon frocks and it is very effective when lightened up with a collar of Georgette crêpe or organdy. The kimono blouse closes at the back and a bias collar finishes the deep U-shaped neck. The skirt consists of four flounces mounted on a two-piece skirt that closes at the left side seam.

Blouse 8392—25c.
Skirt 8462—25c.

Dress 8484 25c.

Blouse 8502—20c.

Blouse 8414—20c.

8502—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—¾ yard Georgette crêpe plaiting. The blouse closes at the back and has three box plaits formed on the front.

8414—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch voile—⅜ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar and cuffs. This is one of the fashionable slip-over blouses closing on the shoulders gathered in front below a shaped yoke.

Dress 8504 25c.
Scallop 12177
Blue or Yellow 20c.

Dress 8520 25c.

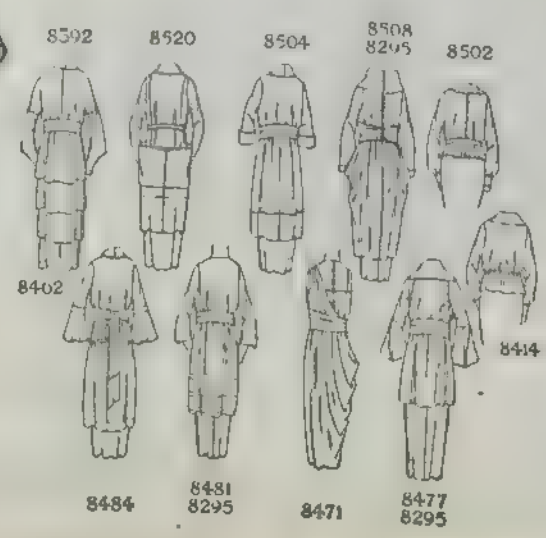
Blouse 8481—25c.
Skirt 8295—20c.

8484—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2⅞ yards 36-inch satin—⅜ yard white Georgette for vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. A long shawl collar finishes the neck of this blouse which is open to the waist-line disclosing a vest mounted on a front-closing underbody. The tunic is finished with a narrow frill heading and is applied to the two-piece gathered skirt at yoke depth. Soft satin or moire ribbon may be used for the girdle or it may be of Georgette crêpe with a band of narrow picot-edge ribbon through the center.

8471—Ladies' Evening Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch satin—1¼ yard 36-inch metal brocade—2¾ yards 36-inch lining for foundation. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Again we have the formal evening gown. The fashionable evening gown is of two distinct types, the fluffy one of net or chiffon for dancing, and the more stately gown of satin or taffeta for formal evening functions. This very charming model shows a graceful drapery of satin over metal brocade.

Dress 8471—25c.

8504—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch satin—2⅞ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—5 yards plaiting—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. A narrow plaited frill of the satin finishes the long shawl collar, turn back cuffs, and the scalloped trimming-band on the tunic. For the scallops, design 12177 is suggested.



Blouse 8508—25c.
Skirt 8295—20c.

Blouse 8477—25c.
Embroidery 12352
Blue or Yellow—20c.
Skirt 8295—20c.

8520—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch satin—¾ yard organdy for collar and vest—3⅜ yards fringe—5 yards lace—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Deep trimming-bands finished with narrow fringe, the upper one forming outstanding pockets, are attractively featured on this good-looking afternoon frock. The back panels are looped under and tacked near the lower edge of the skirt. The long collar of organdy and lace is smart. Width at lower edge 1⅜ yard.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

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Clever Designing Makes These Becoming to Stout Women

8500—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch tricotine—2⅛ yards 36-inch satin for underskirt and trimming—⅜ yard 36-inch white satin for vest facing—1⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Here is another attractive afternoon street dress for the woman of full figure. The blouse and the three-piece tunic are separate and are joined under the girdle.

8496—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch velvet —2⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The combination of velvet and Georgette crêpe adapts this dress admirably to service for afternoon or social functions. Both materials may be of the same color or contrasting colors may be used.

Dress 8500 25c.

Blouse 8407—20c.

Blouse 8248—25c.

8248—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch black taffeta—⅜ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar and vest—2¼ yards soutache—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Stout women to whom the lines of this blouse are very becoming will find it a good model for dress wear.

8407—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—4½ yards narrow velvet ribbon for trimming—1½ yard Georgette plaiting. A touch of style is given to this simple blouse by the edging of narrow velvet ribbon.

Dress 8496—25c.

8531—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—¾ yard 36-inch white satin for flaring collar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The lines of this frock are particularly good for stout women and the simplicity of the design will make a strong appeal to the woman who has to be her own dressmaker.

Tunic Blouse 8497—25c. Skirt 8295—20c.

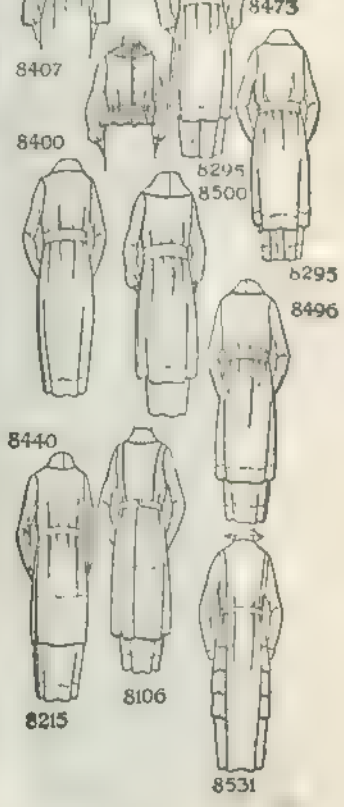
Tunic Blouse 8473—25c. Skirt 8295—20c.

Dress 8400 25c.

8440—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch serge—¾ yard 36-inch taffeta for vest—¾ yard 36-inch moire for collar—3½ yards 36-inch satin for lining. Length at center-back 40½ inches. No. 8215—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The open front of the jacket of this smart suit is filled in with a vest that may be of white taffeta, crêpe de Chine, or moire and the collar of moire extends into revers that reach to the narrow belt. The side seams of the jacket may be open as far up as desired.

8497—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¼ yards 54-inch serge—½ yard 36-inch white taffeta for collar and tucked vest. There is nothing smarter for early Fall wear than frocks of serge and tricotine lightened up as in this case by collar and vest of white taffeta, Georgette crêpe, or satin. The tunic is a two-piece model attached at one-inch raised waist-line to the simple blouse and closed at left side seam. Under this is worn a two-piece dart-fitted skirt closing at the back and with waist-line raised 2½ inches.

8473—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¼ yards 44-inch check cloth—⅜ yard 36-inch white tricolet for collar and vest—2¼ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. The surplice lines of this tunic blouse admirably camouflage the stout figure and it may be developed in serge or tricotine with equally good results. The skirt because of the darts taken up on the front and back fits smoothly over the hips.



Dress 8106—25c.
Braiding 12474—25c.

Jacket 8440—25c.
Skirt 8215—20c.

Dress 8531—25c.

8106—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch tricotine—⅞ yard 36-inch white taffeta for collar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The long tunic blouse has a deep braided border, the braiding carried out in soutache in design 12474. The woman of full figure will find this a very becoming type of frock for early Fall street wear in any of the fashionable wool fabrics such as serge, tricotine, Poiret twill, duvetyn, or light-weight velours.

8400—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch shepherd check —⅜ yard white Georgette crêpe for vest and collar. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Delightfully simple is this frock that slips on over the head and is open almost to the waist-line in a deep V to show an inserted vest of Georgette crêpe. Pendant ornaments of crochet trim the front of the blouse effectively, and tiny jet buttons are applied to the sleeves along the outside from elbow to wrist.

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your local dealer cannot supply you, send direct to us—253-259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

The Newest Fashions for Girls Are Smartly Simple

8494—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—2½ yards 5-inch ribbon for sash—1⅜ yard 36-inch net for top of skirt. The dress closes at the back and three straight gathered flounces are arranged on the two-piece gathered skirt.

8146—Child's Empire Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch linen. A cunning frock for the small maid closing in front and with short-waisted body section joined to a gathered skirt. A round collar makes an attractive finish for the neck, and there are smart turn-back cuffs for the one-piece sleeves.

8173—Child's Empire Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 27-inch chambray. At drop-shoulder line tiny puff sleeves are attached. The dress closes in front and pockets are inserted in the skirt.

8308—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch linen. Below a round yoke the dress is gathered back and front. It is slashed at left side-front for the closing and finished with a piping.

8227—Child's One-piece Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 27-inch chambray. The dress is slipped on over the head and fastens on the shoulder. It is in kimono style cut in one with the short sleeves.

7931—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 36-inch poplin. Here is an attractive dress for the little maid in kimono style cut in one with the sleeves. The one-piece skirt is gathered.

7948—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch gingham. A full-length panel is arranged on the front of this dress, the waist of which closes at center-back, while the four-piece side-plaited skirt closes at left side-back.

8490—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3½ yards 44-inch organdy. A charming dress for party and best wear with the new Grecian drapery on the front of the blouse. The blouse closes at the back and the gathered skirt at left side seam. Appropriate for any soft fabric.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your local dealer cannot supply you, send direct to us—253-259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Dress 7940—20c.
Embroidery 12461
Blue or Yellow—20c.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7844—20c.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8321—20c.

Now Is the Time to Plan School Clothes

7940—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 44-inch serge. The acme of simplicity is this frock buttoning at the back and with an attractive border design in worsted on the round neck and pockets. The embroidery is design 12461.

7844—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch check serge—⅜ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. A wide panel is formed on the front and back of this frock which closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front.

8321—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 32-inch gingham. Nothing is better for school wear than simple frocks like this in kimono style and slipping on over the head. It buttons on the shoulders.

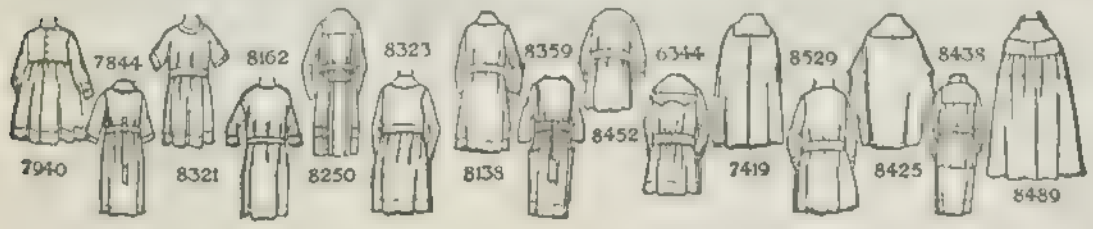
8162—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen. Here is a very attractive school frock slipping on over the head and with sleeves attached at low shoulder-line. The dress is slashed below the belt for inserted pockets.

8250—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch serge—⅜ yard 36-inch white voile for collar. Under the panel the waist closes at center-front and the attached two-piece skirt is plaited front and back and gathered at the sides. Bone buttons may be used as a trimming on the panel which extends a little below the belt onto the skirt. Worsted embroidery, too, makes a smart trimming.

8323—Girls' and Juniors' Guimpe Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 44-inch serge for dress—⅞ yard 36-inch voile for guimpe. A round collar finishes the neck of the front-closing guimpe. The waist of the dress closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, while the two-piece gathered skirt closes at the left side seam.

8138—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch check serge—⅜ yard 44-inch plain serge for collar and trimming. The closing of this box-plaited dress is arranged on the left shoulder and at left side-front.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 25



Girls' Dress 8162—20c.

Juniors' Dress 8250—20c.

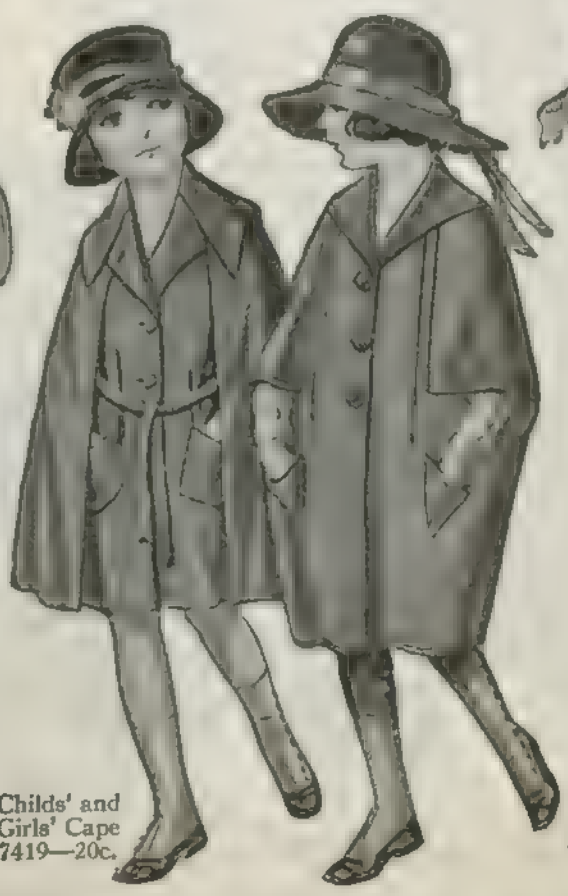
Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8323—20c.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8138—20c.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8359—20c.

Child's Coat 8452—20c.
Scallop 11661
Blue or Yellow—15c.

Girls' Dress 6344—20c.



Childs' and Girls' Cape 7419—20c.

Girls' Coat 8529—25c.

Girls' and Juniors' Cape 8425—20c.

Girls' and Juniors' Suit 8438—25c.

Girls' and Juniors' Cape 8489—20c.

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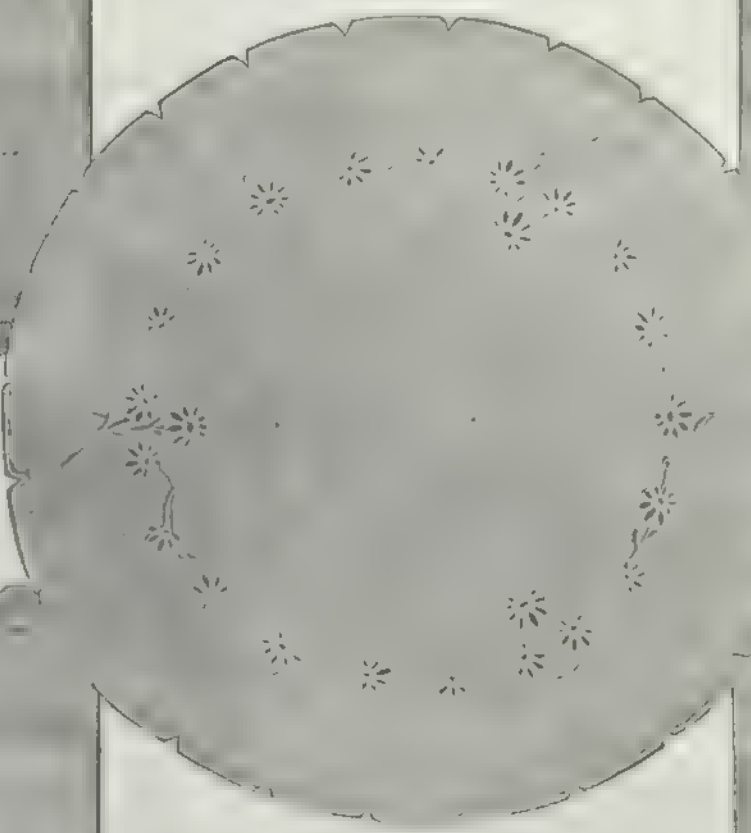
The Charm of Exquisitely Embroidered Linens Appeals to Every Housekeeper

No. 12538

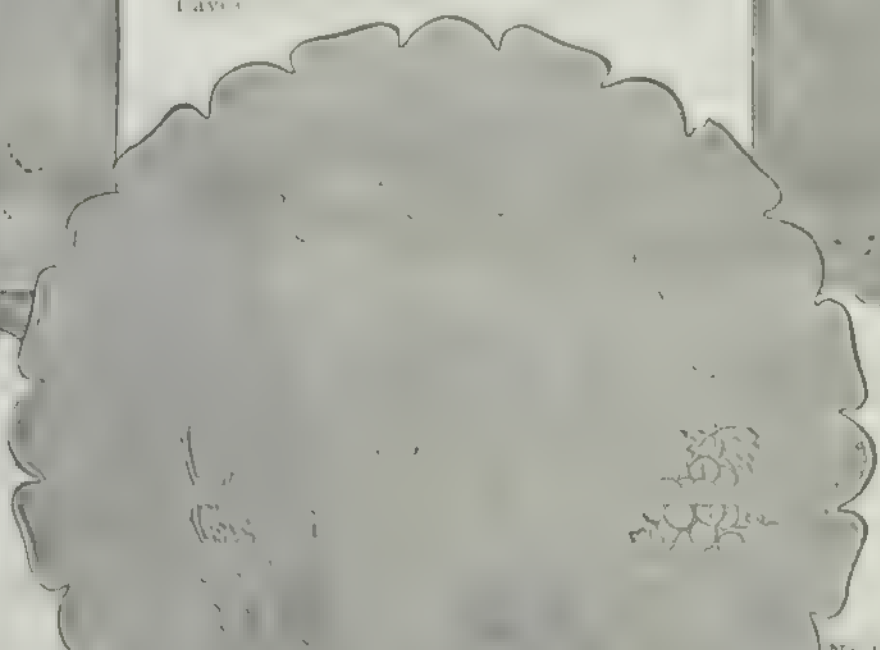
PICTORIAL REVIEW Transfer Pattern 12538, blue, 15 cents. Here is an attractive design worked out in eyelets and cut-work, the embroidery enclosing a filet crochet medallion. The transfer pattern provides sufficient design for one pair of guest-towels and a working diagram of the filet medallion. Buttonholed scallops may be substituted for the filet lace edging, and the pattern provides for these scallops.

PICTORIAL REVIEW Transfer Pattern 12533, blue, 15 cents. This very charming embroidery is applied to the centerpiece illustrated just below. The centerpiece is 21 inches in diameter and the embroidery is worked in eyelets, raised satin, and buttonhole stitches. Firm white linen should form a foundation. An attractive feature of the centerpiece is the oddly shaped square scallop that finishes the edge.

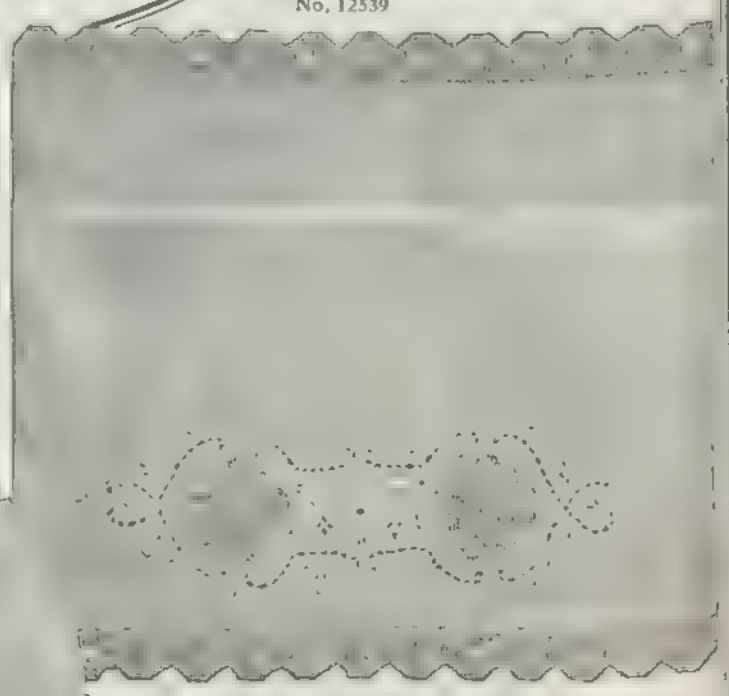
No. 12533



PICTORIAL REVIEW Transfer Pattern 12534, blue, 15 cents. Below is shown a very beautiful centerpiece embroidered in grapes, vines, and leaves.



No. 12539

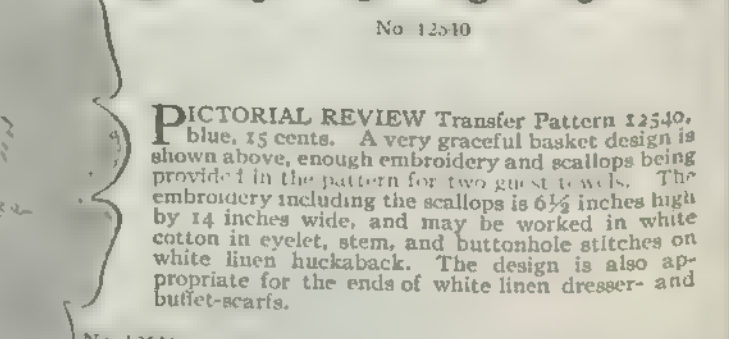


PICTORIAL REVIEW Transfer Pattern 12539, blue, 15 cents. There is quite a tad just n w w enclosing filet medallions in embroidery as a decoration for guest and show-towels. The one illustrated above supplies design and scallops for one pair of guest-towels and a working diagram for the filet crochet medallion and lace edge. The scallops are not illustrated but they may be substituted for the lace edge.

No. 12537

PICTORIAL REVIEW Transfer Pattern 12537, blue, 15 cents. Here is another attractive design for beautifying guest-towels. The pattern provides enough for two as well as a working diagram of the filet crochet edging and medallions. The design which is carried out in cut-work and eyelets measures [illegible] inches high by 15 inches wide including the scallops which are not illustrated. This would be an attractive design applied to scalloped ends for a dressing table or buffet

No. 12540



PICTORIAL REVIEW Transfer Pattern 12540, blue, 15 cents. A very graceful basket design is shown above, enough embroidery and scallops being provided in the pattern for two guest towels. The embroidery including the scallops is 6½ inches high by 14 inches wide, and may be worked in white cotton in eyelet, stem, and buttonhole stitches on white linen huckaback. The design is also appropriate for the ends of white linen dresser- and buffet-scarfs.

No. 12534

No. 12535

PICTORIAL REVIEW Transfer Pattern 12535, blue, 20 cents. A very good-looking embroidery design for one pair of pillow-cases or two towels. The design measures 10½ by 22 inches. The monogram shown is not provided, but a perforated pattern, style 520, in any three letters 5 inches high will be sent for 60 cents.

No. 12536

PICTORIAL REVIEW Transfer Pattern 12536, blue, 20 cents. A handsome design in baskets and trailing vines suitable for a pair of pillow-cases or towels.

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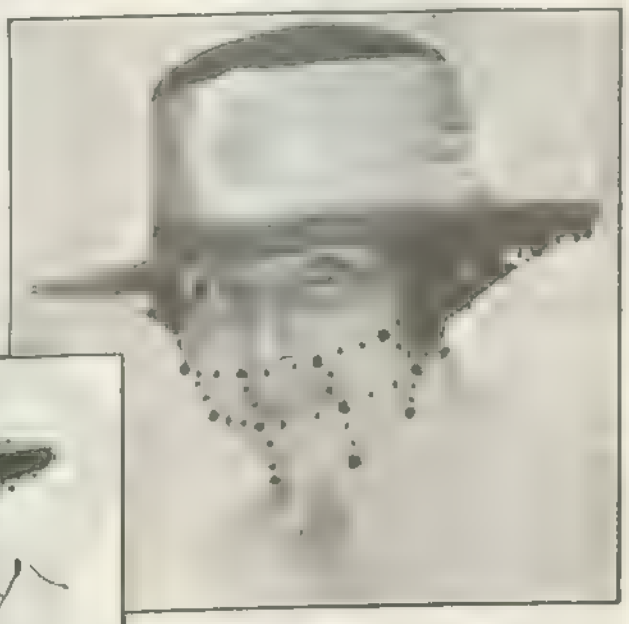
Seeing Ourselves As Others See Us!

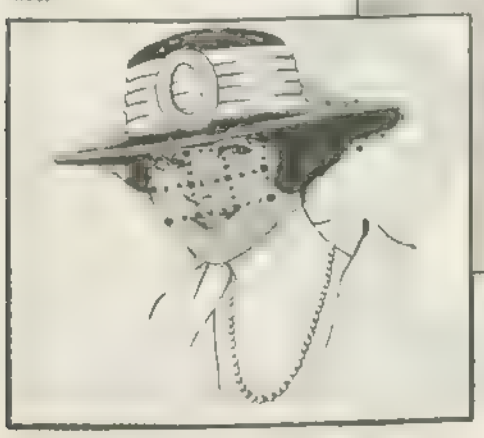
Taking The Veil Wisely

By Helen Bruchési

The Veil As A Defence Or An Offence

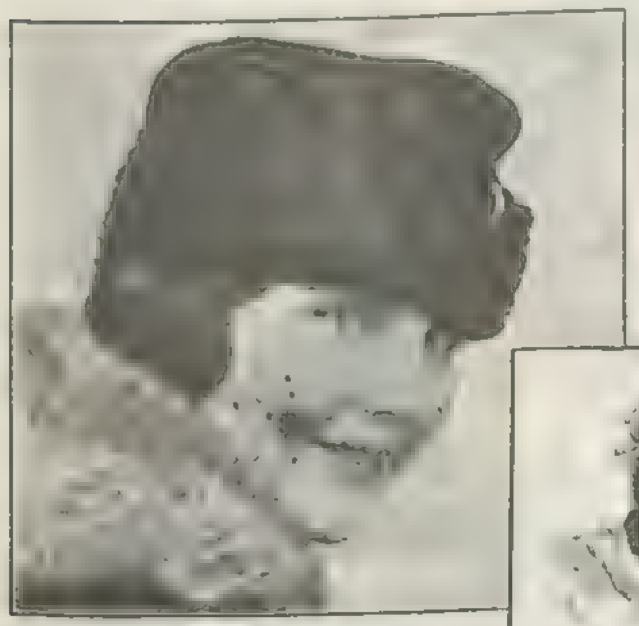
THERE are few women today, who are blind to the advantages of *taking the veil* but there are many who have yet to realize that a veil over the eyes may become either a defence or an offence. There are limitless possibilities to the bit of gossamer net and chenille that lends an air of orientalism to the most prosaic countenance But this frail weapon of coquetry—which forms a barrage between you and the elements of nature and the eyes of mankind—is a dangerous one unless handled with care.



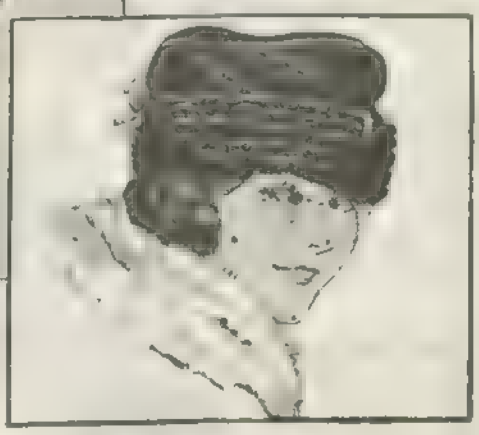


CHENILLE dots on an octagon mesh are most flattering to the complexion and eyes, as shown above. The illustration to the left is a clear example of a pretty veil when it becomes an offence. Aside from the fact that a succession of dots worn directly over one's eyes is conducive to early blindness, black spots on one's nose and teeth are anything but alluring

Handsome Is As Handsome Does



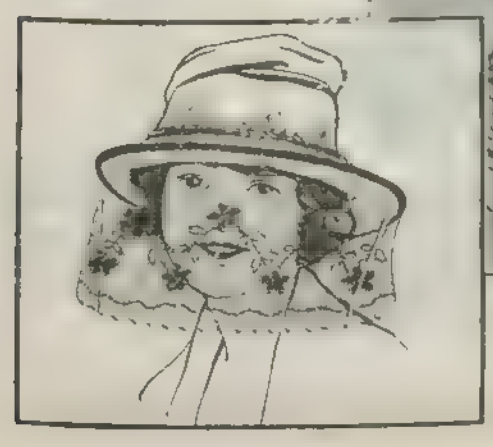
THERE has been an unprecedented demand for veiling during the last six months the manufacturers say. It has exceeded anything in the history of veils, and there is every evidence that it will again increase owing to the number of small hats that are being launched for fall and winter trade. The satin toque is usually the first offering from millinery quarters in the early fall, and to accompany it there is nothing quite so fetching as a dark brown, large, finely meshed veil to keep one's stray locks in subjection



THE veiled lady above knows the value of a spot of beauty when she sees it, although she might have advantageously placed it a little higher on her cheek. For her own sake and that of the general public we are glad that she didn't place it on her eye, as indicated in the sketch to the right.

The French Manner of Veiling

THE French, from whom we adopt so many charming ideas, have a penchant for wearing veils in this loose manner (right). While they are becoming to a certain few when worn with just the right chapeau they lack that neat precision which is attributed to the well-dressed woman of this continent. It is predicted, however, that this type of veil, with its graceful scrolly border, will be greatly effected this season



DID you ever sit opposite a disfigurement like this (left) in the car? Didn't you wonder how the perpetrator could have such clear blue eyes and yet be unconscious to the fact that the careless adjustment of her veil had been the means of obliterating her nose?

Only the healthy woman is the beautiful woman

DO not underestimate the importance of health. The corset that does not protect your health destroys your beauty. The many

GOSSARD CORSETS

The Original-Unequalled Front Lacing Corsets

designed for your figure offer an abdominal and back support that gives correct poise of body, induces correct breathing and protects the wearer against the many ills that are often the result of improper corsetry.

Gossards are designed with the most exact science for the needs of the various figure types. The problems of each figure type are met differently, but the result is always the same—from the matron of larger proportions to the young girl of slender figure, the Gossard effaces itself and leaves only the impression of a perfectly proportioned body with the charm of natural grace.

Gossards are the expression of true corset economy: their style and comfort are continual joys; the protection they guarantee your health is priceless; and measured in terms of dollars and cents, they offer a wearing service that alone is worth the price paid for the garment. You realize full value on every dollar invested and you can buy a Gossard for as little as $2.75 up to as much as you desire to pay.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., *Limited*

Largest Makers of Fine Corsets

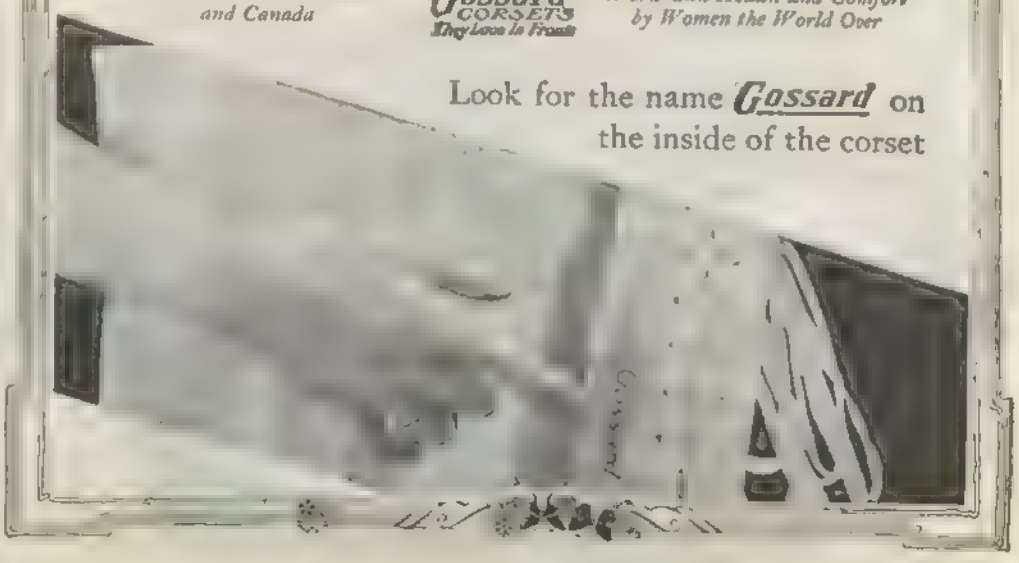
284-286 West King Street, TORONTO

Made in the United States and Canada

Gossard Corsets — They Lace in Front

Worn with Health and Comfort by Women the World Over

Look for the name *Gossard* on the inside of the corset



Her Mouth Is Growing Old

STILL young—but her mouth is growing old. The pretty lips are losing their youthful contour. They are taking on the look of withered age.

"Pyorrhea," says her dentist. A long neglected case. The gums are shrunken and receding—the teeth loosening, and decaying fast.

Pyorrhea is a preventable disease. Take proper care of your gums and teeth and you will not have it.

Forhan's for the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress, if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary tooth pastes and powders cannot do this.

If you have tender, bleeding gums (the first symptom of Pyorrhea) start to use Forhan's immediately. Then watch that bleeding stop, and the tenderness disappear.

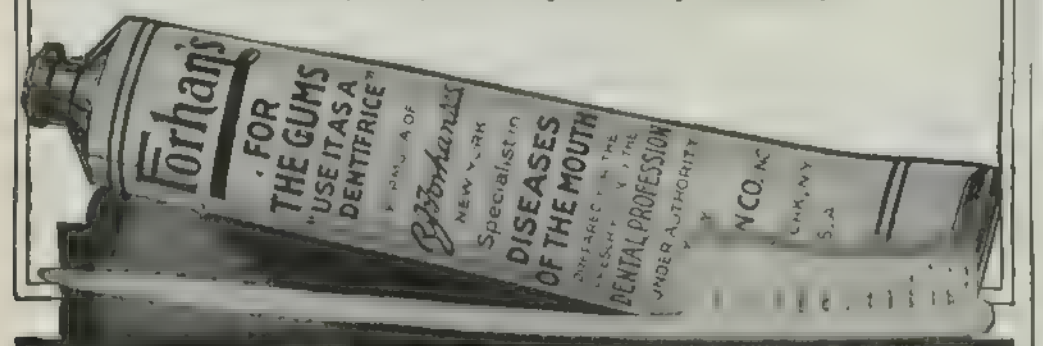
But better still, don't wait for symptoms. End the trouble before it begins. Keep Pyorrhea, its disfigurements and train of dangerous ills away by using Forhan's for the Gums. It makes the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white, and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in Canada and United States. At all druggists.

Forhan's, Ltd., 307 St. James St., Montreal



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

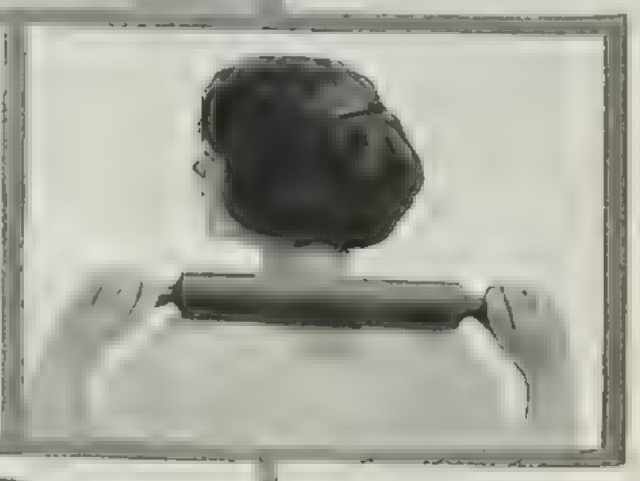
Keeping the Neck and Chin in Condition

Rolling and Rubbing the Wrinkles and Hollows

IF you are afflicted with a pronounced double chin, whenever you get the chance give the chin a twisting massage by grasping as much of the flesh beneath as can be held between the thumb and forefinger and twisting until it slips out. Do this on both sides of the chin.

TIP the head back as far as possible with a quick, even movement, not a jerk, and then drop it as far forward on the collar bone as the head can be carried. This will remove the hollows, lines and scrawny look from the neck and will also prevent a double chin.

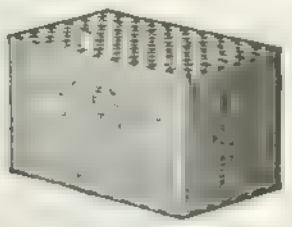
YOU can reduce a double chin in less than two weeks by rolling the flesh away with a rolling pin. Grasp firmly by the two handles and, beginning at the end of the chin, roll backwards to the throat and then down to the place where you wish the reduction to cease. Before beginning treatment take a wash cloth and sop water on the chin to prevent the rolling pin from hurting.



AN ugly roll of fat often comes just below the neck in the back when a woman is thirty or more. Begin at the nape of the neck and roll downward for a minute or two. Then hold the roller diagonally and roll across. This treatment carried out systematically will effect a pleasing reduction of the superfluous flesh.

IF the neck is very yellow or brown looking take the towel in both hands and saw it across the skin until it is red, then rub in cold cream.

TO remove tan or to make a brown looking neck white rub it with a cut lemon just before going to bed. If it smarts, very gently rub in a little cold cream on top of the lemon juice.



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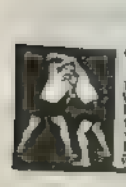
Thinness and weakness are usually due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern foods. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly and by supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphoric food elements, bitro-phosphate quickly produces a welcome transformation in the appearance; the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

This increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, soon disappear, dull eyes become bright, and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health.

CAUTION: — Although bitro-phosphate is unsurpassed for relieving nervousness, sleeplessness and general weakness, it should not, owing to its remarkable flesh-growing properties, be used by anyone who does not desire to put on flesh.



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Descriptions of Fashions Shown on Other Pages

(*Continued from page 18,*

8481—Ladies' Draped Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yards. The costume in medium size requires 6 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 36-inch satin for girdle—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. For dainty afternoon frocks nothing ever seems able to oust Georgette crêpe, and most women are wondering what on earth they did before it came into fashion. It is particularly effective in the new gracefully draped blouses and tunic skirts like this model. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and the underbody at the centre-front, while the tucked tunic closes at the left side. The skirt is a plain dart-fitted model closing at the back.

8508—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yards. The costume in medium size requires 5¼ yards 44-inch plaid serge—1 yard 36-inch satin for trimming—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Plaids are prominent in the new season's fashions, and they form very smart frocks for informal wear. An oddly shaped collar is an attractive feature of the blouse, the fronts of which are draped around to form a girdle. It is attached to a gathered tunic with outstanding pockets. The skirt is fitted by darts front and back and closes at the back.

8477—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yards. The costume in medium size requires 6⅞ yards 36-inch satin—⅝ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar. The simple surplice blouse is mounted on a kimono underblouse with flowing sleeves and an embroidered tunic section is attached at the sides and back. For the embroidery, which may be carried out in silk or wool, design 12352 is suitable.

(*Continued from page 20*)

8144—Girl's One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires for dress with jumper 3⅝ yards 36-inch voile. The closing is arranged at the back, and the jumper closes on the left shoulder.

7674—Juniors' Middy Dress. Designed for 12 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch white linen for blouse—2⅛ yards 44-inch serge for skirt, cuffs and collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The plaited skirt is attached to an underwaist of lining, and over this is arranged a middy blouse which slips on over the head.

7482—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch serge. The collar may be worn high or low, as preferred.

8046—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch check coating—3⅝ yards 36-inch satin for lining. The collar instead of being buttoned up to the neck may be rolled low if preferred.

7503—Child's Single-breasted Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 3 yards 36-inch velvet—2⅛ yards 36-inch taffeta for lining.

8115—Child's Shirred Coat. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch taffeta—2¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

8369—Child's Cape. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yards 44-inch serge—2 yards 36-inch satin for lining. The cape is gathered to a round three-piece yoke.

(*Continued from page 21*)

8369—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch gingham. Here is a charming little frock for the small maid, closing at left side-front and with the fashionable outstanding pockets.

8452—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards 44-inch serge—⅜ yard white linen for collar and cuffs. Buttonholed scallops finish the collar and cuffs, and for the scallops design 11661 may be used.

6344—Girls' Dress. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch linen—½ yard contrasting linen for collar. The straight lines of this little frock are very becoming to the small wearer. It is suitable for linen or serge.

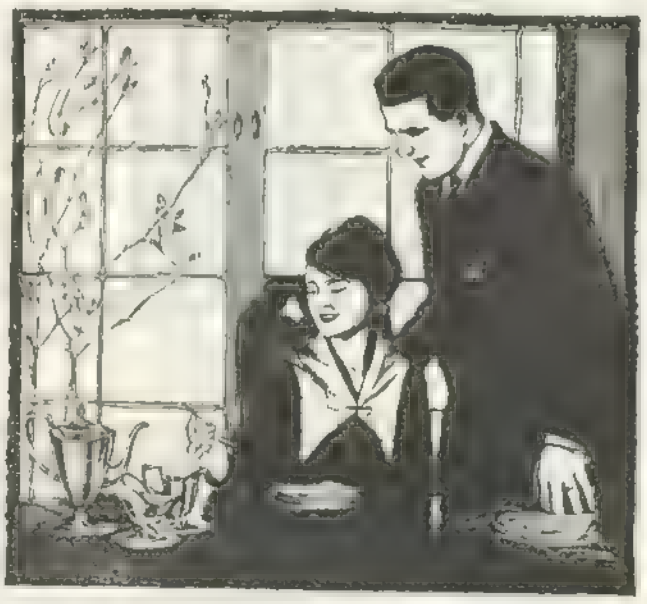
7419—Child's and Girls' Circular Cape. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch serge—2¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining. For early Fall wear capes are very smart in serge or tricotine.

8425—Girls' and Juniors' Cape. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yards 54-inch tricotine—1¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining. This is quite a novelty in capes and is suitable for any of the woollen materials.

8529—Girl's Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch velours. The collar may be worn high or low, making the coat adaptable for all sorts of weather. Outstanding pockets are just as fashionable for little girls as for their mothers and big sisters, and this attractive feature is introduced on this coat by means of a deep trimming band, which may be stitched in with the side seams of the coat. It is stitched to the coat across the centre-front at the top, but is open at the sides to form the outstanding pocket effect. Straight straps may hold in the sleeves at the wrist, and the belt is crossed in front and buttoned onto the coat. For early Fall wear this coat may be fashioned of serge or tricotine, while for cold weather the heavier cloths, like velours, Bolivia cloth, silvertone and the Scotch and English coatings, are suitable. No trimming is necessary, except stitching, although, if preferred, the collar may be fashioned of velvet.

8438—Girls' and Juniors' Suit. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch plaid velours. The suit consists of a single-breasted jacket in Norfolk style, with trimming straps applied below a square yoke, and a separate two-piece skirt. There is nothing nattier for early Fall school wear than Norfolk suits like this, to be made of tweed, stripe or plaid suitings, serge or tricotine. The jacket is a very smart looking model, and the skirt has suspender straps and is gathered at the top. The closing is arranged at the left side seam. Of course, no skirt is complete without pockets, and this may have square patch pockets turned over at the top to form pocket laps.

8489—Girls' and Juniors' Cape. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth. The cape is gathered at the sides and back below a yoke, and the front is in coat style.



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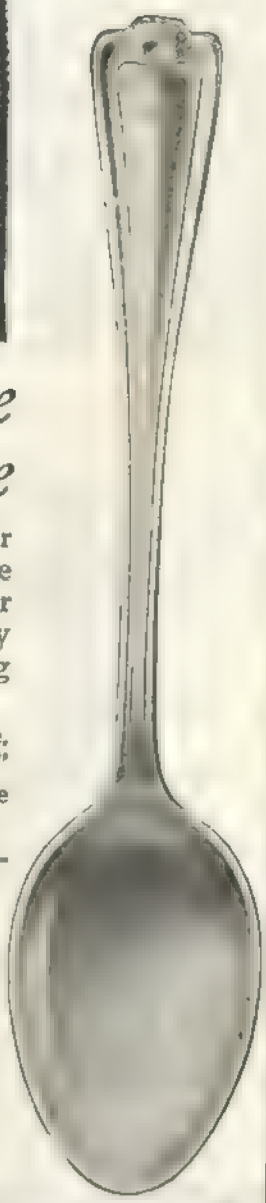
Do not be confused by goods with a similar name. Look for the full trademark "1847 Rogers Bros." Do not buy unless you find it on the backs of the spoons, forks, etc.

Ask your dealer to show you the various attractive patterns.



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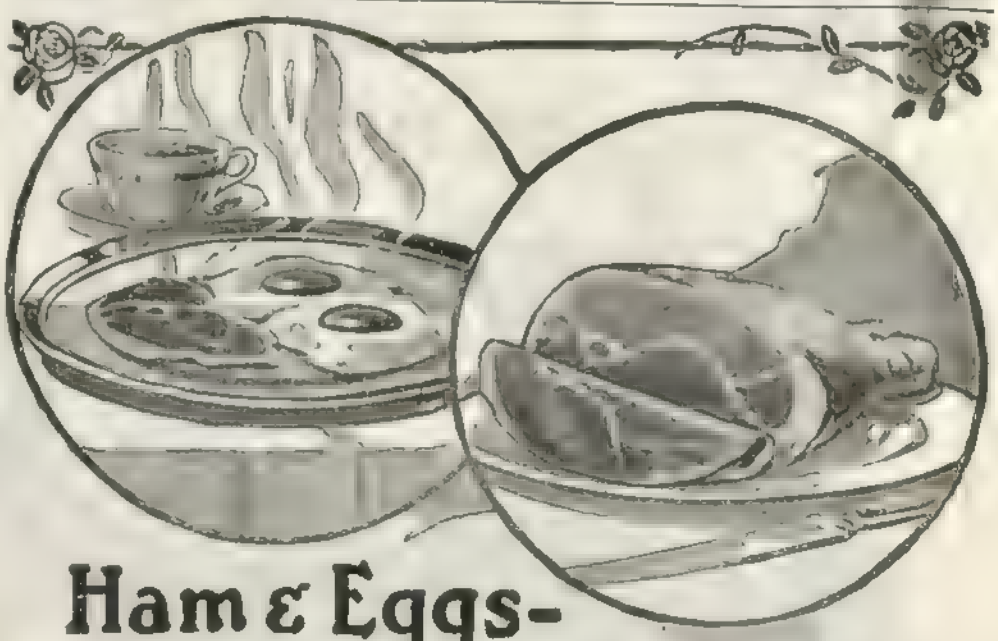

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KIDDIES' KUT-OUTS

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
And spanked them all soundly and sent them to bed.

For Scissors, Paints, Crayons.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRIZE CONTEST

COLOUR page of dolls, etc., as prettily as possible and cut them out. If you want to make them much stronger paste the page on paper before you start cutting. The shoe, etc., may be folded to fit into an envelope for mailing. Send in your work to Marjorie Daw, c/o EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada, before October 25th, and the ten girls or boys who send the best sets will each be given a lovely box of crayons of 24 different colours, and also a large painting book that is very nice indeed. If you want your dolls returned, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

What Men Hate in Women

A Sequel to Last Month's "What Women Hate in Men"

By "POLLY"

HOW can a mere woman know? Perhaps it's that indefinable quality in us which male authors love to write about—feminine intuition. "Well, if that's the case why don't you women try to overcome these annoying 'kinks'?" expostulate our male readers, and we answer in just the same manner that Eve would have done, and probably did, "Oh, just because!"

Yes, and just because I am a nine hundred and ninety-ninth cousin of Eve's, and feared my opinion might be biased, I spoiled a perfectly good game of golf the other day by introducing the subject as my partner (it was a mixed foursome) was poised for a drive onto the sixteenth green.

Shades of Jerricho! The torrent of semi-humourous abuse which came tumbling down upon my well-intentioned head left no doubt in my mind that I had driven home.

It rather tickled me to think my point had penetrated so spontaneously, even though it cost us the game, due to my untimely interruption.

"Beyond and above everything else," ejected our partners, "a woman who allows her tongue to wig wag when a man's driving a ball ought to be shot," and strange as it may seem to those who indulge not in the game of golf, I heartily agreed with them. It recalled a little scene I had witnessed a few days previously when four stalwart, middle-aged enthusiasts were starting off for the first green, accompanied by the spouses of two of the players.

"Are you playing against my husband, Mr. So-and-So?" queried the little round dimply matron, with a flirtatious, "I'm-utterly-irresistible" slant to her blonde head. "Then, I'm going to talk and spoil your drive, so that my hubby will win," tee-hee-ed the morsel.

"O, yes, let's talk all around the course, just to annoy the boys," suggested her companion with perhaps ten more years to her credit, if no more sense.

Black looks came from the foursome, but like well-behaved married men, nary a protest, until the secretary of the club saved the day by walking up to the tee-teeing pair and politely but professionally requested silence!

We resumed the discussion of the all-important subject later, in the cool of the evening, when a mint freeze had done its duty to our parched palates and we reverted to a more serious mien.

"I've been married a number of years," spoke up one of the men, whose gray hairs substantiated his words, "but I don't know of one single objectionable or annoying trait that can be attributed to womankind in general. If there are any, they are the exception rather than the rule, and a matter of individuality." (And his wife wasn't there, so he didn't have to say it, and he wasn't a "hen-peck" either.) Outwardly, I agreed; inwardly, I was a conscientious objector.

It has been said that there are three almost universal characteristics which men hate in women—her lack of sporting instinct, her inaccuracy in detail, and her jealous temperament.

We handled them in order, and although we were evenly matched, for and against, honesty forced me to admit defeat at the conclusion of the whole matter. The following were some of the "verses" contained in that male Hymn of Hate.

They Don't Play the Game

WOMEN don't play the game! That was the first accusation, and it hurt. They may hold up a horrified finger at the man who lacks the sporting instinct, as it is called, they may talk volubly of "standing together," but when it comes right down to accepting Judy O'Grady as sister to the Captain's lady, it's a different matter—*esprit de corps*, where other women are concerned, means nothing in their lives.

A man may fume and storm in private at his commanding officers, his superiors in the office, even his own particular pals, but give them away to anyone else—never! But most women—not all—if they scent a bit of scandal or gossip about a woman acquaintance that will make a breath-taking tale for other feminine ears, will cast fidelity and friendship to the four winds in order to impart it. Horrors! Do we really do this, girls? Somehow we have earned the reputation.

This type of woman can't understand why her husband should stand up for or defend that small piece of humanity, Jim Jones, just because his alma mater is the same, while to him to give away a pal is almost desecration to the word friendship.

In one of the leading periodicals there appeared recently the reminiscences and experiences of a celebrated Chatauqua artist. She unhesitatingly stated that if she were given her choice she would much prefer appearing before an audience of men than women. The latter she had found to be far too critical and uncharitable. The mere matter of an out-of-date costume, the wrong swirl to the artist's hair, a peculiarity of speech, or any other personality, will prejudice a woman against the performer, no matter how clever.

On the other hand, she had found that men were inclined to be much more charitable. If they liked her, they liked her, and showed it enthusiastically, regardless of whether she wore her hair becomingly or whether her gown was of the latest design, or whether she had too much make-up on one side of her face.

Because of this fact, she had formed the habit of devoting about ten to twenty minutes strutting up and down the platform, in order to give the dear ladies full opportunity to "take her in," make a mental note of all her peculiarities and personalities before the legitimate performance began.

On the other hand, when appearing before an audience of men, at a banquet, a patriotic entertainment or camp, she immediately began her work upon entering the stage, knowing that either success or failure was hers, despite her eyebrows, or the manner in which she used her hands or feet.

Inaccuracy in Detail

WOMAN'S inaccuracy in detail, was the next offense on the blotter. "That is a quality which is proverbial in women," ejaculated the one and only bald-headed bachelor in the group. "Give a woman a foot of material to work on, and she will come back with it stretched to a yard. Tell her about a business deal that centres around four figures, and she will immediately run to the back fence to tell her neighbour, and add another figure on the way. Confide in her about the little auburn-haired elf you used to play with when you were in your teens, and whom you always thought you would marry when you could vote, and the next time she is peeved at you she'll remind you of a half-dozen red-headed girls in your life that you know never existed, outside of her mind. Women are all alike, and I've lost all my hair trying to dope them out."

"Speaking of figures, does recall an incident that occurred in my office, which nearly cost the firm a considerable sum of money, all of which was due to the inaccuracy of one of the women clerks." (This from Mr. Proof Positive, married man, who had previously declared the female of the species quite perfect.) "I must confess before telling the tale that the little Miss who caused the havoc was a product of the war, never having had commercial experience of any kind before. Had it been otherwise, the mistake would undoubtedly never have occurred.

"A serious mistake was found in the covering notes of the firm. After considerable waste of time, the trouble was traced to a certain Miss Jones—'Dimple Jonesy,' I was informed was the characteristically endearing name her friends and acquaintances gave her.

"The manager summoned her to his desk, and sternly demanded if she was aware of the fact that through her negligence she had endangered the commercial reputation of the firm.

"Miss Jones feebly and tremblingly emitted a 'No, sir.' Whereupon her cross-examiner opened her ledger and pointed out several figures.

"'That premium,' he said grimly, 'should have been entered at $350,000, not $3,500, as you entered it. If there had been a loss during the period before your mistake was found out, we should have been responsible.'

"Miss Jones raised her china blue eyes, a little aggrieved, and said with a pout: 'Why, I only left out one nought, and there really hasn't been a loss, has there. Mercy, I thought you meant something serious.'

"Later we found the nonplussed manager spending his fury upon the four corners of his private 'sanctum-sanctorium.'"

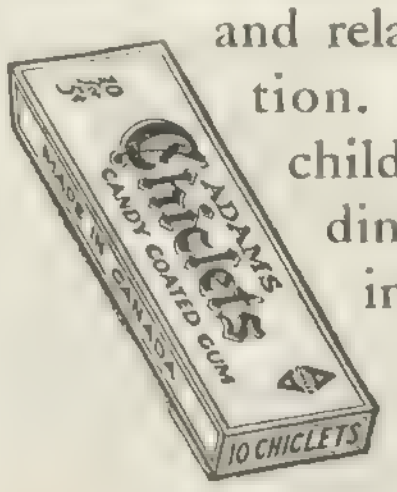
"That's just about the way a woman keeps her bank account, too," added

—(Continued on page 30)

Chiclets, of Course

WHAT more could a little heart desire than "Really Delightful" Chiclets, candy-coated dainties, rich in peppermint?

CHICLETS are brighteners. They chase the Glooms away and make the day sunny and bright. They refresh and relax. They aid digestion. Give them to the children. Try them after dinner—or after smoking—at work or play.



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Inexpensive Outdoor Toys

And How To Make Them

By H. KAUFMAN

WHAT is the greatest attraction that toys have for children? Novelty, of course. And what could be more novel than a collapsible playhouse such as is illustrated on this page or the decorative sand bags that take but a short time to make? Neither of these toys are expensive and both can easily be made at home. They will appeal to every little girl and will help her to spend many pleasant hours out of doors during the spring and summer.

Every little miss likes to play at keeping house. Given a house of her very own she will keep herself amused for hours at a time and will, at the same time, develop a sense of neatness and housewifeliness which will stand her in good stead later in life.

The two views of the playhouse shown here are exceedingly simple and for the father or big brother who is at all handy with carpenter's tools, the making of the house is not at all a difficult matter. The house illustrated is made in four sections, each measuring 4½ by 5½ feet. To form the framework for each piece four 1⅛-inch posts of seasoned wood are required. When these are set together plaster boards are nailed to them.

This completed, three of these sections are joined to one another with two pair of hinges for each. The fourth piece is joined in the same manner at one side, but is closed by connecting hooks over screws as shown in illustration No. 2. Provision is then made for the three windows and the door which furnish light and entrance for the little house. They may be cut any size desired, and may be finished with either white or gray "trim." The windows, of course, should be fitted with glass, and a door, equipped with brass hinges, knob, door plate and keyhole is hung in the door frame to give Miss Little Girl's house a substantial and attractive appearance.

Once the framework is put together and set up, the problem of finishing the house is a simple matter. The exterior of the house herewith sho· · was papered with tiled brick paper, such as is used for bathrooms and kitchens. This has a high luster and is waterproof. The framework was painted light gray, and the door stained mahogany.

The upper portion of the interior was decorated with a frieze of Mother Goose characters with a tiny border of roses and forget-me-nots underneath. However, a brightly coloured flowered paper, or a light plain paper to which cut out birds, butterflies, familiar animals or flowers may be appliqued, will make a less expensive and quite as pleasing a finish. The lower part of the walls were hung with tan cottage paper.

The choice of curtains and furniture for the playhouse is a matter of individual taste. Simple scrim curtains with a stenciled border of red flowers and green leaves were used in the model house. They were designed to match the colour of the figures that ranged along the walls. The furniture chosen was in gray enamel. However, by building the house and leaving it empty or nearly so, the child has the opportunity of using her own imagination to make it habitable.

As you will observe this house has neither roof nor floor, so when it is not in use it can be picked up and put out of the way by the simple expedient of folding it flat and resting it against a wall, where it will take up no more room than an ordinary screen. If desired, a tarpaulin may be fitted over the top to provide shelter from sun and rain, though this is by no means essential since the house can be moved very easily.

Playhouse Anyone Can Make

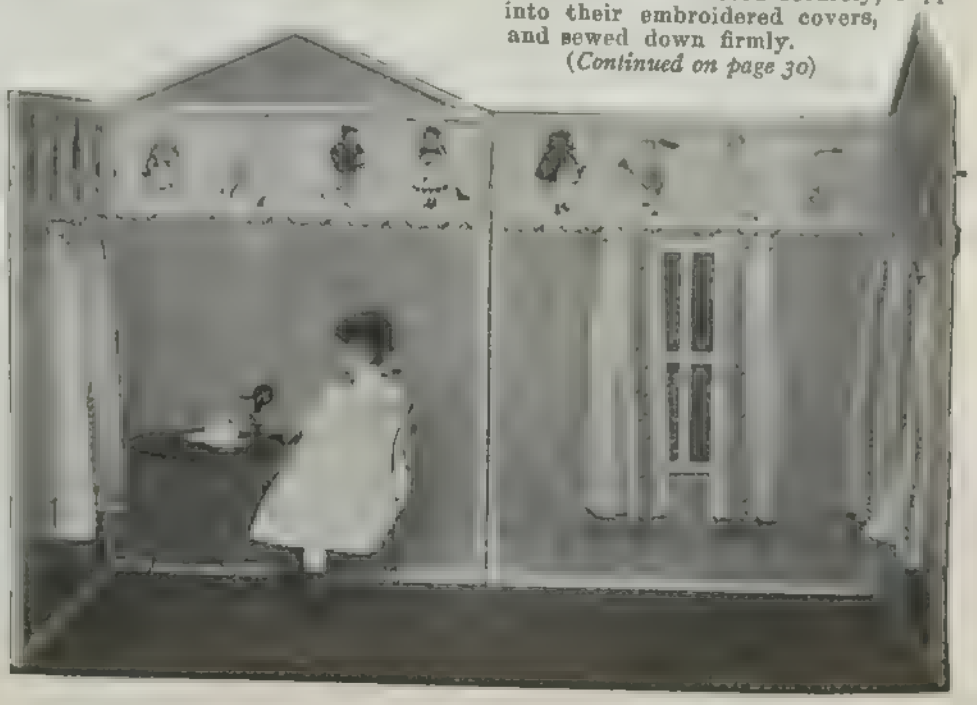
Sand Bags

SOMETIMES, however, the little miss will tire of her housekeeping and mother will have to devise some new means for amusing her. If mother's time and means are both limited, she can find no better suggestion for keeping her little girl out of doors than these directions for making sand bags. With an hour's work, and odds and ends of material, such as we all have about the house, she can make her little daughter a very pretty gift. Illustrations of these bags are shown on page 30.

To make the sand bags cut two pieces of plain material six inches wide by nine inches long, rounding off the corners. The line drawings shown on page 30 are the exact size of the figures used on the bags herewith illustrated and are designed to be transferred by pencil and carbon paper to the material used for the bag. After the design is traced, outline with embroidery cotton. For the soldier boy, khaki is used for all the outlining except the face which is in flesh pink; the shoes are done in black. The dog is outlined in black with white around the eyes and red for the tongue. Many other figures of children, animals, etc., may be outlined in the same manner, in colours that are appropriate.

Any stout, plain material may be used for these bags, but preferably natural colour linen, as it will show the soil the least. Of muslin make an inside bag, cut one-fourth of an inch smaller than the outside cover. Fill this with a mixture of two-thirds sawdust and one-third sand. This gives the correct weight for throwing, the sawdust supplying the bulk. Fill the bags about three-fourths full. The inner bags should then be closed securely, slipped into their embroidered covers, and sewed down firmly.

(*Continued on page 30*)



Lessons Learned From The Great Masters

"We Are All Musicians When We Listen Well"
Says FRANCES C. HARRIS

MUSIC has been defined as the language of the emotions. If audiences wore their hearts upon their sleeves, it would be interesting to collect statistics recording the genuine feelings produced by concerts and all descriptions of musical performances. An amusing story is told of the experience a London orchestra had with the late Shah of Persia during that potentate's visit to the British capital. He attended a concert, and sat there apparently unmoved, signifying neither by facial expression nor gesture that the music made the slightest impression upon him. When it was all over, however, he remarked that he had enjoyed the first piece on the programme, and would like to hear it again. The orchestra promptly attacked it, but Mazaffar-ed-din angrily shook his head to indicate that it was not what he wanted, and so with several other numbers which the orchestra began to try over. It was only when it became necessary for the players to tune up again and the customary babel of sounds was let loose that a pleased expression overspread his august Majesty's countenance, and he despatched his Grand Vizier to pin upon the lapel of the conductor's coat the Order of the Victorian's Humming Bird, which leads one to believe that musical taste is all a matter of becoming accustomed to certain kinds of music.

After all, why should a man be musically ex-communicated because he cannot understand Strauss or Debussy. It is unfair to say of a reader that he is devoid of poetic feeling if, although he may delight in the easy meters and simple imagery of Longfellow, he finds Browning somewhat beyond his depth. The taste for classical music is an acquired one, and the absurdity comes in when highly-cultured modern musicians who have been gradually acclimatized to the rarefied atmosphere of Brahms and Tschaikovsky look down with scornful pity upon uncultured music-lovers who can only enjoy something that has "a step and a tune" in it.

Musical fashions cannot be determined by printer's ink. The public in the end will demand the kind of music it likes best, and not what critics and writers say ought to be most popular. It is related that when Verdi was putting the finishing touches to his "Il Trovatore" he was one day visited by a friend, an able and conscientious musical critic. Verdi played him several portions of the work, and asked him his opinion of them. First came the "Anvil Chorus."

"What do you think of that?" asked the composer.

"Trash!" laconically answered the critic.

Verdi chuckled to himself, and said: "Now, look at this, and this, and this," at the same time showing other numbers.

"Rubbish!" came the answer. Verdi showed his delight at these answers to such a degree that his friend demanded to know what he meant by such conduct. The master replied:

"My dear friend, I have been composing a popular opera. In it I resolved to please everybody, save the great critics and classicalists, like you. Had I pleased them I should have pleased no one else. What you say assures me of success. In three months 'Il Trovatore' will be sung and whistled and barrel-organed all over Italy,"—and such proved to be the case.

Sense of Rythm First

THE first step toward musical appreciation appears to be the sense of rhythm. One ought to be rather lenient with the noisy man who at a concert keeps time with his feet to a popular tune. He shows that he has the first essentials of a musical ear, the sense of recurrent beats.

The American (and when I say American I mean the whole American continent) demand for music is the most cosmopolitan demand in the world. The American people must have all kinds of music, by all kinds of composers.

The people of this continent have not had the same musical opportunities as the European people. Surroundings have unquestionably much to do with the enjoyment of music. In Europe the principal sources of amusement are to be found in the gatherings at local opera houses and concert halls. Until recently music has only been part of a function for the American people. They were willing to accept it as one of the many events in a day's outing.

Public taste is unquestionably improving, but all changes of this kind must be gradual.

The advent of the gramophone is largely responsible for what might be termed a musical reformation. As is the case with every phase of every art, real appreciation can only spring from real comprehension. It is not easy to appreciate an opera at the first hearing. Often the musical sense is latent and does not begin to disclose itself until after a fairly long course of instruction. Now that it is possible in almost every home to enjoy selections from works of the great masters the demand for good music is steadily increasing. We are all musicians when we listen well.

Most people are obliged to engage teachers in the locality in which they themselves live. Great care should be taken in the choice of a teacher. Too often a teacher is chosen on the score of cheapness alone, and under the mistaken idea that "anyone is good enough to begin with," whereas if there is a time when a pupil needs to be taught more carefully than at any other, it is at the beginning.

In some places where it is impossible to engage teachers of any description the gramophone may prove a great help to the student of music. Much can be learned by suggestion. Nothing has a more refining influence on the home circle than good music.

The Artists' Views on Practising

PARENTS can be of the greatest assistance in the musical education carried on within the home. There should be discrimination between a child who shows promise of achieving celebrity in music, and is to be taught accordingly, and one with whom music is to be but an added accomplishment in the circle of home and friends. An abnormally gifted child is apt to practise too much, and should not be encouraged, as a promising career may be ruined by the strain. A famous teacher, who has brought forward many concert players, will not allow even his most advanced pupils to practise more than four hours a day. He says significantly that a pupil who will not become a virtuoso on four hours' daily practise will not become one on six or eight. It is true that Paderewski often practises eight hours a day, but he is an artist of many years' standing, and in spite of his slender and poetic appearance at the piano, a man of great muscular strength, developed largely through exercise.

On the other hand, there is no royal road to "pieces"—neither for the beginner nor for the accomplished musician. Instrumental music is a matter of head, heart and fingers, and the musician who neglects the daily exercises soon will fall off in technical facility. Above all things, parents, do not say to your child's music teacher, "Can't you give Mary some more pieces, instead of all those scales and finger exercises? We heard Florence, next door, play such a lot of pretty things the other day." Remember, you have not heard "Florence" play C twenty times with her thumb, D twenty times with her fore-finger, and so on up to G. But *her* parents have, and the chances are that one of them has said to the other, "Dear me, it is surprising how many pretty things Mary, next door, can play."

Von Bulow used to say that if he left off his exercises for a day, he noticed the effect on his playing; if he left them off for two days the public noticed it; and then he added, with characteristically cutting sarcasm, that if he left them off for three days the critics began to notice it.

Paderewski, the greatest living pianist, practises every day for an hour or longer. Sometimes he will play over a brief left-hand passage a hundred times or more before he is satisfied with it. Here is a genius who drudges, which may be one reason why no other pianist is able to rival him with the public.

Technique may be only a means to an end, but it is the *only* means to that end. With patience, even students of the most ordinary intelligence can reach the point when their performance will be a pleasure to the home circle. Parents, even if not musical, who have their children properly taught, can have but little idea at the outset of the paradise they are opening up, not only to the children, but to themselves as well.

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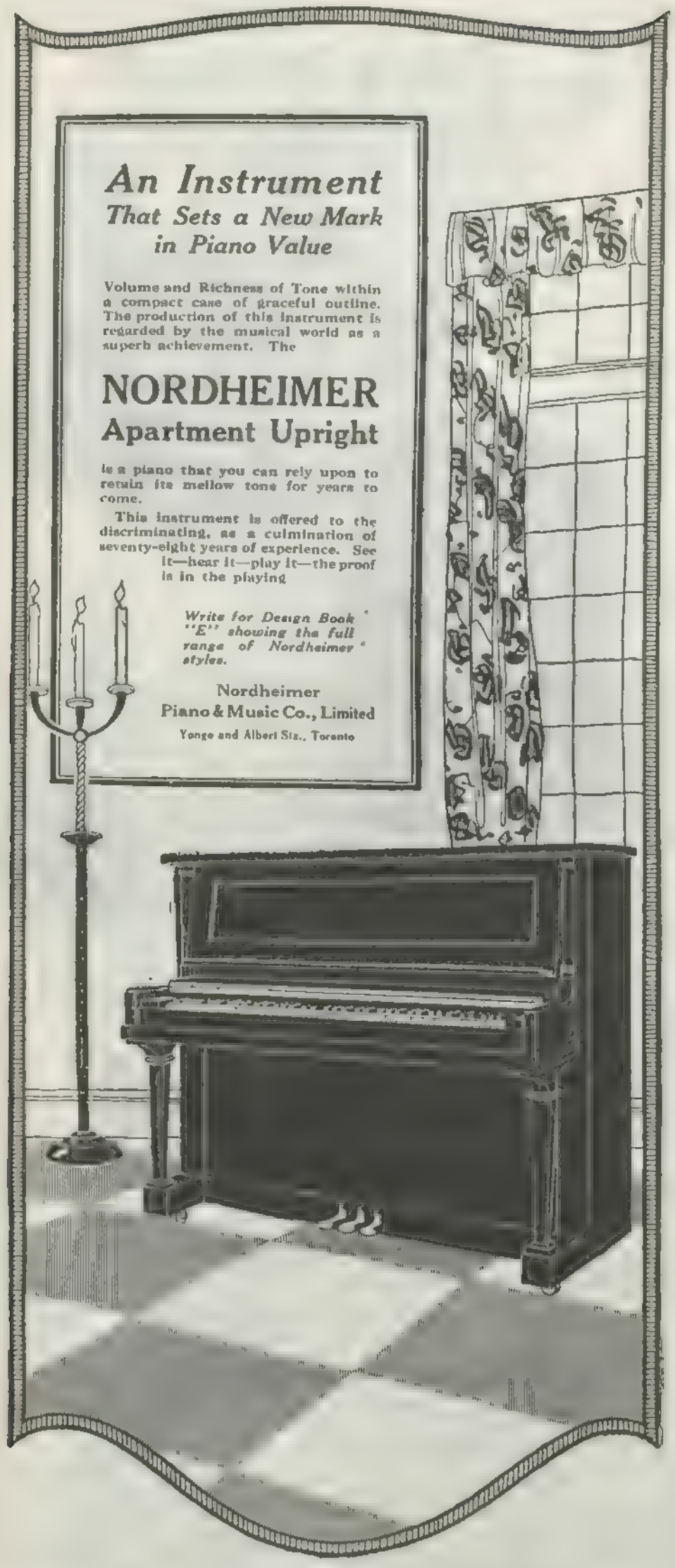
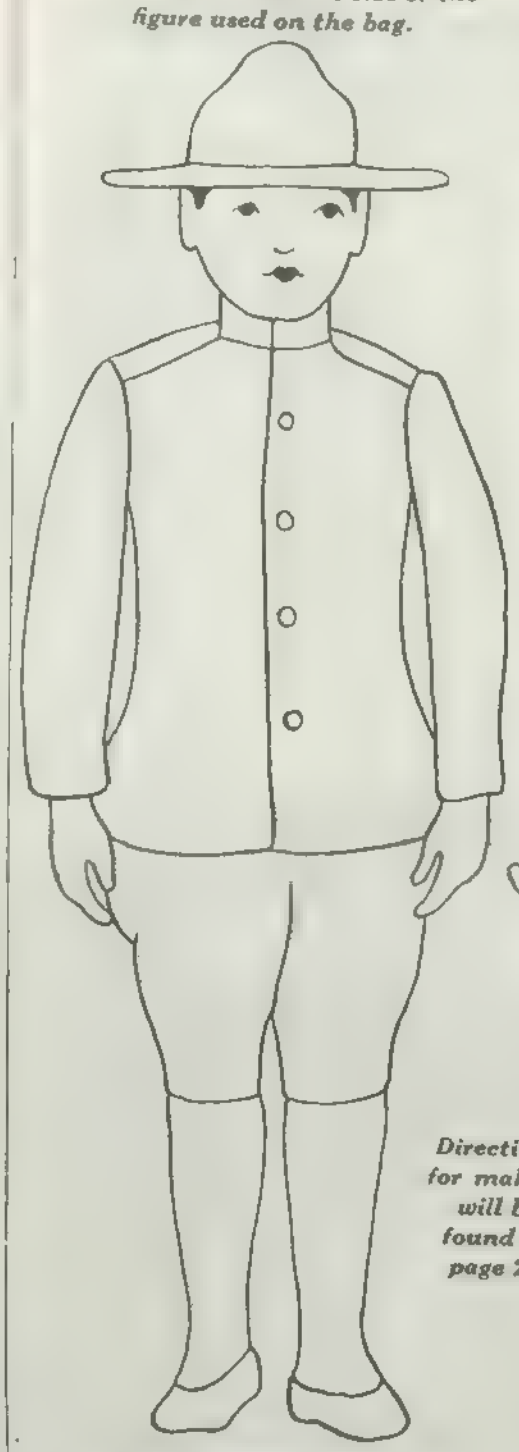
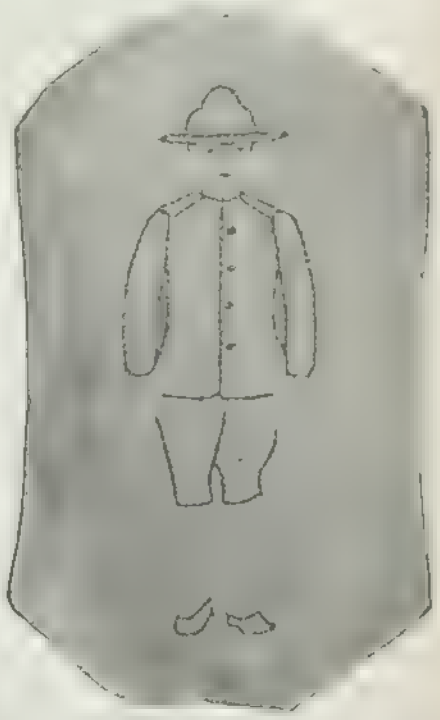


Inexpensive Outdoor Toys---Sand Bags

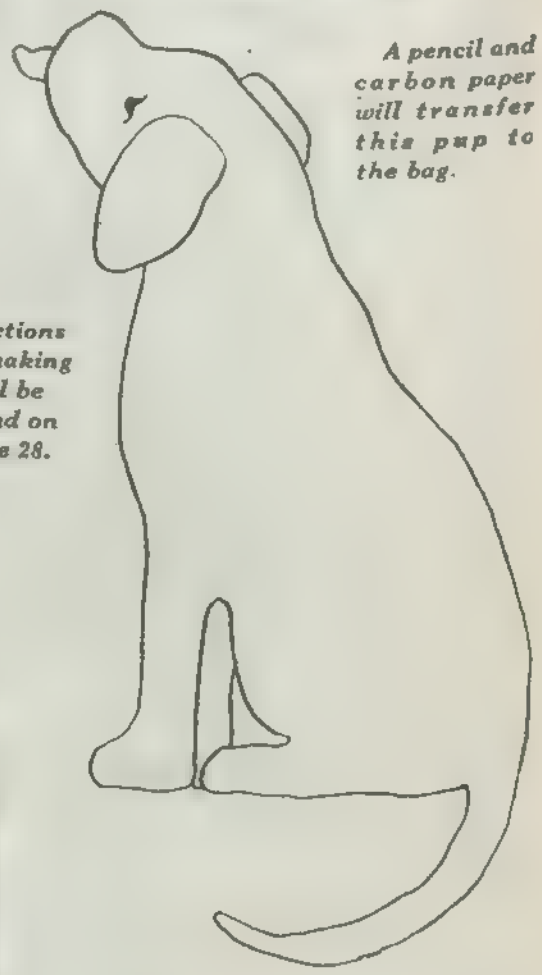
This laddie is the exact size of the figure used on the bag.

When finished he has a pink face, a khaki body and black shoes.





A pencil and carbon paper will transfer this pup to the bag.



Directions for making will be found on page 28.

Tige is just a natural doggie too, with red tongue, black and white eyes and a body outlined in black.

What Men Hate in Women

(Continued from Page 27)

our single friend again. "She never knows how her balance stands, and when she is confronted by the facts she says it doesn't really matter, while a business man is irritated to the bursting point and doesn't dare show it." We wondered how our rabid bach. knew so much about the "fair sex."

Feminine Jealousy

FEMININE jealousy was the next skeleton to be brought out of the cupboard for dissection, and deep down in my consciousness I knew it needed and deserved an airing.

Nine-tenths of us are jealous, and no matter what form it takes, that of man, woman or things, it is there, gnawing at us, destroying our happiness, unless we nip it in the bud and refuse to accept it as a curse on womankind.

A man's argument is and always has been the same. They were born to admire beauty—feminine beauty—and why, because he has chosen one woman to guide his course through life, should he be immune or blind to the charms of all others?

Perhaps there is another type of woman who would fit in this category, too. It is the one who attributes ulterior motives to the man or men who is involved in a business deal with her husband. She calls it intuition, and if by chance things do turn out as she prophesied she blandly and wisely remarks, "I told you so."

This same woman is invariably the type who will tell her husband how to approach his chief for a raise in salary, and, never having had any business experience herself, her advice is generally folly. It usually sounds something like this: "My dear, just walk right up to Mr. So-and-So, with a smile, and say, 'Now, Mr. So-and-So, you know I've been in your employ such-and-such a time, faithful servant, etc., etc.,' in an oily, mealy-mouthed manner. Else, it is something like this: 'Throw out your chest, hold up your head, and with all the confidence in the world demand your rights.' All of which sounds very nice in theory, but—

Sister to this type is the woman who is a general source of mis-information when a man's car breaks down on the road. She has absolutely no knowledge of machinery, and yet she persists in telling her husband how, when, why and where the trouble is, and what he should do to remedy it. When he has fixed it to his own satisfaction, he starts off again, and then his better half starts to caution him about speed. "Now, John, do be careful. Please don't go so fast. Oh, John, look, there's another car back of us. I just know we will never get home alive," etc., etc.

There was a time when the so-called masculine woman, who affected her

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brothers or husband in dress, speech and mannerisms, was very objectionable to most men. She was dubbed "Suffragette" usually, and men particularly despised her, because she spoiled the picture of dainty femininity which every man carries in his heart.

Since the war, and its attendant accessories, uniforms, flat-heeled shoes, military swagger and cigarettes, some men have changed their opinions. A woman who uses men's language, enters into his battle-field stories, and is chummy enough to smoke a cigarette with him, may get away with it to-day, provided she is a certain type. This pose does not suit every woman.

On the other hand, the artificial woman, the poseur, has a great deal more trouble pulling the wool over the average man's eyes to-day than she had four or five years ago. Men are seeing far beneath the surface to-day, and her gaudy pretentions are less desirable to them.

There is one characteristic peculiar to married women which is a source of irritation to most men. It is the woman who raises startled eyes to the gift which her husband presents on Christmas, an anniversary or birthday, and says: "It's lovely, dear, but don't you think we needed something else first. It's so extravagant!"

Of course, it just took all the joy away from him, and he turns on his heel and walks out, his jaw dropped and his pride hurt. Next day, back goes the gift to the shop, the money refunded, and something else purchased to replace it, which perhaps pleases her and disgusts him. From that day on he just hates the sight of that substitute, and justly, too, we think.

The Petulant Type

THEN there's the petulant type of woman. All her household duties worry her, and as soon as her husband's key is turned in the lock at night, she commences to rehearse all daily trials and tribulations—what the butcher boy said to her, and how saucy the plumber was; that meat has gone up two cents a pound, and she doesn't see how she can possibly make ends meet, and, oh, dear, she is just worn out with housework anyway and she wishes she were dead!

This is the woman who without fail never puts her potatoes to boil until five minutes before supper-time, so naturally nothing is ready when friend husband comes home for a quiet evening and peace.

After supper is cleared away, he crawls into his comfy slippers, rips off his collar, drops into the one and only wing chair, and buries himself in his newspaper, with the hopes of having peace. Oh, yes, he brought home two papers, one for wifey, too, and before he has grasped the black-faced headlines on the top of his paper she starts to read aloud some interesting bit of social gossip that appears in the personal column. He stifles a desire to swear, forces a grin, and with a "Is that so, dear?" turns once more to the news of the House, confident that all is well. Just then she spots another bit of news in which she knows he is interested, and reads it for his benefit. This sort of thing continues through the evening, until finally in desperation he tears up the "dirty old sheet" and tramps off to bed, while friend wife talks to herself about the unsociability of married men in general.

There were minor offences recorded, too, such as the woman who weeps for sympathy, the girl or woman who is perpetually and everlastingly late in keeping appointments, and simply can't understand why a man should be peeved, and there must have been many more, for the club house was deserted when our conference came to an end. We caught the last car back to the city, our party just as happy and friendly as ever, with no ill-feeling on either side, but perhaps a bit wiser and more thoughtful.

Missing the Post

A SQUAD of boys from an O.T.C. Labour Camp, stationed in the Midlands, suggested to the farmer, a disagreeable man for whom they had been working all day, that it was time to be returning to camp for dinner, which was served at 8.30 p.m.

"Oh, no! You bain't goin' yet awhile," replied the crusty old man.

"But we must be in camp before 'Last Post' goes at 9.30," said the Squad Commander.

"Larst Post! Wull, you'll have to post ye letters in th' marin', that's all," was the surly reply.

A Tall Yarn

SMALL BOY: "And you had to eat horse-steak during the seige? How was it served?"

WITTY OLD VETERAN: "A la carte, my son, of course."

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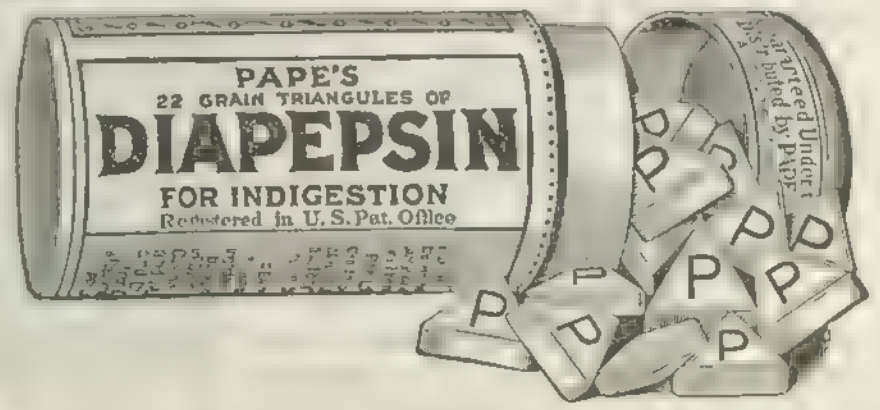

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Elizabeth Surrenders

(*Continued from page 8*)

bosom, like this?

ELIZABETH: You do that!—Or you're too fussy to be a 'dopted nevvy of mine.

NEVILLE (as he hurries out by the door on the left): Anything you say goes, Honey—Oh, here's your purse—in the fly-paper.

(Alec is patiently waiting to come in, as he listens with a smile to the hurried, low conversation in the studio. He is that adorable thing, a middle-aged man with the smile of a jolly boy. He is something of a dreamer, is Alec, absolutely devoid of conceit—though he is having his portrait painted by request of the City Club, of which he is President—so it never occurs to him to be impatient when he is kept waiting. Perhaps that is why the dear man lost Elizabeth. However, that is as it may be, and Elizabeth opens the door, and he walks in and shakes her hand gently but with a firm pressure—you know how men like Alec shake hands—there is courtliness and loyalty and warm friendship in such a handshake.)

ALEC: How do you do, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH: Late, as usual; your sitting was for three-thirty.

ALEC (blandly, and with a twinkle in his eye): I've been waiting in the hall for ages, waiting for you to open the door. Whose was the manly voice, and why did your visitor escape through the kitchenette? I scent a mystery!

ELIZABETH: Nothing mysterious about Neville. He's gone to the grocery store for half-a-pint of cream. When Kitty comes, you know, I'm going to give you tea.

(For some reason which we cannot fathom, Alec looks the picture of dismay, but as we, too, have plotted little plots and then feared the consequences, there is something familiar, somehow, in the emotion which his expressive face portrays. There is no doubt about it, Alec is dismayed, and he is concealing it badly.)

ALEC: Neville here? Dear me! Neville! Now what in the world is Neville doing here? Thought he was safely at College. Most unfortunate! Wouldn't have had this happen for the world!

ELIZABETH (tartly): Wouldn't have had what happen? Nev's coming! I thought you'd be delighted to see him! I wrote him, of course, about your engagement to Kitty, and he's coming down to congratulate you both—to, as it were, celebrate.

ALEC (weakly): My Fathers!

ELIZABETH: What?

ALEC: Nothing.

ELIZABETH: I thought I heard you speak.

ALEC: Not at all.

ELIZABETH: My mistake.

ALEC: Don't mention it.

ELIZABETH: I won't. . . . Of course, you told me to keep this engagement thing under my hat, as it were—but I knew you'd both want him to know, poor boy, and he's taking it most philosophically.

ALEC: Why "poor boy"?

ELIZABETH: Well, unless you're blind, you've seen how it is with Neville, his feeling for Kitty—but he'll get over it—they always do.

ALEC (too much perturbed to pay much attention to her words—only half-listening, in fact): Ah—dear me—just so—

ELIZABETH (meaningly): I say—"He'll get over it—they always do."

ALEC (hearing her remark for the first time): Not always, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: I said "always!"

ALEC (gently stubborn): And I said "not always," Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH (with a world of sarcasm in her voice): For instance?

ALEC (long-repressed emotions stirring within him): Elizabeth—do you ever remember—do you ever think—

(Then, panic seizing him, he tries to cover his tracks).

Do you remember the sad case of my Aunt Emily?

ELIZABETH: She was a woman—YOU—I mean Neville—is a man.

ALEC (weakly): You know best, Elizabeth. What—what time do you expect Kitty?

ELIZABETH: Almost any minute, and I haven't begun work yet. For goodness' sake, take the pose and stop talking. I've been trying to get some construction into the trousers this afternoon—hate painting trousers!

ALEC (seating himself in the chair on the platform): If Neville were in love with Kitty, why didn't he tell her so?

ELIZABETH: Why didn't he tell her so? What a question! He doesn't graduate till next June; added to which she has too much money, and he, not enough.—Don't move!

ALEC (gently): Kitty thinks the girl has a right to know.

ELIZABETH (snapping at him): Well, you told her—didn't you?

ALEC (uncomfortably): Oh, yes, yes, of course! I told her; didn't I?

ELIZABETH (grimly): You did!

ALEC: How did the boy take it, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH (in a detached manner, as she stands off and squints horribly at the picture): Take what?

ALEC: Kitty's—my — our — ahem—engagement?

ELIZABETH: Still harping on that subject? Oh, he'll get over it; they always do.

ALEC: Not always, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: ALWAYS! — Now, don't start that silly argument again; I won't have it!—How often have I told you that I can't paint if you persist in talking all the time?

ALEC (smiling): All right, Dear—dear Elizabeth. Pose and expression all right?

ELIZABETH: No! Nothing's right. Stop thinking of Kitty; it makes you look so foolish. I'm painting a picture of a business man, to be hung on the walls of a city club, not of a lover mooning about his lass.

ALEC (meekly): I wasn't thinking of Kitty, Elizabeth; I was thinking—just thinking—nh—

ELIZABETH (interrupting): Well, stop thinking if the effort makes you look like a fool. . . . Oh, yes . . . I beg your pardon—I've no right to be so rude, I know—but you are unbelievably irritating, and I do want to get some work done and have some time to dress before Kitty comes.

ALEC (amazed): Have time to what?

ELIZABETH: D-r-e-double s — DRESS! YE Gods! Alec, does it seem so impossible?

ALEC: Not impossible—just improbable; you never do dress, you know, dear.

ELIZABETH: Don't be insulting—and don't call me "Dear." (She proceeds severely.) I have some new clothes, and I'm going to wear 'em—new dress and boots—yes, and a hat—I'm going to wear 'em out to dinner with Neville to-night—we're going to that new place around the corner—he needs cheering—

(Alec realizes with tender amusement that she is really feeling very apologetic for her womanly weakness; he can't resist teasing her a bit, in his gentle way.)

ALEC: "Cheering?" Yes, I can understand that; but you, in new dress and boots—not forgetting the hat—would be exhilarating—intoxicating—

ELIZABETH (crossly): Well, it's some satisfaction to know that you won't be affected that way. . . .

ALEC (with cheerful interest): Oh, I don't know! Why, I haven't seen you "dolled up," as Kitty would say, in years and years and years—

ELIZABETH (infuriated—and who can blame her?): AND YEARS—say it again, Alec—say it as often as you like!

(Alec subsides; he stiffens a little in the pose. Elizabeth works on, whistling that everlasting tuneless tune. Alec is wondering vaguely what will happen when Kitty and Neville meet. Now that he is face to face with the consequences of his foolish little plot, he is feeling an awful fool, and longing to confess the whole thing to Elizabeth before any more complications arise. He feels that his position is undignified; he feels rather desperate; he doesn't know if he's going to be roundly scolded or laughed at. We'd be distressed ourselves. Several times he opens his lips to speak, but closes them before a word has passed them.)

ELIZABETH: Your expression is impossible. All I ask is that you look normally intelligent, but, according to your expression, you are running the whole gamut of human emotions.

ALEC: Elizabeth—you say that Neville is here?

ELIZABETH: You heard me?

ALEC: And Kitty may be here at any moment?

ELIZABETH: What in the world is the matter? Do try to think about the weather for just five minutes.

ALEC (desperately): Elizabeth, what would you say if I told you that I had been a fool—let myself into a devil of a fix—a childish fix, but a devil of a fix for all that?

(*Continued on page 37*)

What of Your Grandchildren?

Are You Going to Have Any? Is Motherhood Waning? Better, Eugenic Babies is a Praiseworthy Slogan— But if it Means "Less Babies" Will There be Any Third Generation?

By KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

FROM very small beginnings, the Child Welfare Movement in the States has grown to national proportions.

Canada is already beginning to think along these lines. Dr. Allan Brown, the Canadian child specialist, of international fame, is anxious to see a Child Welfare Bureau established by the Dominion Government, and avers that the opening of such a department would be merely a matter of months, were each of our provinces represented in Parliament by even one woman-member.

Public opinion, and the public press, assure us that children are the greatest assets of the nation; and Strong Babies —Better Babies—Bigger Babies—Eugenic Babies—are advocated on all sides.

I am heart and soul in favour of the campaign. I think it is far better for a woman to bear two fine, strong, healthy children, and to rear them to womanhood or manhood, than for her to have five children, lose two, and be unable to give the remainder a fair start.

I am all for better business in regard to babies. I believe in weighing them regularly — measuring their certified milk, tabulating their records, and insuring their lives. But I do think that the purely business side can be overemphasized.

Fifty years ago, everything was left to mother-love. It was supposed to take the place of brains, training, and experience. Mother-love frequently broke down under the cumulative burden, and showed itself incapable of coping, unaided, with serious situations. But to-day, the positions are being rapidly reversed. Brains, training, and experience, are being put in the place of mother-love. Is it not something of a slur on our civilization that it seems to be only the feeble-minded who consider babies as—just babies?

Even a slight study of the statistics on the subject makes one wonder if it is merely a slur—or a breath-taking menace for the future.

He was a wise man who said that to get the children right we must begin with the grandmothers.

Child welfare has started from that base. The Home base. But when the circuit of the field has been made there must be grandchildren, if the home base is to remain.

Child welfare is beginning—physically—upon the grandmothers of the future. So far, so good. But mentally? Soulfully? Humanly?

It has been stated by child welfare workers that the mothers, and (emphatically) the mothers who need it most—are the hardest to influence and interest.

A study of the personnel of Child Welfare Boards shows that mothers of children (children—not grown-up sons and daughters) are conspicuous by their absence.

Has it occurred to you that this may have something to do with the slow headway of which the active workers complain?

If it were possible for some of the splendid professionals who make up so large a part of the Boards, to become amateur substitutes for active mothers for an afternoon, and to let occasional mothers supply for them at the welfare meeting, or work. It might make for a better understanding of both sides of the question.

Mothers Have No Time

"ACTIVE mothers" are prevented more by lack of time than by lack of interest, from taking much part in the public work. And ignorant mothers are apt to shy at theory, in what might be called its liquid—*aqua pura*—state. The brains and training of the professional men and women who are doing so much for the movement are assuredly the backbone of the enterprise. But if arms and legs, in the form of Real Mothers, could be added, there might be even more move in the movement. Active arms and legs DO help!

It is easy to agree to the truism that children—certified for citizenship—are the best business of a nation. Is it as easy to act upon the agreement? It is surely as dangerous to consider children as a purely business proposition as it is to take them without thought.

The whole trend of modern thought and action is towards shorter hours, higher wages, greater freedom, collective bargaining, and—consequently—decreased production.

Is it possible that thinking people expect this wave of thought to break over the heads of potential mothers, and to leave them untouched?

The thinking mothers of this generation are becoming keen on small families of sound and perfect children. Child welfare and social conditions are working together to this end.

Will those children think reproduction worth while?

Every minute taken from the professional woman's working day, and every cent added to her salary, means something added to the mother's work, and something deducted from her finances. Every child a woman has reduces her personal income, adds to her personal labours, and sets the date of her freedom further in the future.

The world was never before such a wonderful, worth-while place for the free woman.

Is it to be expected that she will act like the butterfly in Charlotte Perkins Gilman's poem, that

"creature, madly climbing back
into its chrysalis?"

Under the circumstances, she will ask herself the question:

"Are children good business for the individual woman?"

I know (by eighteen-hour days of actual experience) just how busy the modern Canadian mother is. Yet I think I could safely trust each and every one to find time, in her already overcrowded day, to rise up and smite me over the head with the broom, the dishpan, the iron, or the preserving kettle (whichever happens to be handiest) for voicing such a monstrous suggestion.

Every MOTHER!

For no mother—with a real, live, soul-stirring, sleep-spoiling, heart-curling, honest-to-goodness child—can regard that baby entirely as a business proposition.

(Can you, dear?)

No Mothers' Union that might be organized can ever hope to achieve sufficient solidarity to carry out a successful strike. Peter's appendix, or Adelaide's adenoids, would prove stronger levers than the arguments or appeals of the most inspired leaders. They might agree from the ground up, with all their heads, hearts, and souls. But a child's illness would always have the power of removing its mother from the ranks of the collective bargainers.

But a merely potential parent is less biased.

The clear, calm viewpoint of a detached woman is necessarily wider, more far-seeing—and more business-like—than that of a mother, who can never be more than semi-detached! The mother-instinct is implanted in every woman—in every female of the species; but in ninety-eight out of every hundred of them it takes a personal child to bring the seed to bloom. And while every normal woman dreams of a real mate, the mere husband has lost much of his early Victorian glamour. And though "Better Babies" is an inspired slogan, and a popular preachment, "Less Children" is the equally popular practice.

It is a fine thing to make the world a happier, healthier place for future generations. But it is a dangerous thing to attempt it by taking the heart out of humanity.

I often consider with interest the future of those interesting little creatures, my great-great-grandchildren. But there *are* times—since Democracy began smashing-up the landscape, with a view to making the world entirely safe for itself—that I have begun to believe that, like the core of the apple, "there ain't a-goin' to be none."

"The Hills of Desire" By Richard Aumerle Maher, beginning in the next issue of Everywoman's World, will prove one of the most interest-holding serials ever produced.

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Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Until lately this method was impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. It has been submitted to four years of laboratory tests. Now pepsin, combined with other Pepsodent ingredients, gives us for the first time an efficient film destroyer.

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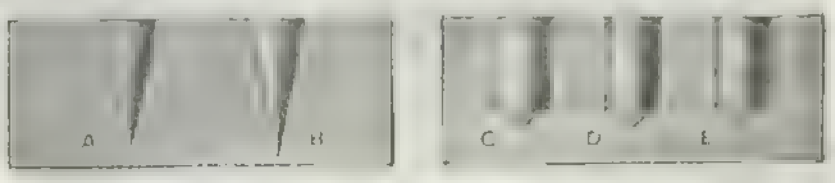

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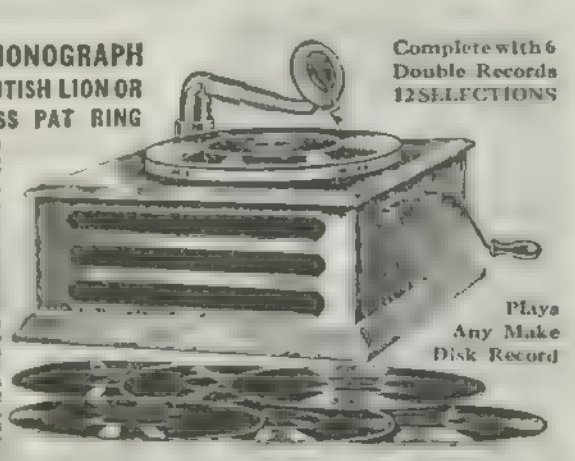

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Flag and Ball Days

What Submarine Warfare Meant to the Simple Sea-Folk on the Cornish Coast, England

By FRANCES SARGEANT

IT is only now when the war is over that we can speak freely of the days when the flag and ball flew; of the wounded and dying men carried through our streets, of good ships sunk within full sight of our windows, and of patrol boats and airships submarine hunting in the placid waters of our bay—of warfare as seen by an unimportant, unfortified town in England, one of many others, towns that were officially miles away from the war-zone.

Our town is on the inmost shore of a wide, deep bay, and the flag and ball is the signal which was run up at the coast guard station whenever a submarine came inside the bay—a plain red flag above a black ball. The "ball" was a circular piece of black bunting strained out on ropes, like a large umbrella cover, but it was always called the "flag and ball" signal.

We are in the extreme south west of England, in the Duchy of Cornwall, on a wild coast worn by the Atlantic gales, and a former haunt of smugglers and wreckers. Unlike most towns in the south of England, it has no "landed gentry;" indeed, there is no land at all in the sporting or agricultural sense — only deserted lead mines and gorse and granite boulders. It is a little town, old and weather bleached, and many of the streets are too narrow for a cart to pass through. Decades ago it was a mining town, but now its prosperity depends entirely on fishing, and, hard as it has been hit in other ways since the war, it has reaped a rich harvest from the sea. For the price of fish rose enormously, out of all proportion to the increased danger and increased cost of nets and materials.

The men who had gone as soldiers were allowed home on leave for the herring season—late autumn on this part of the coast—but the majority of our able-bodied men were not soldiers, but in the Navy, or serving on patrol boats and mine-sweepers. So that the fishing was chiefly done by old men who had retired from an active life before the war, and hobble-de-boys between school age and military service age. The old men, after a meagre existence on savings and an old age pension, seemed almost dazed by the sudden turn of events, for they were making more money than they had dreamed of in their prime.

Our town, looking out to the Atlantic and not to the comparatively safe waters of the English Channel, probably had, in proportion to its importance, as many crews from torpedoed ships landed at its jetties as any town in England. The actual arrangements for the comfort and welfare of the survivors while they were in the town rested entirely on the townspeople, fisherfolk, seafaring men and their families and small shopkeepers.

A Typical Cornish Fisherman

Jutting out to sea beyond the town is a small, rocky, turf-capped promontory where the fishermen spread their nets to dry and where the coastguard station is. The coastguard flagstaff is in full sight of the town, but the strings of gaily coloured signalling flags are difficult to read.

Everybody, though, knew the flag and ball signal, and a submarine in the bay inevitably meant that one, or probably more, ships had been sunk close by and their crews would be landed in our town.

Above and below—Streets in Cornwall, England, characteristic of the country.

No one who has lived here during the days when the flag and ball flew will ever forget it. It is easy, too easy, to live those sad, strange, exciting days over again in memory.

The ball had scarcely shown itself like a sinister black spot against the grey sea, the red flag had scarcely flapped once in the wintry breeze, before our usually quiet streets were echoing with the sound of running feet. The lifeboat was brought out—she may or

H.M.S. "Canada"—a familiar visitor on the Cornish Coast.

may not be needed—she must be ready. Down at the end of the jetty the Salvation Army has a hall, and here the survivors were taken as soon as they were landed. The captains and corporals of the Salvation Army would come running down to the jetty, struggling into their uniforms as they ran. The doors of the hall were opened, the stove lit and hot tea and coffee prepared. A messenger was despatched to tell the doctor that a crew would soon be landed and that his services might be needed. Some elderly women would come hurrying to the jetty with an air of self-conscious importance. These were the women in whose cottages the men were billeted for a little while—sometimes for only a few hours—before they were sent to their headquarters, and then to sea again. Many of the women carried overcoats or shawls for the men to wear as they walked from the jetty to the cottages, for the sea wind blows shrewdly through wet clothes.

There was always a crowd down on the jetty when a crew was landed—a crowd composed mostly of the fisherfol' men in dark blue jerseys with long brown faces and gold earrings, and women with large sad-coloured shawls wrapped round their heads and shoulders.

When the small boats came to the jetty steps eager hands were held out to help the men ashore; but first a man who had been very badly burnt would be lifted up and carried down the jetty on a stretcher. They carried the stretcher shoulder high, and the victim of U-boat piracy would manage to lift his wet, smoke-grimed head from the white pillow and smile on the friendly faces round him, and to call in a feeble, pain-weakened voice, "Are we down-hearted?" which always brought an answering "No!" from his ship-mates limping along behind the stretcher. Sometimes their ships caught fire after being torpedoed, and all the crew were more or less injured. They then presented a very sorry spectacle, dripping with sea-water, black with soot and smoke, the pupils of their eyes still contracted from the glare of the flames.

As a rule, all, or all but one or two of a crew were landed, and the majority of the men were uninjured. Those who were hurt had their injuries attended to by the doctor at the Salvation Army Hall, before they went off with their new hostesses to the blazing fire, dry clothes and good food that was sure to be waiting them. All the men landed were Allies, although they were of all races, except those which comprise the Central Powers. No sailor is a neutral, whatever his nationality may be, and no sailor of a neutral nation is pro-German.

Meanwhile out on the bay another phase of the submarine campaign was enacted. Old men and boys climbed up on the rocks by the coastguard station with telescopes and glasses to watch. At this stage of the procedure there would be four patrol boats manœuvring in the bay, and two British airships coming over, but the airships were so far away that they looked like little silver toys in the bleak sky.

The airships would come nearer, the roar of their engines mingling with the sound of the waves and the scream of the sea-gulls. Suddenly from the watchers on the shore would come a shout, and horny fingers would point out to sea.

"There she is! The submarine. Look! There she goes!"

There she was, too, in all her wickedness, looking very small among the waves. Why she had chosen this inopportune moment to show herself no one ever knew. For about fifteen seconds she would stay on the surface. Then two shots would boom out, and two spouts of silver water spurt up where the submarine had disappeared. Was she hit, or had she dived to safety? That we only knew by implication, for the Navy is the silent service. The patrol boats would draw near to where the submarine disappeared, the airships cruising slowly overhead. By and by a patrol boat would come close to the headland and the gigantic dummy arms on the coastguard station would signal frantically.

A little later and the airships would go home, the patrol boats head for the open sea and the flag and ball signal would be taken down. That Fritz's brief day was over; one submarine at least had sunk her last ship.

Although the fisher-people and sailors were very sympathetic to the rescued, they did not dwell on the horrors of submarine warfare as the newspaper reading landsman did. The coast dwellers are brought up in a knowledge and understanding of shipwreck by storm and tempest and collision, and for them it was only an increase of a familiar peril with none of the terrors of newness. (*Continued on page 36*)

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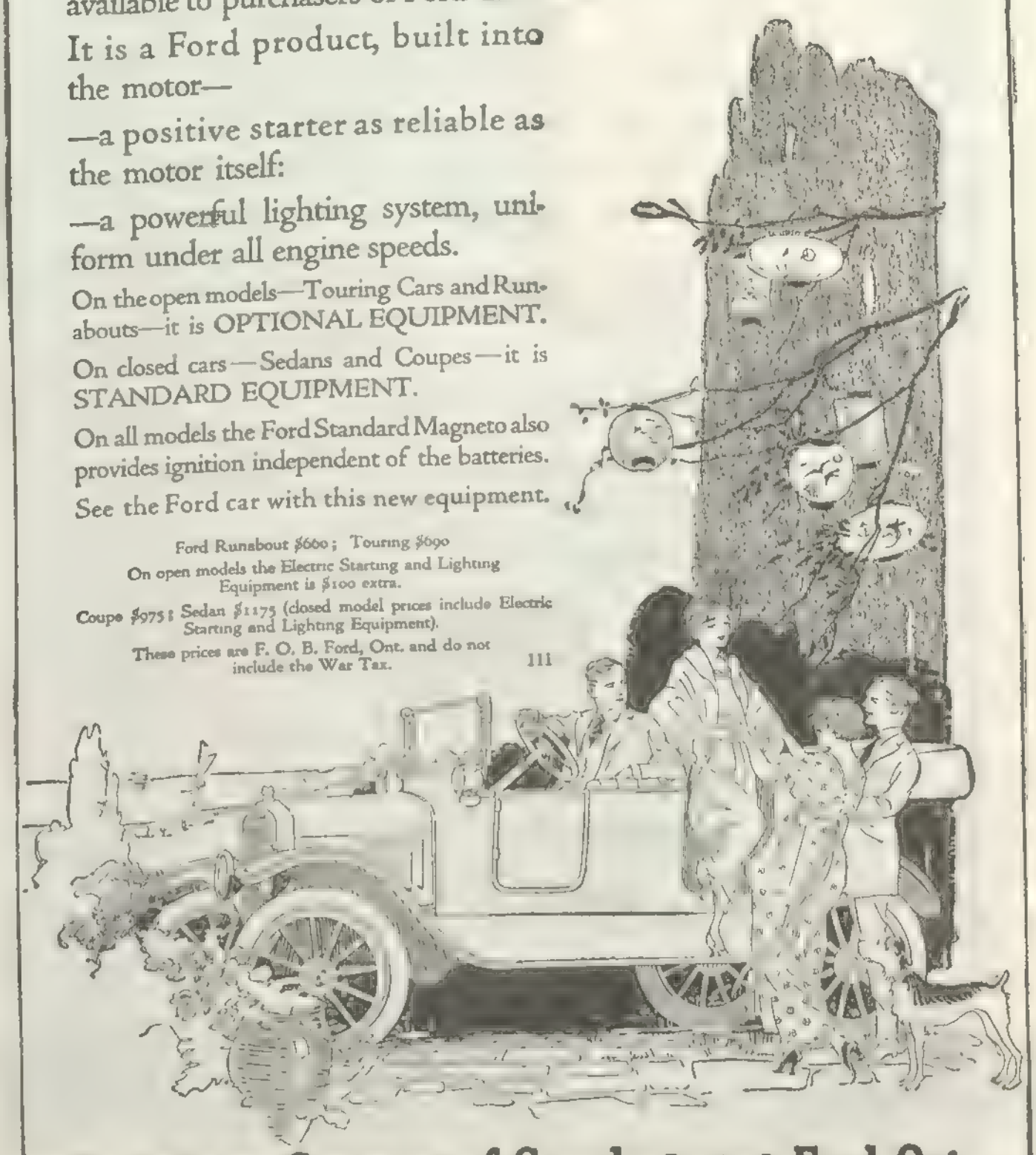

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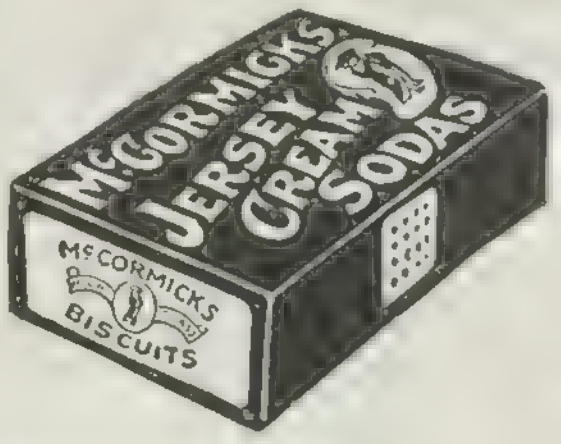

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Flag and Ball Days

(*Continued from page 35*)

It was low tide when the first crew, victims of a U-boat, were landed in our town. Men and women waded out waist deep in the water, laughing and crying and cheering to drag the boats ashore. The captain of the lost ship was a very old man. He turned his face from the crowd and stiffly climbing the jetty steps stared out to sea. But his ship was gone, and he burst out crying like a child. The old man's grief stopped the cheering, and later in the day all tendency to cheer the rescued was swept away for ever when three men, one dead, were landed.

The number of ships lost round this coast varied each week. Sometimes for a few days two or three crews would be landed each day, then for two or three weeks no ships at all would be lost near here.

Nearly all the ships were sunk beyond the bay, out of sight of the land, but one Sunday morning early a ship was torpedoed only three miles out, plainly to be seen from the town. They landed the crew of forty-two black men. They could speak no English, and although they had been rescued in good order and had all their possessions with them tied up in bundles, they looked most miserable, for they were shivering and liver-coloured with cold. Their ship was a fairly large steamer, and she lay all day in a water logged condition, her stern deep in the sea and her bows and the top of one funnel in the air. Her dusky crew sat on the rocks and dismally watched for her to sink, but by what seemed a miracle she kept afloat till dusk. At night time, drifting helplessly, she would have been a danger to passing ships, so a patrol boat fired three shots into her and sank her.

The submarines themselves were fortunately not invulnerable, but it was only occasionally that we heard anything about their being destroyed. One day a Spanish crew from a torpedoed

Types of fishing craft off the Cornish Coast

ship was landed, and just before the doors of the Salvation Army hall closed on them the youngest of the crew turned and addressed the English crowd. He was very young; he had a curly mop of black hair; he was bare-footed, and clad only in a ragged shirt and pair of trousers. He used the language of signs; he held his hands over his head in an attitude of surrender, which meant "Germans," then he thrust his hands down in a gesture which seemed to mean the depths of the sea; his whole message was evidently that Germans had recently gone there. The young Spaniard then called to an embarrassed but joyful ship-mate who could speak English to explain further. He told the crowd that after the patrol boat had taken them from their sinking ship she sighted a periscope close by, and rammed and sunk the submarine.

The patrol boat as soon as she had landed the Spaniards had gone back to hunt for any wreckage of the submarine that she could find. Not exactly in a souvenir hunting spirit, but because the reward given for sinking submarines was only given to boats that could prove their claim. The best witness to the sinking of a U-boat was a part of the U boat; the large patches of oil floating on the water when a submarine had been destroyed could not be taken away as evidence. In the springtime we used to know if many submarines had been destroyed close round the coast, because if they had young sea birds used to come drifting helplessly with the tide, their feathers and pinions stuck together with sticky oil.

The sea washed up still grimmer flotsam and jetsam of the war. Sometimes an empty ship's boat would drift in. Once the bodies of two drowned seamen were left by the tide. Nothing had been heard of any ship sunk near here just then, and nothing was ever known of the sailors, except that as they were big, fair men they had not come from this coast, where a small, dark type predominates. After that a voluntary watch was kept on the shore. All day long men and boys walked up and down at the water's edge, hauling wreckage out of the reach of the waves when it came their way, but waiting and watching all the time for something else—waiting for the sea to give up its dead.

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Elizabeth Surrenders

(*Continued from page 32*)

ELIZABETH (showing something new and mighty sweet in her make-up): You poor old—you poor man. Tell me. It may not be so serious as you think. Has it anything to do with business—or your engagement—or what?

ALEC: Oh, what will you think of me?

ELIZABETH: Never mind what I think of you! (Poor Elizabeth! If only she had had the courage to tell him what she thought of him any time in the past ten years, life might have been a different proposition to-day.)

ALEC: Oh, but Elizabeth, I do care what you think of me, and I'm a miserable old fool when I think that you are never going to have any respect for my common sense, or my common honesty, again, as long as I live.

ELIZABETH: This sounds serious.

ALEC: The humiliating part of it is that it's not serious; just a silly little underhand plot against two of the truest souls that ever—Oh, I'll never be able to tell you—

ELIZABETH (throwing her brushes on the table, taking off her spectacles and putting them in her pocket): Tell me, Alec. Whatever this mystery is, it is making you miserable, and you owe it to yourself, and to Kitty, to sweep your mind clean of cobwebs. I'm only a cranky old maid, brusque and dowdy and unbeautiful. But I've suffered enough, the good Lord knows, to possess the secret of sympathy. And all that my heart holds of understanding and friendship is yours for the asking. Oh, Alec! (She almost sobs it.) I'm so unwomanly that my friends nearly swoon when I tell 'em I've bought new boots—yet I'm horribly, horribly human, and the very best friends I snap at most, I lo—I like the best—which is more than I'd admit to any other living soul. So, if you want a confidant, out with it. If you've skinned your poor old housekeeper, I'll gladly help you dispose of the body.

(Then she adds with a grimness that bespeaks the solemn truth of her assertion.)

Nothing would give me greater pleasure!

(Oh, yes, Elizabeth has envied the service of that poor old soul many a time and oft!)

ALEC (who doesn't know if he wants to cry or to give three hearty cheers): Elizabeth, dear girl—there's no one in all the world like you! You know, you're like one of those prickly burrs we used to gather in the woods years ago, with the little sweet heart inside—

ELIZABETH: Yes, they used to prick us and sting us—

ALEC (seeing that she is hurt): It was a stupid simile, Dear. You're like nothing in the world, and no-one in the world but yourself, womanly-wise, and true as gold—for all your genius.

ELIZABETH: Yes Alec? (almost passionately.) Oh, go on—please go on! It's good to be talked to like a real woman—

ALEC: (Coming to her and putting a hand on her shoulder as he looks in her eyes.) O my dear—my dear—always, since the days when we were boy and girl together—

ELIZABETH (suddenly panic-stricken): But I thought—I thought that you were going to tell me your troubles?

ALEC: Perhaps what I'm trying to say to you, Dear, has a bearing on my troubles.

ELIZABETH (half-laughing, but with a suggestion of her former sharpness for all the catch in her voice): Now don't tell me I'm the only trouble you ever had.

ALEC: It doesn't sound flattering, but you're not far wrong, dear. May I begin at the beginning, and tell you the whole foolish story?

ELIZABETH: Yes, but I really think you'd better take the pose again. I must do some work.

("Do some work"? She's only afraid that, at such close range, he'll hear the beating of her heart! Bless it, that dear heart, beating with all the love and loyalty in the world! Alec hesitates; then takes his seat again, and she once more takes up her brushes.)

ALEC: I wanted to tell you all the time, and now I'm breaking my promise to Kitty—dear little Kitty—

ELIZABETH (with a start, as she suddenly remembers the horrible fact that Alec is the fiancé of that young person): Dear little Kitty!!! (to herself).

ALEC: Well, dear, you see it all began like this—

(Without the formality of knocking, Kitty bursts in. She is a flower-like girl of twenty, blonde, blue eyes, dainty, twinkling.)

(*Continued on page 38*)

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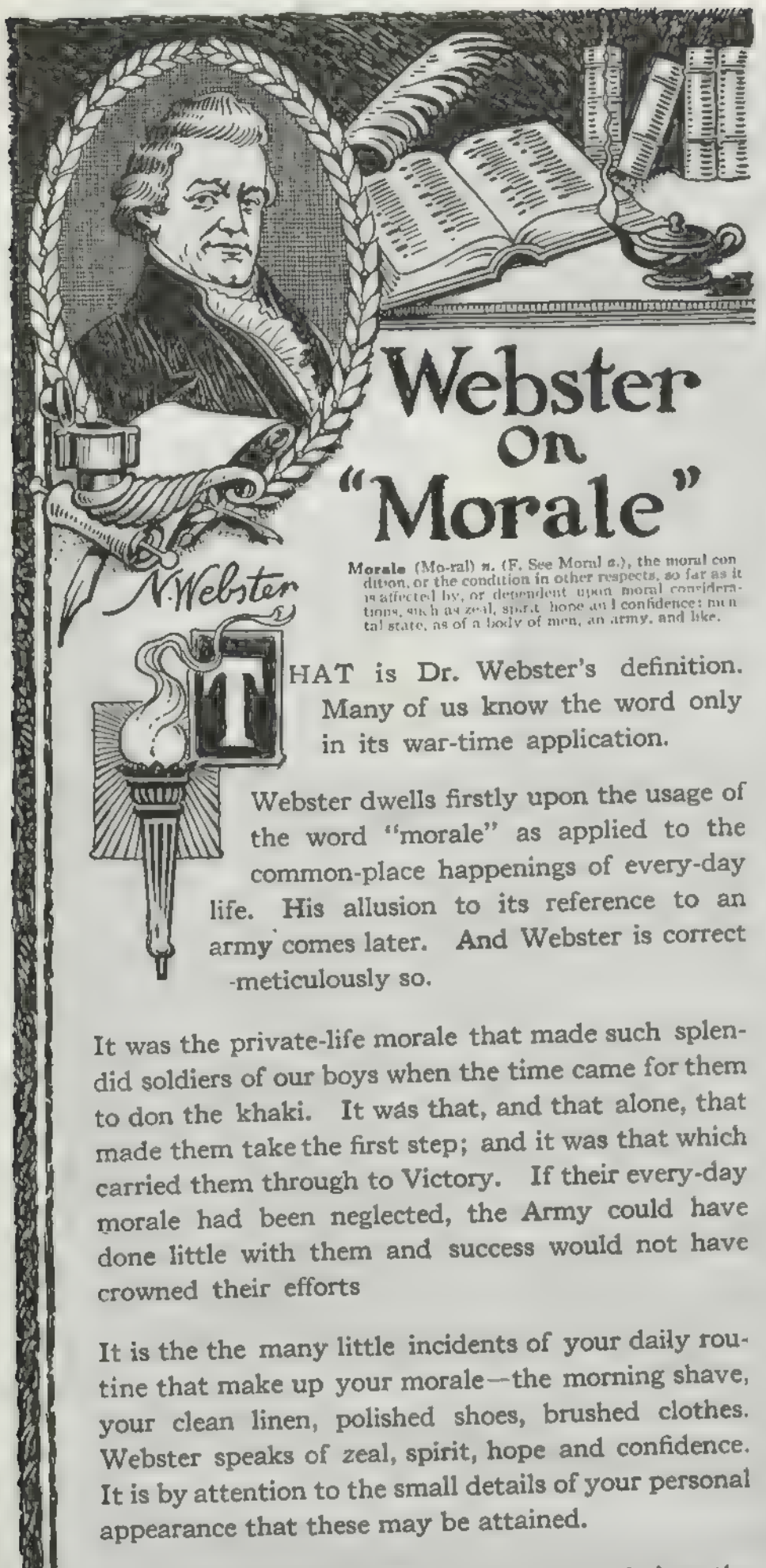

Webster On "Morale"

Morale (Mo-ral) *n.* (F. See Moral *a.*), the moral condition, or the condition in other respects, so far as it is affected by, or dependent upon moral considerations, such as zeal, spirit, hope and confidence; mental state, as of a body of men, an army, and like.

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Elizabeth Surrenders

(*Continued from page 37*)

KITTY: Hello, people—Hello—Hello! Glad to see me? What were you two perfect persons talking about when I came in? Our marriage, wedding, nuptials, Alec, Dear? The voice that breathed o'er Eden and St. John's Parish Church—eh, old things? (She winks at Alec in great glee.)

ALEC: No, my—my love.

KITTY: My soul cries out for a cup of tea and a bun. Shall I put on the kettle for you, Elizabeth, belovedst?

ELIZABETH: No, thanks; I must leave you anyway; I must rush and dress.

KITTY (in peals of laughter): Must rush and WHAT, darling?

ELIZABETH: Hold your tongue, child.

KITTY: Don't demand the impossible, Honey! Well, Alec and I can have a nice chat while you're—ha! ha! —dressing.

ELIZABETH (acidly): Yes, you can have a nice—ha! ha!—chat!

(Kitty seats herself on the arm of Alec's chair and puts her arm affectionately about his neck. She looks mischievious; he, miserable; Elizabeth, murderous! Elizabeth leaves the room by the door on the left, slamming said door very hard.)

ALEC: Kitty, here's a pretty kettle of fish; she's told Neville, and he's here.

KITTY: My Fathers!

ALEC: That's what I said.

KITTY: Lawsy—lawsy! Might have known she'd spill the beans, and it was to have been broken to him so carefully—

ALEC: And so effectively!

KITTY: For the love of Mike, tell me how he took it? He never congratulated you; I'd swear to that!

ALEC: Now, you know how I felt when she took the news so complacently—

KITTY: Don't keep me in suspense—did he?

ALEC: Did he what?

KITTY: Did he congratulate you?

ALEC: I haven't seen him yet—he's gone out.

KITTY: I have a horrible feeling that something's going to happen—a horrible sinking feeling right here.

(I don't have to describe her gesture; you've had that sinking feeing yourself.)

ALEC: If you hadn't come in when you did, something would have happened! Elizabeth was so adorable that I was on the point of going down on my knees for the second time in ten years.

KITTY: Guardy Darling! Wish I'd caught you at it! You'd have been a picture no artist could paint—not even Elizabeth! But it would have landed us in a mess—oh, a horrible mess! She'd never have spoken to you again in this world or the next!

ALEC (thoughtfully): I'm not so sure of that, Kitty. Elizabeth is a surprising woman. Why, this afternoon she—she—she's bought some new clothes.

KITTY: That isn't what you were going to say—but, even so, it's significant, I'm thinking. P'raps it IS working! P'raps she's trying to cut me out!

ALEC: No—that would be too good to be true. She told me herself that she bought them to—cheer the heart of Neville.

KITTY: To cheer Neville? How funny. I suppose she wants to give him a good laugh. I wonder if the glad rags are the usual style and fit? When will Nev be back?

ALEC: Oh, any minute.

KITTY: Well, Dear'st, you light out the minute he comes in, and take Elizabeth with you if she's finished—ha!—dressing. I'll just see if I can't gather up the dropped stitches, turn 'em into a few stitches in time, and all that sort of piffle—and—oh, dear, I thought I'd get at his real feelings at once, if I broke it to him really effectively!

ALEC (in a rather embarrassed manner): My dear, from something that Elizabeth said to me this afternoon, I think that I may state, without fear of successful contradiction from anyone, that Neville does care—and cares a great deal.

KITTY: But I don't want to hear it at second—at third hand. Oh, I had it all planned so beautifully: I wanted Neville to fall on his young knees and beg me not to ruin his young life. And I wanted Elizabeth to throw herself into your longing, waiting arms, and confess that she has loved you truly all these long years—but she didn't—

ALEC: And he didn't.

KITTY (glooming): They both didn't. (Brightening up a bit). Do you think he's gone out to buy prussic acid or a pistol, or something? Mebbe?

(*Continued on page 39*)

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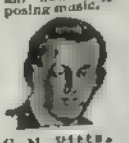

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Elizabeth Surrenders

(*Continued from page 38*)

ALEC (glooming with her): He's gone to the grocery store for half-a pint of cream.

KITTY: What a prosaic world we live in! Is there no romance in life? Wish I'd never been born! Then you'd all have been sorry!

ALEC: Kitty, my dear, the world is full of romance; life is teeming with romance. And the people who seem the least romantic—(he glances toward the door where Elizabeth has made her exit)—are sometimes possessed of hearts filled to the brim with loving, and with dreams of love. O, my dear, if only we were not all so shy of each other, that we fear to show the romance that makes us most human.

(Neville enters hastily. He is carrying a small, unwrapped bottle of cream, and some flowers, which he puts on the table as he speaks. He hasn't expected to find the happy lovers together, and wishes that he had come in, as he went out, by the back way. He'll be blowed if he will congratulate the pair on their engagement. He stiffens perceptibly, and bows stiffly over the cream bottle.)

NEVILLE: How are you, sir! Hello, Kitty. Nice weather we're having though it looks as if it might blow up rain.

KITTY (saucily): Yes, Nev. I admit that it looks as if we might have a spell of weather before long!

NEVILLE: I sincerely hope not. So bad for rheumatism, and so on. Hope your gout hasn't been troubling you lately, sir. My late grandfather had the same trouble before HE died.

(He makes his escape when Elizabeth calls him.)

ELIZABETH (in the distance): Is that you, Nev, dear? I want you. How do these snapper fasteners work?

KITTY (calling): I'll help you.

ELIZABETH: I prefer Neville, thank you.

KITTY (chuckling): That was a nasty one about the gout, Guardy. He's a first-class pig! Now, supposing you just run along—you forgot to post a very important letter.

ALEC: Oh! Thanks for the information.

KITTY (coaxingly): Give me five minutes, and I'll see what I can do while Elizabeth is—huh!—dressing.

ALEC: Five minutes to talk to the—pig?

KITTY (dimpling at him): Yes, sir! (wistfully). He seems to be pretty miserable now, doesn't he?

(There are peals of laughter from the room beyond the kitchenette, where Elizabeth and Neville are struggling with the unaccustomed dome fasteners.)

ALEC (as he obligingly goes out): Of course, he's abject. Listen to him, the heart-broken young puppy!

(Kitty doesn't know just what to do with her precious five minutes. However, having no time to waste, she calls to Elizabeth.)

KITTY (sweetly—oh, very sweetly): Elizabeth, dear. Neville has brought you some flowers. Shall we put them in water?

ELIZABETH (in the distance): The dear man! Neville, darling, take in this pitcher of water and arrange them in the blue vase. And do tidy the place up, both of you—the studio looks like Bedlam.

NEVILLE (entering backwards, the pitcher of water in his hands, and speaking to Elizabeth): Anything you say, sweetheart, only don't be long. The hours I spend without thee, Dear Heart, are as a string of—of—of dried onions to me!

(Neville's effort at being lover-like and funny at one and the same time are rather disastrous, looking at it in one light, but the fact remains that Kitty is nearly bowled over by his unmistakably lover-like tone, and, of course, that is what he is doing it for—so that's quite satisfactory. He turns to Kitty to see just how convincing has been his histrionic effort; then speaks in an impersonal, but withal big-brotherly tone, that fills her with a wild desire to slap him.)

NEVILLE: O, Kitty, my dear child, just wait till you see her! For the first time within your memory and mine, the darling is clothed and in her right mind!" She's a walking fashion-plate, the love! (He eyes her appraisingly.) Oh, I tell you—it takes a brunette to do justice to beautiful clothes!

(He arranges the flowers in water, waving her away when she offers to help, with a don't-interfere gesture; then he tidies up the studio, darting hither and thither as he talks, stumbling over her, as if she were a kitten under his feet.)

(*Continued on page 40*)

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CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

The Fishes We Buy in September

(Continued from page 10)

being careful to keep it far enough away to prevent scorching. If fish seems to become too dry while cooking, dot upper surface with a little butter. About 15 minutes will be required for steak 1 inch thick. Serve very hot.

Steaming: Wipe and prepare as usual. Place in steamer above water which is boiling briskly. Allow 10 to 15 minutes to the pound, as required. Serve with parsley or egg sauce.

Boiling: Fish loses more of its nutritive value when boiled than when cooked in other ways. Prepare fish as usual, and wrap in a piece of cheesecloth to keep it in shape. Add salt and a little vinegar or lemon juice to the boiling water, to keep the flesh white and give it firmness. Lower gently into the boiling water, but only allow it to simmer after the fish is in. Never pour boiling water directly on the fish—it will break the skin. To add boiling water when needed, pour it against the side of the pot. On account of the extra oil they contain, the livers and roes of certain fish require a longer time to cook than the flesh, and should therefore be boiled in a separate saucepan and put on earlier.

Deep Frying and Sautéing: Prepare fish steaks, small fish, or fish cakes or croquettes, and roll in seasoned flour, cornmeal or fine crumbs. Dip in beaten egg, if desired, and roll again. To deep-fry (the preferrable method, especially for cakes, croquettes, etc.) place in a frying basket and lower into boiling fat at about 390 degrees F. For steaks and small fish temperature should be a trifle higher—about 395 degrees F.

To sauté fish, let it cook slowly, first on one side, then on the other. Cook to a delicate golden brown, and drain well on crumpled brown paper in the oven. Arrange on hot platter, garnish and serve at once.

The Last of the Season's Fruits

(Continued from page 12)

Peach Butter

WASH, skin and cut into pieces 4 quarts of peaches. Add 3 cups granulated sugar, and let stand for 15 minutes. Add a cup water, and boil over a slow fire for 1 hour. Be very careful not to allow the fruit to cling to the bottom of vessel. If peaches are not very juicy a little more water might be added.

Green Tomato Butter

WASH, dry and cut stem ends and spots from 2 quarts green tomatoes; cut in halves, and squeeze out as many seeds as possible; then cut into small pieces. Mix 1½ cups granulated sugar with the fruit, and boil slowly for 2 hours. Add 2 cups of seeded, minced raisins. Add 1 teaspoon salt, juice of 2 lemons, and boil 30 minutes. Bottle.

Plum Butter

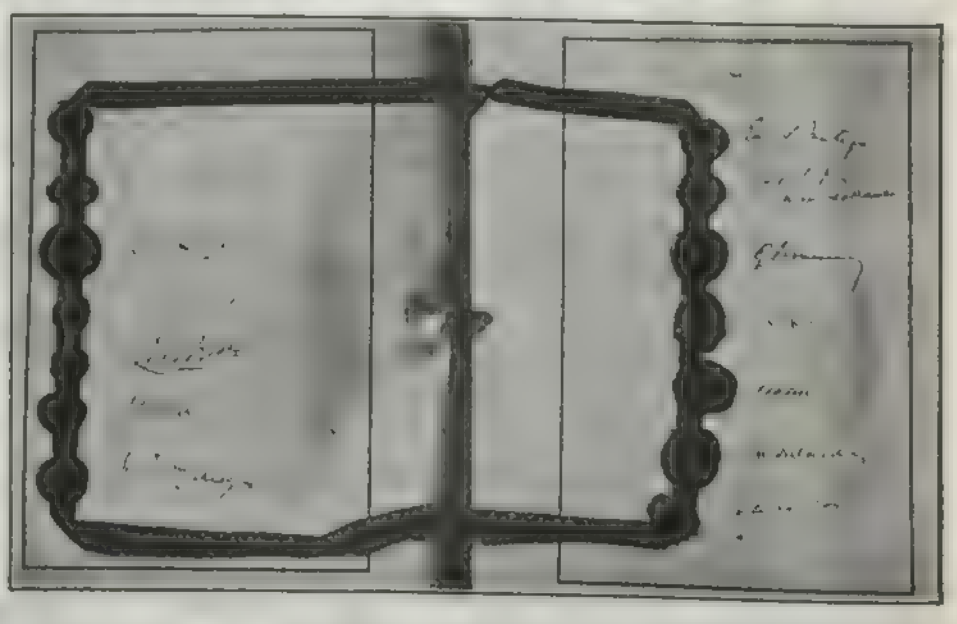
WASH and dry 2 quarts of stoned plums, and cut into small pieces. Add 1 cup of water, and boil until very soft. Add 2 cups sugar, and boil slowly until thick—about 1 hour. Bottle.

Apple Jelly

QUARTER and remove spots from firm, not very ripe apples or crab-apples. Cover with water, and boil until very mushy. Pour into a cheese-cloth bag. Let drain, but do not squeeze, or jelly will not be clear. Add a cup of sugar to each cup of juice, and boil until a little—when tested on a saucer—will jell. Pour into jelly glasses, and when firm cover with paraffin.

Various flavours may be obtained by adding grated rind and juice of lemons, a sprig of sweet geranium leaf, a few cloves, or a stick of cinnamon, when boiling the juice and sugar.

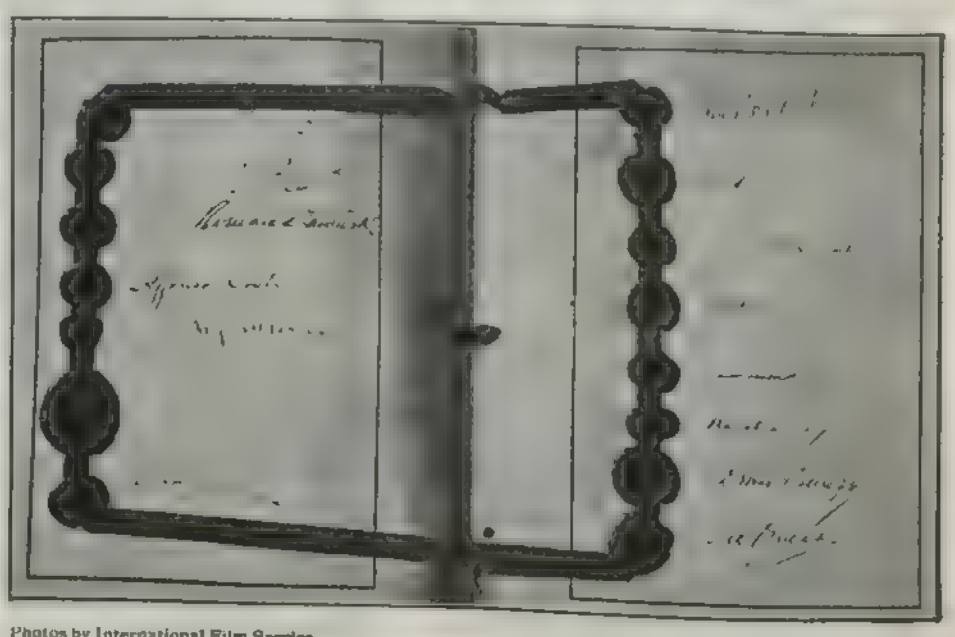
First Photos of Peace Treaty and Signatures That Brought War to End



First photograph to arrive in this country showing two pages of the original Peace Treaty with the seals and signatures of the representatives of the Great Powers.

On the left are the signatures of some of Great Britain's signers; Canadians will discern those of Hon. C. J. Doherty and Hon. A. L. Sifton. On the right are those of the delegates of France—Clemenceau, Pichon, Klotz and others being easily recognizable.

The original of the Peace Treaty will remain in the archives of the French Department of State.



Photos by International Film Service

This photograph shows two of the pages of the original document with the signatures of some of the signers, among whom are the representatives at the Peace Table from Roumania and Serbia.

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"ANTIPON," which has recently received such a lot of attention in medical and scientific circles, has been conclusively proved to be a certain remedy for over-stoutness. No case is proof against this amazingly successful remedy, which is not only pleasant to take, but is totally dissimilar to any other obesity preparation.

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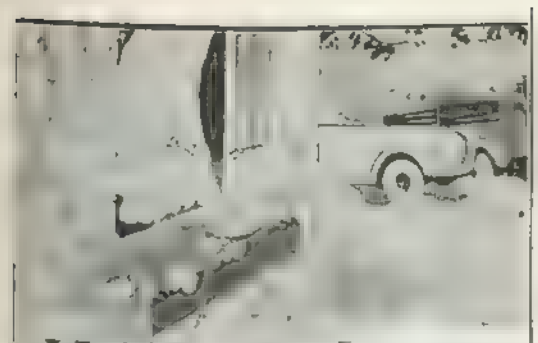

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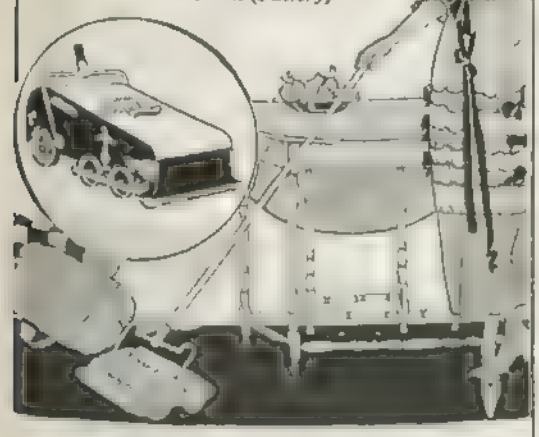

When Upholstered Furniture Needs Repairing

(Continued from page 13)

ends, as they are done in A, Fig. 6.

Fell one end of the new piece of webbing (that is, turn it over, as you would a piece of tape or embroidery), and tack it firmly to one side of the frame where the old webbing was tacked (see A, Fig. 6). Stretch the webbing across the frame as tightly as possible, and put in a tack or two to hold it so (as in B, Fig. 6). Cut the webbing, leaving enough to fell. Fell, and tack firmly through both thicknesses. When all the pieces of webbing running in the same direction are tacked on, begin on the cross pieces, weaving them under and over the first strips, as shown in Fig. 6.

Use plenty of strips of webbing, to make a good, firm seat—perhaps more than were used originally; the seat will last longer, and will not sag so readily.

Pull the padding apart and work it over to freshen it, adding more if advisable. A piece of firm cotton is nailed over the webbing (edges felled to make it strong), and on this the padding is arranged. Stretch a muslin cover over it tightly and tack it down before the outside cover is put on. This holds the padding properly, making it easy to adjust the outer covering—which can also be readily changed without disturbing the cushion. The sight of coiled springs, besides the usual complement of webbing and padding, may intimidate the amateur, but they, too, are surprisingly easy to deal with.

The "box seat," as it is called, looks like Fig. 7, when the cover and padding are removed. It has a box-like depth, absent from the previous type discussed. Webbing forms the basis and the main support here, too, but there is a set of coiled wire springs.

If only the outside covering is damaged, remove the tacks and guimpe, if any has been used (silk or cotton guimpe is often tacked along the edge of the covering, and makes a neat finish). A cotton covering will usually be found, and if the upholstery is in good condition it only remains to tack on the new covering in the same way. If the cotton inner covering is torn it should be mended or replaced, as it not only holds the padding in place, but saves the outer covering from certain wear.

Never cut the covering too scantily. Allow two or three inches to turn under at all the edges, so that it cannot fray and tear out. Lay the cover in

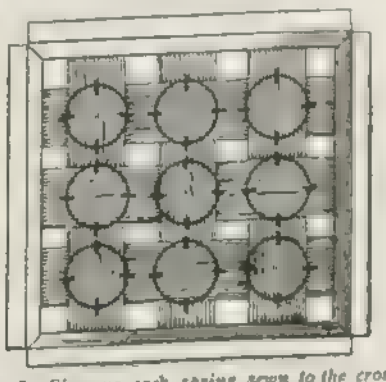

Figure 8—Showing each spring sewn to the crossed strips of webbing at each intersection.

place. Put in a few tacks lightly (only driving them part way), along the middle of each side. Begin at the back, with a centre tack then on either side of it. Draw the material to the front, then the sides, fastening always on alternate sides of the middle tack.

The only partially-driven tacks are easily removed, in order to pull and coax the material into the desired position. When it is satisfactory, tack the back edge finally, allowing a deep turn-in of the material, and nailing to either side of the centre tack. Next, fasten the front, drawing the goods very tight; then one side, drawing the goods moderately tight; then the other, pulling the material tight and square.

The corners come last. The wrinkles must be drawn out at each corner, and the goods nailed firmly. If the fabric is too bulky at the corners, remove some of the excess by cutting out a V shaped piece and nailing first one side, then the other.

If one or more of the springs of a box seated chair have been crushed out of shape, they must be removed and new ones submitted. They run in regular sizes, and can be bought in almost any furniture store.

Sew the new spring to the webbing, in place of the one ripped out, and tie it to the other springs, just as the old one had been tied. If the webbing has broken down, take out all the springs and put in new webbing, as in Fig. 6. Next, sew a spring at each webbing intersection, sewing it in four places, very firmly. Fig. 8 shows just how it should

(Continued on page 43)

The Kodak Album

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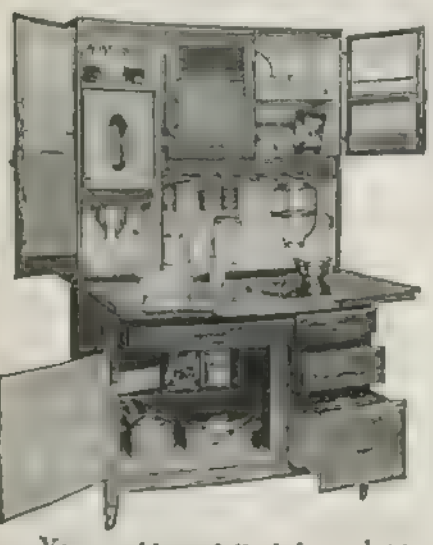

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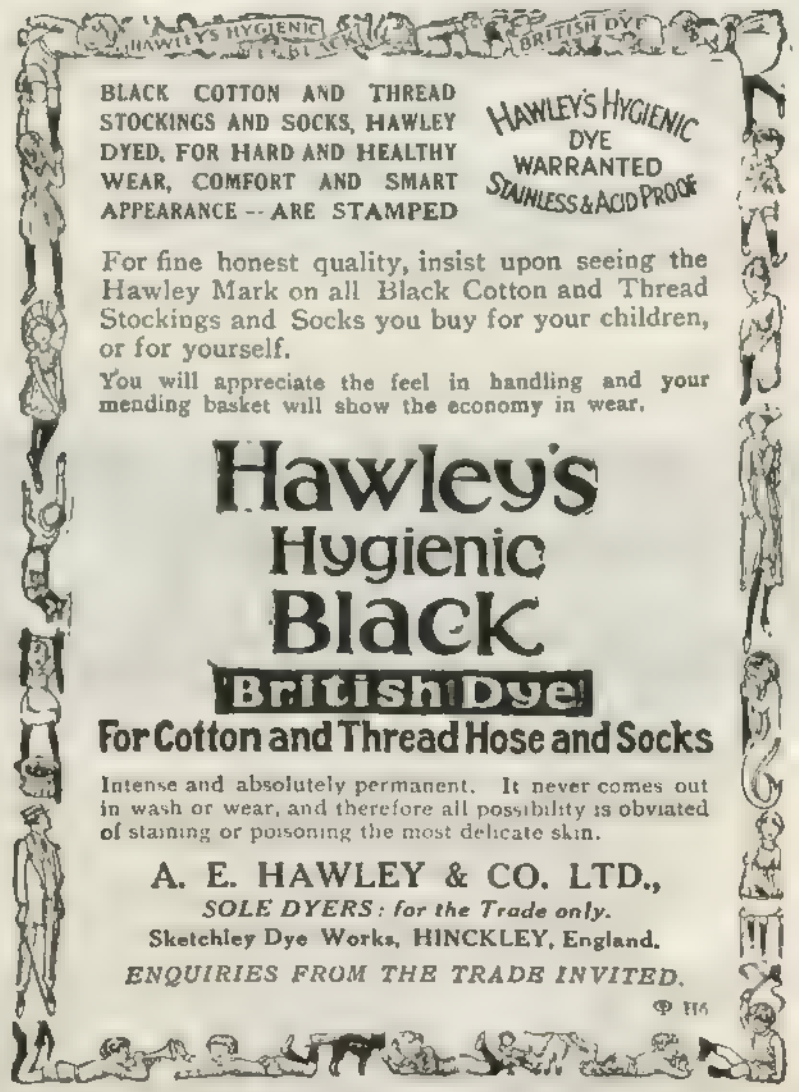

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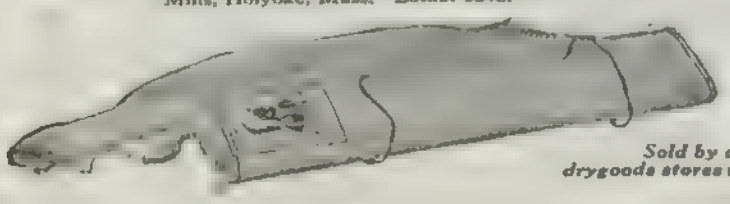

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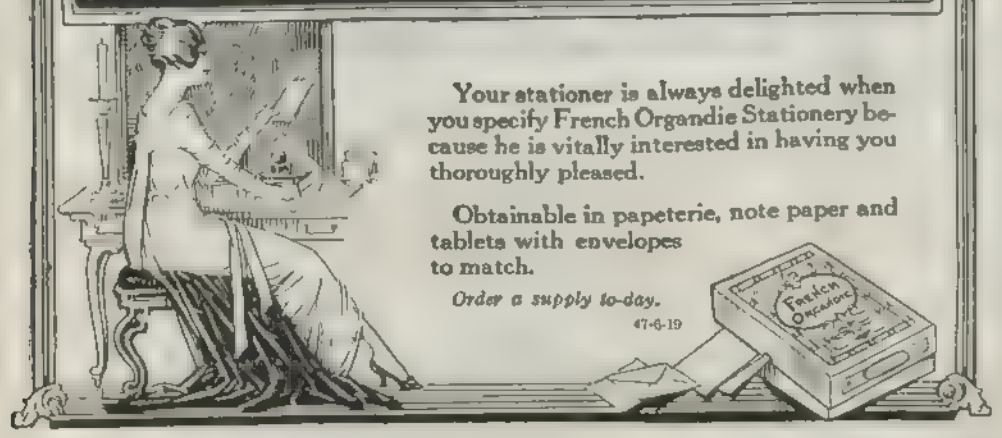

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"I Say to Canadian Girls: 'Have Patience'"

(*Continued from page 7*)

For one thing, the size of London and the difficulty of transportation made ordinary courtesy difficult, but it created a sense of irresponsibility which was not too good for the men.

I knew a young Guard Officer in London who dined at a young lady's home and, after dinner, took her to a fashionable dance. At twelve o'clock he left her, without explanation, and she got to her home as best she could. He had gone on to another dance, for, with a certain class of young English Officer, he collects dance cards as an Indian gathered scalps.

No Canadian girl would endure that yet the bounder was asked to the same house for dinner a month later.

Lack of restraint is very charming as a soufflé; but it is not good steady diet.

Down in their hearts the Canadians do not want the same conditions to exist here as those prevailing in England during the war—any more than the English people themselves want them to remain there.

The war was the signal for a great emotional outbreak on the part of English women. The close association with the war, the mingling with men passing to and from the trenches, all brought to the surface the worship of bravery which lies in every woman's heart. It did not matter what we were in civil life—grocers, bankers, farmers, lawyers, authors, thieves, we were all in Khaki, gentlemen of adventure, and the large proportion of English girls asked for no other credentials.

From that emotional upheaval it is to be hoped that the spirit of England will be refreshed and inspired. There are even signs that the artistry of England, so long dying dormant beneath the masculine heel, may spring to new life with the awakening of feminine emotions. If these things do not happen, then that era can only be looked upon as one to be keenly regretted. The terrible prevalence of divorce during the war; the light manner in which marriage bonds were contracted are things which can only be deplored.

Have Patience, Girls!

Of the actual merits of the English and Canadian girls, I am not brave enough to write. They are both charming and they both have faults. We all know that the Canadian girl dresses better, but the English girl has a complexion which has no rival. The comparison could be carried on to an endless length, but it would be futile and not particularly in good taste.

Having offered some advice to my fellow soldiers, I am going to venture on some to Canadian girls.

"Have patience."

Remember, that for many years we poor devils of men have had fever in our blood, the fever of war and adventure. Just now we are feeling the lassitude that comes with the passing of "temperature," a disagreeable, irritable period that must be borne before robust health will set in once more. Remember, that since the armistice there has been little for our fellows to do but enjoy Europe's Capitals, and now they're facing work—a disagreeable thought to any soldier.

With your patience cultivate all the "joie de vie" you can. *Without relinquishing your standards*, be a good pal and bring as much colour and charm into men's lives as can only be brought by the feminine touch—and I know of no one who could do that better than the Canadian girl.

And when you meet an English girl, admire her for her pluck and for the fact that many a Canadian was saved from going to pieces by the healthy companionship of an English girl.

With that thought, and feeling that I have been skating on thin ice for some time, I shall end these bachelor observations.

Training for Citizenship

By Dr. Lyman Abbott

WE are creatures of habit. Actions continuously repeated become habit. Habit long continued becomes second nature. Thus is character formed by education. Instruction informs the intellect. Training forms the character. The two combined constitute education. If Canada is to be law-abiding, peace-loving and prosperous its youth must be trained as well as instructed. In them must be formed the habit of reverence for God, respect for the moral law, and regard for the rights, the interests, and the opinions of their fellow men.

Meet My Housekeeping Assistant

3-in-One cleans and polishes my furniture, woodwork, floors, oilcloth and linoleum

It makes dandy Dustless Dust Cloths and Polish Mops.

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3-in-One lubricates my sewing machine, and everything else about the house that ever needs oiling—clocks, locks, hinges.

It prevents rust on the gas stove and tarnish on faucets, fixtures and other nickeled things.

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3-in-One is made in its own Canadian factory, and sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz., and 8-oz., bottles, and 3-in-One Handy Oil Cans.

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Help the muscles to come back!

One of the most remarkable things about the human body is its recuperative powers—but to come back it needs care, not neglect.

Tired and weary muscles if given a good rub with *Absorbine, Jr.* will be fresh and strong in the morning, ready for another strenuous day's work.

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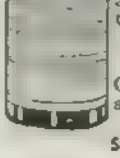
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

The very next time you over-exert yourself, or find an unaccountable lameness in your muscles, or stiffness in your joints, stop at your druggist's on the way home and get a bottle of *Absorbine, Jr.*



Give the affected parts a good stiff rub, using a few drops of the liniment in the palm of the hand, and see how different you feel in the morning.

$1.25 a Bottle at Your Druggist's or Postpaid.

GOOD-SIZED SAMPLE BOTTLE sent on receipt of 10c in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.

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Different Pastries and Their Uses

(Continued from page 11)

8. Oven should be moderately hot, as high temperature is needed to expand the air or gas in the pastry. A favourite test, if you have no thermometer, is to hold the hand in the oven—if you can stand it while you just count 20 it is about right. Don't allow the heat to vary after the pies are in the oven. Heating from the bottom is best for pies and tarts. If oven heats from top, partially bake shells before filling. When making pies with very moist filling, such as soft fruit or custard, try brushing paste with white of egg before pouring in filling.

Puff paste differs from other pastes in that it takes the form of alternating layers of pastry and air. The pastry lies in thin sheets, separated by pockets of air. It is to the air alone that puff pastry owes its lightness, as no baking powder or other acid and alkaline agents are used.

On the method of mixing, therefore, depends the amount of air that is incorporated in it.

The usual proportions for puff paste call for equal quantities of flour and shortening.

Short pastry, instead of even sheets of pastry, will have little air-filled cavities all through it. A rich, short crust may have from half to three-quarters of a pound of shortening to each pound of flour, whilst a good plain short crust will have but a quarter-pound of shortening to a pound of flour. An average of a good teaspoonful of baking powder to a pound of flour is advisable.

French Puff Paste

USE 1 lb. flour, 1 lb. shortening, yolks of 2 eggs, good pinch of salt, and about ¼ pint water.

Squeeze extra moisture from butter, if used, and lay aside 2 oz., or 4 tablespoons. Put the remainder in the ice-box or cool place until needed. Sift flour with salt in it two or three times, and rub in the 2 oz. with the cool fingertips. Add the yolks of eggs and the water gradually, until right consistency. When smooth, roll out to ½ inch thickness, follow instructions already given. Place the cold ball of shortening on the paste, and fold as shown in illustration. Press lightly with rolling pin until flattened, then roll as thin as possible, without butter breaking through. Fold paste in three and roll again; repeat, then put on a plate in cool place. Usually 20 minutes will suffice for it to become firm, when it should be folded and rolled twice more, put aside for another 20 minutes, and folded and rolled for the fifth and sixth times, when it may be used or put in a cool place to keep.

This pastry is used for tarts, patties or pies if desired.

Choux Paste

FOR eclairs, puffs, etc. One cup flour, ¼ lb. butter, ¼ cup sugar, good pinch salt, 2 large eggs, 1 cup water, vanilla, almond or other flavouring essence.

Bring water, sugar and salt to boil, and add gradually the previously well sifted flour. Stir and cook gently for 10 or 12 minutes. Cool slightly and beat in the eggs, one at a time; add the flavouring, and use as required.

Rich Short Crust

TO 1 lb. butter, use ¾ lb. shortening, 2 yolks of eggs, 1 level tablespoon fine sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Rub butter lightly into flour, as instructed, first sifting the flour and baking powder together. Add sugar, egg yolks, and, if needed, enough water to make a rather stiff paste. Roll out thinly, and use at once. If intended for fruit tarts, brush with cold water and sprinkle with fine sugar before baking.

Plain Short Crust

TO 1 lb. flour use ½ lb. shortening (clarified drippings, lard, vegetable shortenings or a mixture), 2 heaping teaspoons baking powder, good pinch salt, 1 cup cold water.

Sift flour, salt and baking powder into large bowl, rub in fat, add the water gradually, and work smooth with a knife. Roll out and use at once. If for sweet pies, add 2 tablespoons sugar when mixing.

To make this a good medium rich paste, use ½ lb. shortening and 1 egg yolk, with a trifle less water.

Suet Crust

FOR meat or fruit pudding, roly-poly, etc.

Use ¾ lb. flour, half that quantity of suet, fresh and chopped fine; 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, two thirds cup water.

Chop suet very fine, with a little of the flour, mix with other dry ingredients, and add water sufficient to make fairly stiff paste. Roll out and use at once.

If for sweet pudding, add 2 heaping tablespoons sugar.

Digging in for the Long Months

(Continued from page 11)

and tying it. Make a cover the right size of any pretty silk or cotton material sewing it up on three sides like a bag, then turning it right side out and stitching it round the three sides about an inch from the edge. This leaves an attractive finishing-edge. Slip in the blanket, adjusting it smoothly to hold it in place. Baste it backwards and forward and tuft it with wool or with heavy embroidery thread. Turn in the edges on the fourth side and stitch close to the edge (or oversew it by hand) and again an inch inside, to match the other sides.

Worn cotton spreads, of the thick "crochet" variety, can be used in the same way. A large dining-table or a bed will be the best place to work on as the quilt must be kept quite flat and smooth, while it is being tacked and tufted.

Real eiderdown quilts, contrary to many people's expectations, can be very satisfactorily washed. Of course, an elaborate silk or satin one is better sent away and cleaned, and if the cover is worn, they may be recovered at moderate cost, and made good as new.

To wash an eiderdown quilt have a large tub of suds, made as for cushion covers, and immerse the quilt. Begin at one corner, and work it softly with the hands, giving it plenty of the lather. A second wash in clean lather is advisable, then it should be put through two or three clear rinsing waters. Of course, the quilt will look a most forlorn and pitiful object while it is wet, but when it has been dried in the sun for a couple of days, it will fluff up most engagingly. The drying is very important—remember there is a great thickness of down to dry out, and don't begrudge it plenty of air, with frequent little shakings and fluffings to help along the good work.

Down pillows are washed in just the same way. Remove the white cotton slips that should always cover the ticking (both to protect it and so prolong its life, and to prevent the ticking from showing through the pillow slip), and proceed in exactly the same way, with extra careful attention to the drying—to sleep on a damp pillow would be to court disaster, indeed.

When Upholstered Furniture Needs Repairing

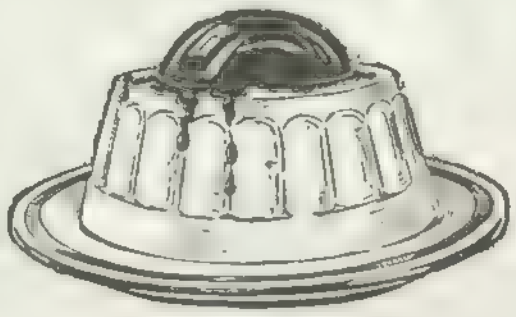
(Continued from page 41)

appear when looked at from the bottom. Then tie the tops of all the springs, as shown in Fig. 7, using strong twine and tacking the ends of the twine to the rabbeted edge of the box frame. This will make all the springs even and uniform, and hold them so.

Now cover the top of the springs with a piece of burlap or heavy cotton, and tack it in place. If the old padding material is too far gone for use, spread a sheet of new cotton batting over the burlap and put on a thick layer of upholsterer's moss or tow; top with a layer of hair or cotton felt. Draw into place with a cover of strong cotton, felled and tacked. It is then ready for the outside covering—sturdy as new, and with a whole chair's lifetime before it.

Once more, I and my house are close, close together. No longer do I pass over it casually, duster in hand, the outside world in my heart. No, indeed. My gaze catches and holds, as it passes from object to object, and the look I give my house is one of intimacy and understanding. All is well. Together, we await the long, cosy evenings of family intercourse—we are entirely ready for them. I feel the increasing coolness of the September evenings, and welcome it.

BENSON'S CORN STARCH



Desserts—Rolls Sauces

BENSON'S is pure prepared corn starch, delicate and nourishing, unexcelled for all cooking purposes.

It improves the texture of bread, biscuits and rolls if one-third of the flour is substituted with Benson's Corn Starch. It makes pie crusts light and flakey.

There is a recipe for the most delicious Blanc Mange on the package, together with a dozen other uses. Benson's is the best Corn Starch for making sauces and gravies smooth and creamy.

LEMON PIE

(*Enough for one medium-sized pie*)

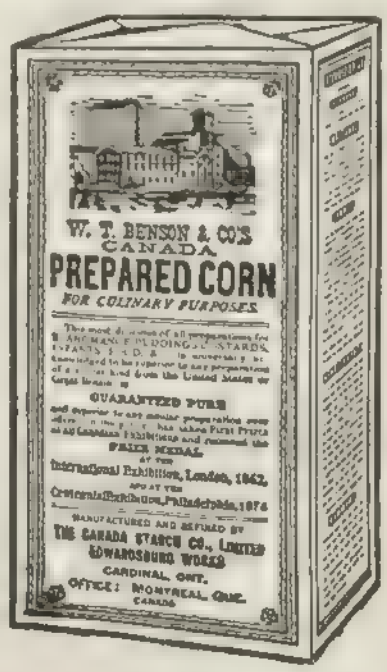
¾ cup sugar, 6 tablespoonfuls Benson's Corn Starch, 1½ cups boiling water, juice and rind of two lemons, 2 egg yolks, 2 egg whites, 3 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar.

Mix corn starch, sugar, lemon juice, grated rind and beaten egg yolks. Add boiling water slowly, stirring constantly. Cook until thick and boiling. Cool, fill a baked pie shell and cover with a meringue made of the stiffly beaten egg whites and powdered sugar. Brown meringue in a slow oven.

PIE CRUST

2 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt, ⅔ cup shortening, ¼ cup iced water.

Write for booklet of recipes



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A Paris Incident

(*Continued from page 5*)

how men had lived and died, and how other men had kept faith with them.

Fay was nowhere to be found. His inquiries, ceaselessly made, brought no tidings.

So the face of Fay came up out of the past before Rand Kendall as he stood there looking over Paris. For a long time he thought of her. And suddenly he reflected, to-morrow he would start for home—for Canada. Something like a void, a great want arose in his heart, and the horror of a final separation dawned upon him. In France there was always the possibility of his meeting her, or at least hearing tell of the girl. In Canada there were other interests, and other girls, and everything tended to put her out of his mind. He seemed destined to lose the one woman who mattered—the little girl who had come into his life to aid him in his part. She, his leading lady in the drama of life, was missing, and Rand Kendall keenly sensed his inability to register suitably with another partner.

KENDALL finally withdrew from the balcony, and walked downstairs into the lobby. He wanted conversation, companionship and an opportunity to give utterance to thought, a desire to dispel the monotony that drenched the moments with dullness.

He noticed a handsome man of middle age, with a calmly pleasant face, evidently exceedingly cultured and genteel, sitting by himself on a nearby divan.

"No objection to my company?" he asked as he stood before him. "Paris apparently has no use for loneliness."

"Quite so!" welcomed the stranger. "Society's her very soul."

"My name's Kendall—Rand Kendall, British Air Force—late of Canadian infantry."

"Henri Barreau, artist! You speak French well. Spent much time in France?"

"About four years. Left home in 1914. Excepting several months in England, spent most of it in France and Belgium."

"Ah, you have seen enough of it," replied Barreau. "I'm glad it's over."

"Yes, and it ended right—"

"France was fortunate. She has waited long for this. Her revenge has come. How splendidly our allies stuck by us! After all their efforts it could only have one ending. And how magnificently this war has brought out the qualities of the nations' manhood. Ah,—" his eyes rested on the dull red ribbon of Britain's highest decoration for bravery—"you have indeed been successful. That is splendid. I must congratulate you on the achievement!"

"A little luck, Monsieur, that's all. Many a braver man has missed out on decorations simply because his action went unobserved. On the other hand, many a medal has been given that—well, some people are VERY lucky."

"You are indeed modest about it. I never yet met a brave man who could not explain his action similarly."

The conversation changed to other topics. Mutually, they found each other entertaining, and for both of them many topics possessed the same interest. Barreau was interested in Canada. He was well versed in its history, and mourned the fact that France had been so negligent in regard to its possession. Some day he was going to Canada to do landscapes. He was getting tired of this commercial work, portrait painting and magazine illustrating.

"I don't think I have seen anything as pretty as the maple leaf in autumn colours. A young lady acquaintance of mine, who had been doing war work, became acquainted with several Canadian soldiers who had been badly wounded. One of them last year promised to send her some maple leaves when they reached home. They came well preserved in varnish, and done up so neatly that they escaped material damage on the way over. They are simply beautiful—exquisitely so! A wood of those trees! Mon Dieu, what a sight! No wonder you Canadians fight so well. Your country is so magnificent—not as historic, as romantic as France, but ever so much more spacious—more wonderful. France is getting old, and, in parts, very homely. But Canada, ah, that is the country of opportunity, of promise! All Europe is looking towards it."

Canada—home! The thought was enough to make Kendall homesick. He turned the conversation to something else.

"Paris is very festive already," he remarked, casually, with the air of a man who disdained abstractions, and was interested only in the realities of the moment.

"By nature, we are a care-free people, and as soon as the danger is passed we quickly revert to our former ways. Paris was always noted for its merry-makers. Hardly a night goes by there is not something of interest in the line of dances, social parties, theatre affairs or estaminet entertainments. I know of a masquerade ball to be held at eleven o'clock. If you care to come I can arrange it. I assure you it will be worth while. It is strictly a conservative affair—quite conventional, I warrant you!"

"I would be delighted to accept your invitation; it is indeed kind of you. But the very important question of a masquerade dress! What shall I wear? I haven't anything suitable just now at my convenience, and it is too late to secure—"

"You come with me, and I'll look after such trifling details. You do me an honour to accept the invitation!"

In due time all the details were arranged. Kendall found himself dressed in the garment of a troubadour, with long cloak, the sweeping folds of which trailed on the ground. He felt a delightful sense of expectation and relief when considering the adventures the evening might bring forth. He had always an eye for attractive women, and felt more or less at ease and happy in their society. And then the possibilities of the masquerade, the chance of meeting some congenial woman, some beauty in disguise that perhaps resembled Fay a little bit. He laughed as he thought of it.

The masquerade was given by a wealthy banker in the gardens of his palatial chateau on the left bank of the Seine. Many notables in the financial, artistic, social and diplomatic world were there. Kendall was not interested in any of them. What introductions he received he did not care to take advantage of by following up to a closer acquaintance. He was young, and a passion for the fair sex kept him from specializing on any of the guests of prominence. In the rambling old garden, with its roses and moonlight, and the lanterns and shrubbery, with the laughter of young girls, who flitted about like butterflies over the grassy carpet of the lawns, and the wild witchery of the orchestra as it revelled in joyous themes, Kendall found a particular enchantment. He amused himself by picturing in his fancy the beauty of those who possessed such laughing voices, and he wondered if those eyes—bright and sparkling—that blinked out at him from the covering of a mask, if the features of the face were as delicate and full of subtle beauty as the gaze. One lithe young dancer attracted him particularly. She was dressed, even to the pettiest detail, in the costume of an Oriental; and, as far as appearances went, was true to the type. In her ears—and Kendall noted them with interest—glistened the thin gold ear-rings of the women of Constantinople. A Mohammedan veil, a thin, transparent burka, veiled her face, under which a mask shrouded her beauty. And her lips! Thin little streaks of red; they smiled, and through the film of mystery, of romance, Kendall smiled back as she disappeared into the shrubbery. Settling his mask upon his eyes, he searched for her, and found her sitting beside a rosebush, alone. Upon her breast, half hid in waves of silk, lightly reposed a small ornament—a golden maple leaf!

"Mademoiselle," he said, bowing gracefully, "may I have the honour of the next dance?" He was amazed at the boldness of the venture. There was a moment of silence, and when the orchestra suddenly commenced a waltz she acceded gracefully.

She danced with the classic charm of a professional. She possessed an almost uncanny sense of absolute balance, and as the music varied and its various themes moved swiftly on the calm air, she knew how to swing in with each different phase. She was unhampered by conventional orthodoxy; there was nothing mechanical about her movements, so that Kendall felt he was dancing with one woman in a thousand who lived up to his ideals of the graceful art.

The rhythm delighted them, and mutually they found no need of speaking as they tripped lightly over the soft green. Kendall concentrated his energies on the problem of segregating from the mass of dancers its most delectable fragment, and when the dance was over he succeeded in putting his scheme into action. Strategically, he led her to a quiet corner in the shrubbery, where he found a rustic bench, so favourably and conveniently placed that it looked as though Fate was taking more than a little interest in the proceedings.

Kendall's elatement as he sat beside her was lowered perceptibly by a sense

of his own insufficiency. He felt like a poacher being discovered by an efficient guardsman. As though he was in imminent danger of being detected for what he was, merely a frivolous visitor, and that even his thoughts would by some occult transition be conveyed to her understanding, for he dreaded the thought of her knowing anything of Fay. Irritable, moody and nervous, he spoke about the first thing that entered his mind. And that was a question concerning Paris.

"Rue de Boulognes," she said. "I have an artist friend who lives there."

"I remember reading a bit of Poe. A mystery story, or something in that line. That street figured in it. You read Poe?"

Through the light transparency of the burka he noticed a smile play around her lips. There was also an indication of a mightily distracting dimple. Dimples lend an added charm to smiles. Fay had a dimple, and every petty detail of her beauty that was mirrored in another appeared doubly entrancing, and enhanced its beauty a thousand fold.

"I read him," she said, "more than once. He is sad, mournful, and often horribly grotesque, but always interesting—a real artist." And then after a thoughtful pause: "Canada hasn't any truly great writers, has she? Ah, monsieur, I love Canada! I have seen a lot of her soldiers, and they were splendid fellows!"

She smiled again, and her eyes flashed upwards from the tiny vents of the mask, bright, luminous with enthusiasm and admiration.

And Kendall felt that she was not only dainty and beautiful, but wholesome and decidedly indicative of womanliness of a rare and superb kind. Nothing in her demeanour spoke of anything but worth and artistic intellectuality.

"Were you ever in Canada?" he asked.

"No, but I have that in me that appreciates the country and its people. The people of France can only be of one kind from now on. We have seen so many men of different races come here and fight for us that we can't be anything but cosmopolitan. Naturally, we all have our favourites. For my part I like the British. You are all real gentlemen, but none of the soldiers that I know who fought for France will live as long in my memory as the Canadians—"

"Why do you think so much of the colonials?" he asked, with the air of one who had been born and brought up in England.

If Kendall could have seen under her mask he might have distinguished the first traces of a blush that crept down secretly into her cheeks. Unconsciously she turned her head away.

"For one thing the Canadians are such lovers," she said.

"That's a full-grown compliment to pay them," he commented. And in pleasant provocation he added: "Grown of experience, I suppose."

She laughed a little, and Kendall caught a glimpse through the veil of a tight-lipped smile, as though the recollection of a past experience was pleasant and unpleasant, according as circumstances had toyed heartlessly or played decently with the situation.

"I suppose," ventured Kendall, "they were mostly birds of passage."

"You mean they weren't real lovers at all!"

"Certainly not. Like most Canadians who came to France, they wanted something to amuse them in their spare time; and who is better for that purpose than a pretty girl?"

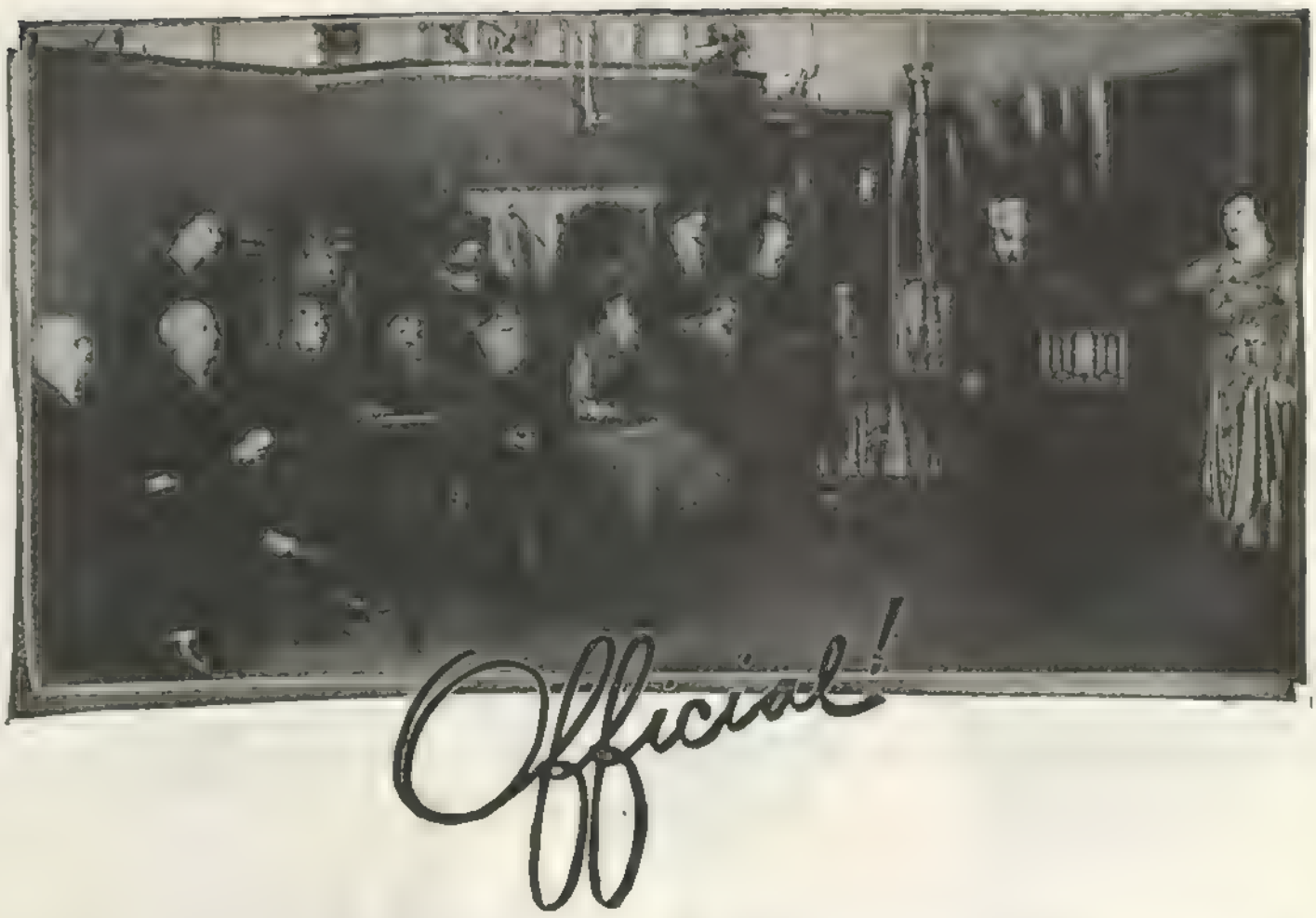
"You wrong them!" she said indignantly. "You tire me when you talk that way."

Unexpectedly she relaxed, hurt by the tone of his remarks. Her eyes clung to his for one mad moment. And then, carried relentlessly on the current of romance and mystery that had moved so swiftly, Kendall felt himself swept onwards, embarrassed and confused, enmeshed completely in the throes of blind excitement. He was dimly conscious of her coming flight when he heard the strain of another waltz.

"Mr. Stranger," she said curtly, "I do not want to hear you speak so slightingly of the Canadians. They are not a crowd of roving Lotharios. Indeed, if you possessed some of their splendid qualities of affection, you might have a chance to experience the pleasure of a real love affair."

She disappeared in the direction of the lawn, and Kendall followed her with his gaze. The music began to ripple melodiously into full harmony. The feet of the dancers swished lightly over the grass. She joined the crowd and accepted the embrace of the first man to reach her, swung into the eddy, and was borne off swirlingly like a falling leaf in a gust of autumn wind.

(To be continued)



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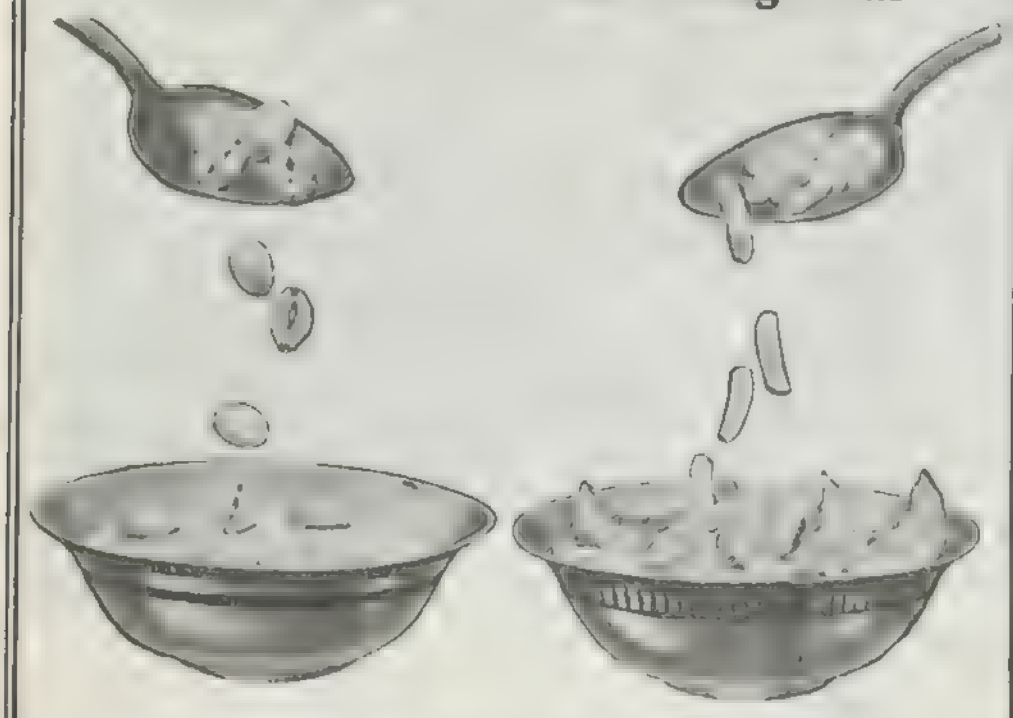

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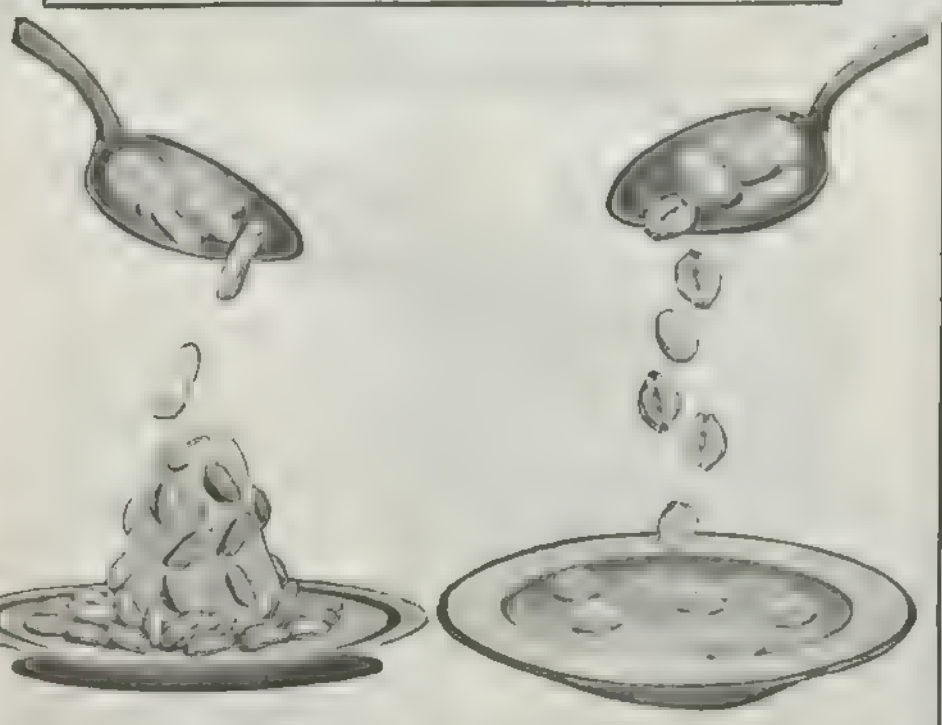

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Elizabeth Surrenders

(*Continued from page 39*)

KITTY (very much puzzled at the turn affairs have taken, but feeling that she must get down to brass tacks at once; she has only five minutes, you must remember): Neville, you haven't congratulated me.

NEVILLE (ignoring her remark): And bronze boots, too. It just goes to show what love will do for a woman.

KITTY: What? (Then down to business again.) Neville, aren't you going to congratulate—

NEVILLE (interrupting rudely): Imagine, if you can, Aunt Elizabeth in bronze boots, all shiny and pointed, and high-heeled!

KITTY (on the point of tears): Neville, I think you're horrid! And what in the world do you mean by saying—

(But Neville raves on, enjoying himself hugely.)

NEVILLE: Doesn't it seem ridiculous that Elizabeth has been my adopted aunt all these years? Imagine Elizabeth's being anyone's aunt!

KITTY: I don't see anything so extraordinary in that—and I'd be grateful if you'd stop raving for two minutes and tell me what the Dickens you're talking about—and why you're so—so—different.

NEVILLE: Why, Kitty—didn't she tell you? Has she left to me the joyful task of telling you the great and glorious news that she and I are as ecstatically happy as you and Alec; that we, too, LOVE—

KITTY (aghast): You're never—eu—eu—

NEVILLE: Engaged! You've said it, Kitsy. (Emotionally) D'ye know, I think I must have always adored her without quite knowing it. But somehow I never had the courage to grasp it, or to ask her to forgive my age—or lack of it, until I heard that Alec, a contemporary of hers, was generously overlooking your extreme youth, forgiving you, your immaturity, and, somehow, it gave me courage—

KITTY: But, Neville, it's an entirely different thing—

NEVILLE: Oh, no, it isn't. Anyway, what do we care? We know, Elizabeth and I, that in the meeting place of hearts there is no age!

KITTY (wailing): But, Neville, she's old enough to be your moth—

(She is interrupted by Elizabeth, who enters, dressed to slay. Her hair is smartly, yet artistically, arranged under a wonderful hat. She is irreproachably gowned, and wears THE boots. She sweeps into the centre of the stage as she speaks, smiling a forgiving and fascinating smile upon Kitty.)

ELIZABETH: Old enough to be his—what? Kitty, dear, that was hitting below the belt. I thought you were too much of a thoroughbred to do that. And anyway, I'm NOT. Tell me you like my boots.

KITTY (struck breathless by all the gorgeousness): Why, you're wonderful wonderful! What a heavenly hat! Where are you going?

ELIZABETH (vaguely): Going? Oh, the hat. Oh, I'm not going anywhere. I put on the hat because I liked it—sort of finishing touch—see?

KITTY (in awe): It is!

NEVILLE: It finished me, all right, all right! I am at your feet, darling.

(With an ecstatic wriggle, he falls at her feet on the floor, quite obviously, abjectly adoring. He is giving the best imitation he knows how of a Bernard Shaw character he once saw—Eugene in Candida.)

KITTY (so exasperated that she can't control her tongue): You're making an idiot of yourself. Elizabeth is old enough to be—

(But she pauses as she sees Elizabeth's eye fixed coldly upon her; the thought that Elizabeth is as much infatuated with her erstwhile nephew as he with her strikes a chill to her heart.)

NEVILLE (still enacting Eugene): Don't be a silly little f-f-fool.

KITTY (good for Nev!): What does it matter that I was born a few years later than Elizabeth—

KITTY (contemptuously): A few!

NEVILLE (who believes that one can't have too much of a good phrase): In the meeting-place of hearts there is no age.

KITTY: You said that before—and there's no sense in it, anyway!

ELIZAETH (quietly chuckling to Neville as Kitty turns away in disgust): Keep it up, Nev; you're a scream!

NEVILLE (keeping it up): Kitty, it's a truth that you and Alec should realize to the full, if you're going to know such happiness as mine and Elizabeth's—I mean, Elizabeth's and mine!

(Nev. seizes Kitty about the waist and dances her, protesting and half-crying, about the studio, singing joyously: "The hours I spent with thee, Dear Heart; she loves me, Elizabeth loves me! I'm the happiest man on earth!)

(Alec arrives at the door just in time to witness this extraordinary happening, which embarrasses him almost as much as the vision of Elizabeth in fine raiment. Kitty falls into a chair, much dishevelled, and Neville again falls in an exhausted heap at his adored one's bronze boots.)

ALEC (calmly): Don't be an ass, my boy. You surely don't think that a woman—(he looks at her)—a glorious woman like Elizabeth would look at a silly young ass like you—do you?

KITTY: Oh, oh, he's not a silly young ass—he's very clever—

NEVILLE: In the meeting-place of hearts there is—

ELIZABETH: Alec! Did I interfere, and talk indelicately about age, and so forth, when you told me that you were engaged to Kitty—your ward? Mind your own business, my friend, and we'll mind ours. (She smiles a killing and captivating smile at him.) And perhaps in June, when the daisies are blooming, we'll have a double wedding, we four.

KITTY (so completely overcome with grief that she just naturally doesn't care who knows it): The daisies will bloom over my grave first!

(Alec intercepts a jubilant look between Nev and Elizabeth.)

ALEC (Drily): Huh! Dear me! Yes, indeed. I thoroughly approve of the June wedding.

(Neville's imagination runs riot. He chuckles delightedly and murmurs.)

NEVILLE: Golly, we'd look funny marching down the aisle; look as if we'd got mixed in the shuffle.

ALEC: Oh, no, not at all, my boy. I'll see to it that—

ELIZABETH: Ssh! Listen—the kettle's boiling over! Run and make the tea, Kitty. Alec, help her carry in the things.

(Kitty has flown for the kitchenette when she hears the kettle sizzling. Alec follows leisurely. Neville and Elizabeth fall on each other's necks in uncontrollable mirth. Her arms wave weakly behind his back; his wave weakly behind hers.)

Nev, you're rich! "In the meeting-place of hearts there is no age!"

NEVILLE: I made it up myself! How long are we going to keep this up? I love doing it—don't you?

ALEC (calling): Neville, my boy, come here. I can't find the cream-opener.

NEVILLE (running to the rescue, and speaking as he goes): There isn't such a thing; I use m' thumb!

(Enter Alec once more, closing the door behind him. He walks directly to Elizabeth, and takes her almost roughly by the shoulders.)

ALEC: Elizabeth, confess!

ELIZABETH: Ten minutes ago it was you who needed absolution.

ALEC: Out with it, and don't economize your veracity more than you can help!

ELIZABETH (all injured innocence): Alec!

ALEC: Well, what was the plot, scheme, nefarious intrigue?

ELIZABETH (on the defensive): You were the original plotter, schemer, intrig—trigger!

ALEC: Perhaps it's only fair for me to fess up first, Betsy. Well, once upon a time, a man loved a woman—and he loved her all his life.

(We see the door open a crack, and know that Nev. and Kitty are peeping but, bless them, Alec and Elizabeth are too absorbed to see it.)

ELIZABETH: And once upon a time a woman loved a man—a woman who thought that she loved only her art.

ALEC (gently): My dear.

ELIZABETH: And once upon a time a boy loved a girl, a boy who was young and poor, and too proud to make sure of her, you see, by asking her to wait a little while.

ALEC: But they've enough between them—poor, foolish Nev!

ELIZABETH: Poor foolish boy—and poor foolish woman.

ALEC: So the man and the girl decided to open the blind eyes of the woman and the boy—always remembering that those whom the gods make to see, they first make—jealous!

ELIZABETH: And the woman, when her one-time love turned to the girl, at first only wondered that it had not happened long before; and then all the chivalrous, tender little attentions of the man to the girl brought back sweet memories—

ALEC: "Sweet memories," dear?

ELIZABETH (nodding): So sweet that she wanted to wring the girl's silly little neck—and carry off the man by main force! Cave woman stuff—see? And the hardest part to bear was

that, in spite of the girl's dainty sweetness, the woman couldn't believe that the man had ever forgotten—could forget. So she put all her pride in her pocket, and tried to make him remember—

ALEC: Yes?

ELIZABETH: In a killing hat and bronze boots she tried to make him remember. But it wasn't all selfishness, for she felt that the girl and the boy really belonged to each other—the dear girl, and the dear, dear boy. Oh yes, the woman put her pride in her pocket—but that didn't prevent her nearly exploding with rage when she overheard a conversation on this very spot, that told her of the deception being practised at her expense—and the boy's

ALEC: You heard!

ELIZABETH: I listened!

ALEC: I thought and hoped that you would.

ELIZABETH: You surprising man! Well, we decided, over the snapper-fasteners, that four could play at that game as well as two, so, just to give you a bad quarter-of-an-hour we announced OUR engagement instanter—

ALEC (smiling): You have a vindictive disposition, Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH: Yes—and I love the way your hair grays there at the sides—

ALEC: Has anyone ever told you that you are the most adorable woman in the world?

ELIZABETH: Yes—you—with your eyes—every time we've met and scrapped in the past ten years—

ALEC: Then you weren't really jealous, Elizabeth—Betsy?

ELIZABETH: Madly!

ALEC: How foolish!

ELIZABETH: And how needless—how tragically needless. O my dear, why did you ever let me go? Why didn't you make me see how you loved me, and that love was the biggest thing of all?

ALEC: The paths of Fame were for your treading, Betsy.

ELIZABETH: And what happiness have they brought me, as I tread 'em—in carpet slippers? (She half-laughs.)

(The door opens a bit wider, and Neville and Kitty tiptoe in, hand-in-hand. But the others don't see them yet—they are alone in a world of their own.)

ALEC: And you'll marry me after all, my dearest, in June when the children marry?

("The children" stand, breathless, waiting for her reply. Then when she has spoken again, they hug each other ecstatically.)

ELIZABETH (airily): They're young; let 'em wait till June, Dear Heart—but us—let's be married TO-MORROW!

(And then what happens? Why state the obvious. You know as well as I do what happens!)

Permanent Peace

TO THE EDITOR OF EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD:

YOUR issue for the month of June, in addition to many most excellent features, contains an article by "Salome," on the question of "Permanent Peace." I wish to compliment you on the publication of this particular article, and would suggest that you give "Salome" a full page of every issue to present more of the same eternal truth.

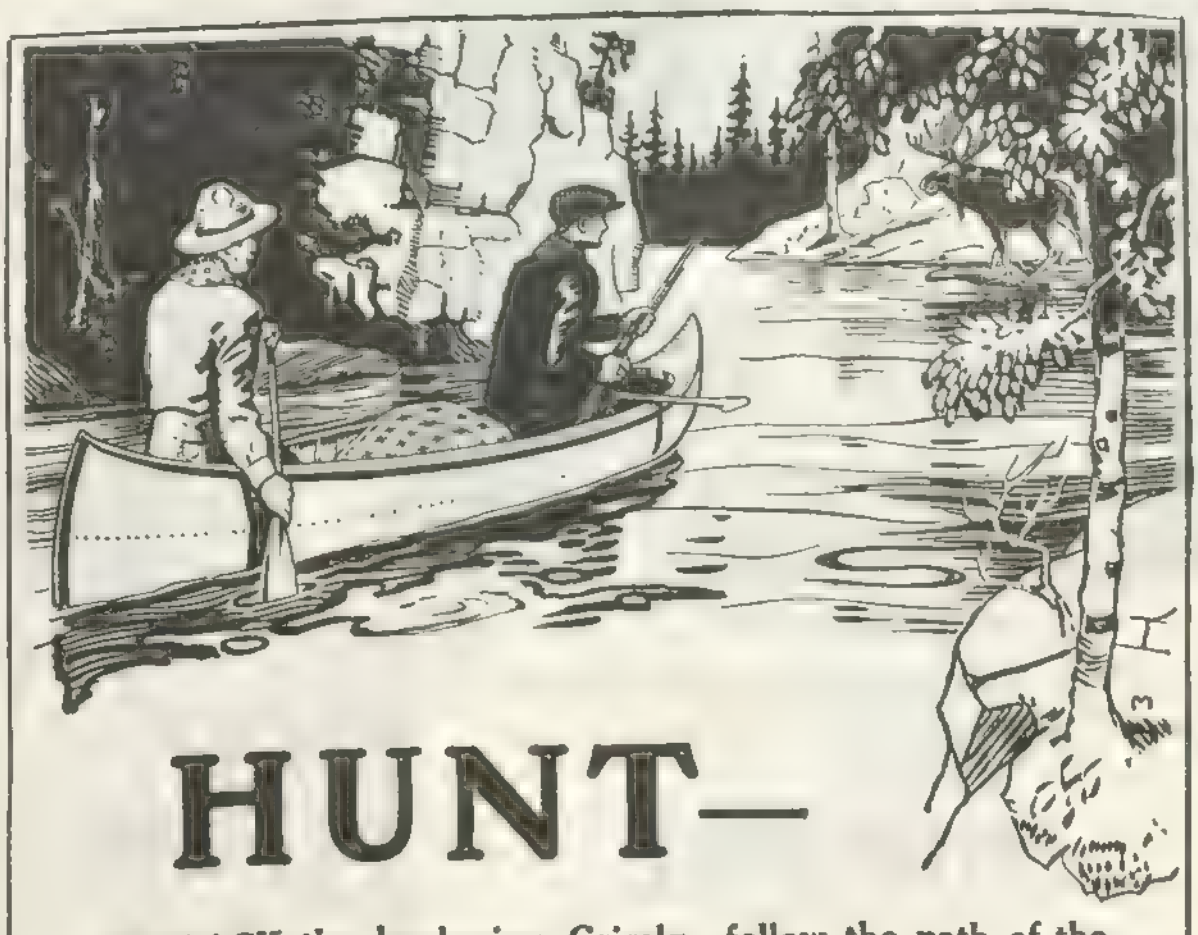
Following the colossal struggle of the past four years, the people are hungering and thirsting for British-Israel truth. The British occupation of Palestine, the British entry into Jerusalem, the triumphant entry of Britain's forces into that quondam queen of Islam—the city of Bagdad, are matters of vital importance. They tell the story of the beginning of the end of the "Times of the Gentiles" (The Turk), and the re-occupation of Palestine under the restoration which is to stretch from the Nile to the Tigris, and from the sandy stretches of Arabia to the foothills of Armenia.

The first Christian Governor of Jerusalem is an Englishman, and a graduate or Oxford University. His residence is on the top of the Mount of Olives, and he administers a strip of territory running from Jerusalem to the waters of the Jordan.

Surely we are in the days of the fulfillment of the most important prophecies of the Old and New Testament, and such a paper as yours would do well to feature such matter. Photographs are easily obtained, and if you have any difficulty in getting them I shall be pleased to help you. My daughter has been a subscriber to your publication for some time, and I have usually glanced through your every issue. The article on page 61 of the June issue caught my eye and my heart. Thanking you for the same, as a believer in this kind of truth, believe me,

Yours sincerely,
J. G. WALLIS EVANS.

Commandant, Kingston Unit, Army and Navy Veterans.



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In addition to these features, the book contains an explanation of the Perfect Seal Jar and other jars made by us. Glass jars are the only correct containers for canned goods, and those made by the DOMINION GLASS COMPANY are the highest grade obtainable.

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For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children. Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder.

A Prince of Egypt

(*Continued from page 9*)

harsh, my movements appeared rough. In a word, it was as though I were always breaking in upon the peace Dryad Dixon had created, as though I were constantly bringing heat and dust into a place of coolness and calm.

I disliked her, but my dislike was not tinged with jealousy, although it was perfectly obvious that every doctor and patient preferred her to the rest of us. But most of all, I resented her inefficiency, or, more properly speaking, that peculiar Something which rendered the only efficiency I knew—Work—unnecessary.

I suppose I could not be blamed for my disapproval, for I am a plain woman, and every success of mine has been gained by conscientious and fatiguing toil. I could never have learned to roll a bandage by calmly sitting still and thinking how it should be done! And I could not bring myself to accept a nurse who appeared to dodge the hard work her profession entails, even though she did achieve extraordinary results.

BY degrees, I came to think about her constantly. We all did. Whenever two or three of us met together, Dryad Dixon was the subject of our conversation. On the other hand, she did not think about us at all. Judging from her diary, her every thought centered itself in Egypt. Very shortly after coming to us, she wrote:—

After a little difficulty, I got "night leave," and, of course, I went out to the Pyramids. A noisy trolley carried me nearly there—fancy desecrating the desert with a tram! There were only a few people about—tourists, maybe, I don't know—and a half a dozen natives, looking like huge moths in their flowing cloaks. Their presence did not disturb a peculiar feeling that came over me as soon as my feet touched the sand—that strange anticipation of coming-homeness which I cannot possibly explain.

The night was beautifully clear, and glowing with a radiance the like of which I have never seen elsewhere. Everything was bathed in shimmering rose. The moon, dazzling and bright, threw on the pink sands a pale rose glitter. A soundless ocean of immovable pink waves stretched before me into mystery and silence.

The desert! I love it with a passion so nearly physical as to frighten me. I love to look at it, to smell it; I love to lie down, so that my body is folded in the embrace of the warm sands. Strange things are suggested to me out there.

I felt very small and much afraid. The three Huge Shapes rose from that pink sea, themselves suffused with a ghostly pinkish colour, and towered above me. Ghosts, yes, skeletons—all that remains of a kingdom, whose people never dreamed that some day it would be represented only by three gaunt, monster signs, the undulating waves of sand, and silence.

It surprised me to realize that the noises one might expect to hear from Cairo, "the great town hard by, which sweats gold now that men have started to buy from it, its dignity and its soul," were deadened, lost in the intervening space. The only proof that Cairo did exist was a phosphorescent glow flaring up into the wonderful Egyptian sky. I turned my back upon it and lay at full length upon the sand.

The silence! It was so complete as to be perfect—something to be worshipped as all perfection should be. I think I lost all consciousness of the present—of everything but God. For the first time in my life I worshipped Him.

When I finally looked about me, the people who had been shivering in small groups out there had miraculously disappeared, their footsteps making no sound on the sand, which, like a carpet of felt, spread all about me. I had arisen, startled to find that I was alone, save for the Pyramids, and the Sphinx and little Achmet, sleeping happily on a rising slope of deadened pink. And looking up into that ancient face, which they say once boasted of beauty, I fell to wondering, like Pierre Loti, whom it represented. King Amenamhat? The Sun God? Or was it, perhaps, only a symbol built after long years of meditation on the wherefore of our lives and deaths, to express in the smile of those closed lips the utter futility of human speculation?

Just then I heard a sigh; a breath stirred behind me, and I turned expecting to see Achmet, awakened from his nap, and come to urge me to go home.

But no one was there!

In the pale rose mist I could see the little Arab still lying like a dark blot against a sand hill. There was not a soul in sight, and yet I knew that if I could only look harder, listen harder, and touch harder, I would see, hear and contact a living presence standing beside me.

Fascinated, I stood motionless, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of breaking the mysterious spell, and experiencing the sensation of being the object of someone's close scrutiny. Every instant I expected to see a form, hear a voice, feel a touch. . . . . And all the while, the Sphinx looked out over our heads and smiled . . . smiled . . . .

Achmet awoke. He came running toward me. Distinctly, I felt the withdrawal of that Presence. Farther and farther away it went, until I was conscious of it no longer. Then I consented to go home.

WHO WAS THAT?

My feelings toward Sister Dixon became extremely contradictory. My professional self still disliked her, for she stood for all that I considered impractical, unreasonable. At the same time, it was no longer possible to ignore the fact that when near her every atom of antagonism vanished, and that love was the only emotion which would vibrate in the peculiar atmosphere surrounding her person. It was very odd.

No words of mine can describe the effect of being in her presence. But at the time of which I wrote, nothing would have induced me to acknowledge such an effect, much less try to put it into words, for it was inexplicable, "queer;" I was unable to test it with a thermometer or reproduce it on a chart.

How vividly I remember that sense of coolness, of peace!

There was something more, too, for which even now I cannot find adequate words—that feeling of exaltation one experiences on hearing a hymn sung by hundreds of voices, or, more rarely, that deeper thrill which comes with the knowledge of the closeness of the Spirit.

I WAS not the only one who loved to be near her. The men watched for her coming as a thirsty traveller watches the lessening distance between himself and an oasis. A wave of freshness swept over the entire ward as soon as Dryad Dixon appeared. On the instant, dozens of wasted hands were stretched out toward her; dozens of husky voices clamoured for a word, a smile. As she passed between the beds, the men touched her, caught at her hands or her uniform, and held to her for a moment. She was followed by eyes from which shone frank idolatry, and yet, stranger than all the strange things about her, jealousy was conspicuously absent from the wards. The boys watched her attention to a comrade in much the same spirit they would have shown if asked to share their last cup of water with a more needy friend. They loved her dispassionately, as one would love a flower, music, peace.

Colonel Mowberly brought the nearest approach to jealousy amongst us. And yet, he did not look upon the boys as rivals. Against just what his jealousy could be directed was clearly baffling to him. Dryad Dixon discouraged his advances without apparent preference for anyone else, and without any evidence of dislike for him.

"Won't you come out with me and visit the mosques?" I overheard him beg one day.

She smiled and shook her head.

"Well, what about a short dyabeah trip?" he persisted.

She refused that, too.

The Colonel was visibly hurt. "What are you going to do?" he blurted.

Dryad Dixon hesitated. "I am going out to the desert—to look at the Sphinx," she finally said.

"To look at the Sphinx?" he echoed. Our Colonel was not a conceited man, but that a girl should spend her precious afternoon off duty gazing up into that ancient face of crumbling stone when she might be luxuriously escorted through Cairo and its environs by a superior officer—well, it did seem incredible!

"But you must know every aspect of it by now," he protested.

"I do!" The Sister laughed a little, and her eyes looked quite through Dan Mowberly and fixed themselves on some happy, distant vision. "That is why I like to go. I know her so well."

"Then take me, too, and improve my

acquaintance." There was a note of wistfulness under the flippancy with which the Colonel made this double entendre.

"I will, indeed," the girl promised, with genuine cordiality—"some other time! To-day, however, I think I can rest better if I am alone."

He came to me when she had gone, and after much awkward circumlocution, remarked:

"Sister Dixon seems rather overtired. Have you noticed it?"

I muttered something contradictory, but he was not listening.

"I understand she has acquired the habit of wandering about the desert, alone." He paused, as if waiting for me to speak. "It isn't a healthy habit—that! One gets extraordinary fancies out there, especially under these abnormal conditions. I have heard stories—" he pulled himself up short and blustered: "She needs recreation, companionship! Brooding won't do her any good!"

"She broods less than anyone I ever knew," was my reply.

He shook his head. "Can't always tell by appearances. This mania, now, for trapsing off to the desert, alone—er—I suppose that she—er—does go—ah—alone?"

The Colonel flung out the essence of his enquiry with a jerk, in a shamefaced, stammering fashion.

"Sister Dixon's engagements during her hours off duty are no concern of mine," I retorted, stiffly.

But he flared out in protest. "They should be! They should be, I tell you! They should be the ones over which your concern is the greatest. You are in charge here, Lena, and the nurses are as much under your care as are the men!"

Then, even as I stared at him, amazed at this outburst, he turned and went quickly from the room.

Although there were several entries made in Sister Dixon's journal during the weeks that followed this conversation, and although Dan Mowberly made repeated and consistent efforts to win at least small favours from her, she never referred to him or to his invitations and advances by so much as a hint. She either wilfully ignored them—which I am inclined to doubt—or else she entirely forgot his existence the moment he was out of her sight. Every thought was concentrated, it appears, upon an effort to establish the identity of that—notion, I am inclined to call it—which came to her in the desert.

SOME pages in her diary just here are covered with conjecture. Could that mysterious living, yet unseen, Presence, be This person or That? Was it the restless spirit of someone who had passed beyond this life, or was it the vivid soul of a body living in a remote part of the earth? Why did it appear to her?

She wrote of "groping," of her "blindness;" she finds it hard to be patient under the "slow development of the sense which is not physical." Then follow a number of entries, that gave me the impression of walking through an ever-diminishing fog. It was as if the girl had been peering from behind a succession of heavy veils, which now began to lift for her, slowly, one at a time. At last she stood triumphant, with but one between her and Sight. She writes in exultation, her pen evidently flying across the pages:—

Oh, the marvel of having my dull senses sharpened, and feeling a finer understanding pierce the hard shell of my material mind!

I am beginning to see .. .. to use those other powers which lie dormant in most of us, and which, when developed, give us an immeasurably broader vision. I can trace almost step by step, the gradual unfolding of my higher consciousness from the day I sat in puzzlement, looking up into the face of the Sphinx and wondering about her message for me, until that time when I recognized a world dimly sensed but unperceived; when I felt the presence of persons I could not see and whose existence I could not understand.

And to-day I attained even a clearer vision.

I went out to the desert. Every step carried me farther from the unreal of this life into the actual of that. I sat in a little hollow surrounded by that waveless, silent sea, and scales fell from my eyes. . . . The place was thronged with Invisible Others, swarthy people in flowing garments, many of which were studded with flashing jewels. I was part of a pageant of ancient Egypt. .. I was in the midst of many people. There were children, and there were animals, too.

(*Continued on page 50*)

"Will Morning Never Come?"

"IF I could only sleep I believe my nerves would soon be all right, but night after night I lie awake and think about everything under the sun."

"What chance is there of getting better so long as this goes on?"

"None. Nerve force is being exhausted nearly twenty-four hours of every day, and there is no rest and sleep in which to replenish the waste."

"One thing sure I cannot stand it much longer, for I know that every week—yes, every day—finds me more restless and nervous, and less able to stand the strain of the day's work."

"I suppose the doctor could give me something to make me sleep, but I don't want that. I am weak enough now. I want something to build up strength rather than to tear down the tissues of the body."

"I believe I will try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I have often heard of it, but never thought I would need to use it. I was always so strong and healthy."

"This nervous trouble is a peculiar ailment. No one would believe what I suffer from sleeplessness and nervousness. I do not look like an invalid, but I certainly am one."

"One thing sure I shall not spend another sleepless night before I begin using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I expect it will take a little time to get my nerves right, but I shall get half a dozen boxes and give it a try out. Something seems to tell me that I shall not be disappointed."

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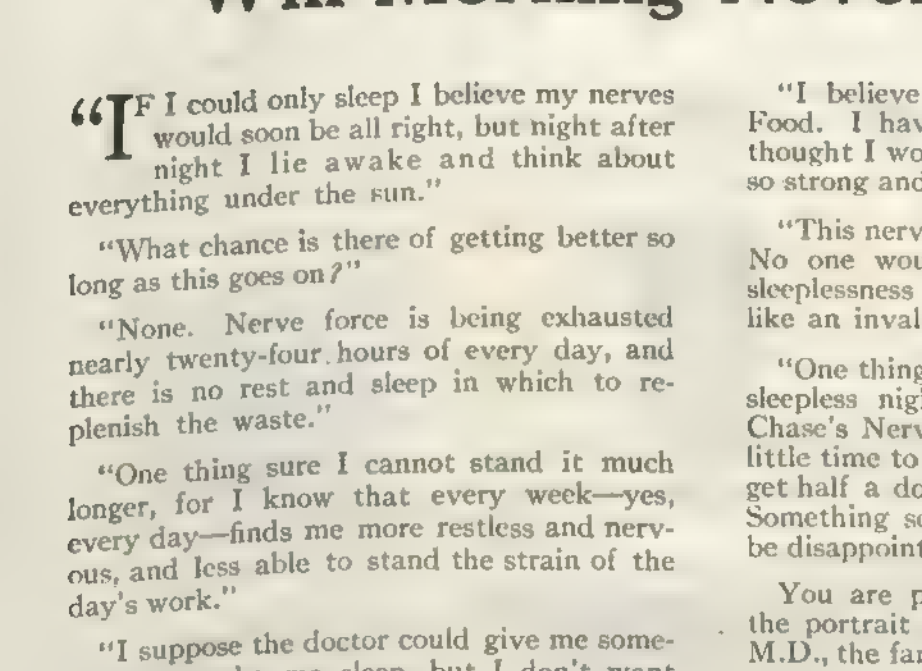

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which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up ugly hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. I will explain all this to any woman who will write to me. I will show how five minutes daily with my simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

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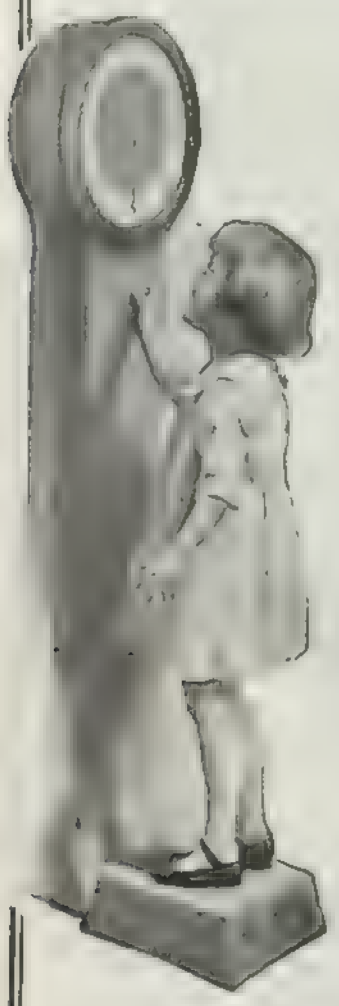
I absolutely guarantee results. No woman need be disappointed. I offer the exercises at my risk. Let me tell you about them. Write for my Free Book (sent in plain sealed envelope). It will tell you just what to do to bring back firmness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin. Write today.

KATHRYN MURRAY

Suite 950 Garland Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

The Cost of Building Bodies



Protein is the body builder. Also the costliest element in food.

Quaker Oats yield 16.7 per cent. protein, which is more than sirloin steak. Potatoes yield less than 2 per cent—bread about 9 per cent.

That's one reason why oats dominate as food for growing children. They excel all other grains in this body-building element.

Figuring protein alone, this is what it costs at this writing in some necessary foods:

Cost of Protein
Per Pound

In Quaker Oats	$ .69
In White Bread	1.30
In Potatoes	1.48
In Beef, about	2.00
In Ham	3.63
In Eggs	2.32

Thus body-building with Quaker Oats costs half what it costs with bread, and a fraction of the cost with meat.

What Energy Costs

Energy value is another food essential. Most of our food consumption goes to supply it.

Quaker Oats yield twice the energy of round steak, six times as much as potatoes, and 1½ times bread.

At present writing energy costs in essential foods as follows:

Cost of Energy
Per 1000 Calories

In Quaker Oats	$ .05½
In Round Steak	.33
In Veal Cutlets	.50
In Average Fish	.50
In Chipped Beef	.75
In Stewing Hens	.52

Thus meat and fish foods average ten times Quaker Oats cost for the same energy value.

This doesn't suggest an exclusive oat diet. Other foods are necessary. But this food of foods—the greatest food that grows—should form your basic breakfast.

It means supreme nutrition, and the saving will average up your costlier foods for dinner.

5½ Cents
Per 1000 Calories

50 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

50 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

60 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

9 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

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Get Quaker Oats because of their matchless flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

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A Prince of Egypt

(*Continued from page 49*)

Soundless noises compassed me on every side, jostlings which did not touch me, the confusion of a voiceless rabble made by many tongues.

Enthralled as never before in my life, yet I was unhappy. I was conscious of being very much alone. I missed something vital from that throng.

Then there was a hush, a thrill of expectancy, and, as if heralded from afar, I sensed the coming of The Presence; an exalted personage before whom the vast crowd prostrated itself and kissed the sand. I looked toward the approaching procession and was awed, dazzled, by its combination of religious pomp and civil splendour.

Priests in magnificent vestments, padded slowly past; beautiful young priestesses, each with a crescent-shaped crown upon her ink-black hair; naked slaves, with bodies that gleamed like polished ebony, and wearing but collars and girdles of burnished metal. There were slender maidens in rose-coloured gauze, who swung great bowls of incense, now and then themselves disappearing behind the clouds of perfumed smoke. And in their midst was born a litter, covered with cloth of gold, and banded with great streaks of glittering blue jewels.

It was set down directly before me, and daring to raise my eyes I saw—I recognized—the Personality whose presence I have only felt all this while!

Did I see a form with my physical vision? No. Some faculty infinitely keener sensed a Soul unhampered by a body. And yet, there was about it as much difference from those Others, as one piece of music is different from another, as one living face is different from its fellows.

That Presence drawing nearer to me seemed to enfold me in a strong golden light. The desert filled with a humming harmony. I have an idea that the vast throng made its obeisance to ME, and then fell away. I experienced the strange sensation of leaving my body sitting in the sands, while I followed whither that warm golden light led.

There comes to me no remembrance of leaving the desert. . . . .

The attitude of my old friend, Dan Mowberly, and his remark that the nurses were just as much in my care as the men, stung me into making more persistent efforts than I otherwise would to learn something about Dryad Dixon. She was not at all secretive or reticent about herself, but that her meagre history might hold anything of interest to the rest of us never seemed to occur to her. Piece-meal, however, I learned that she had been adopted from a Home by quite an ordinary woman, whose intention had been to bring her up in a menial capacity. "I am afraid I was not very satisfactory as a servant," the girl told me, simply. "So she was good enough to promote me, and I became a sort of companion."

"And were you satisfactory as a companion?" I inquired, with a tinge of irony in my voice. It was lost on her.

"Indeed, I was a flat failure," she admitted. "I used to forget to listen when she talked to me—she talked a great deal, you know—and naturally that annoyed her."

"Naturally," said I.

"But even so, she was very kind. Finding out how anxious I was to take the Nurses' Training Course, she advanced the money necessary and let me go. I like to remember, now, how promptly I repaid her all I owed."

"Why, 'now'?"

"Because she was killed in one of the Coast raids, and she was tremendously fond of her money. I am sure that she could not be happy knowing that I, or anyone else, owed her a farthing. She would be very apt to come back and say so."

I stared aghast at this pagan philosophy.

"You surely can't believe that she would concern herself with thoughts of money now, even if she could come back," I cried. "Her mind is engaged with spiritual affairs."

Dryad looked at me in open amazement. I would have provoked the same expression had I asked, 'Who was Moses?'

"It never was, here," she argued firmly. "She got into the habit of thinking about her money—nothing but her money. It will require some time for her to break herself of it. Yes, I am glad I didn't owe her anything but gratitude. I can still pay her that."

It was about this time that I began to share Colonel Mowberly's suspicions, and I doubted that Sister Dixon spent her hours in the desert alone, for, of course, it was only afterwards that I read her diary. She changed physically from day to day. Her eyes shone with a peculiar light, and behind the stars which gleamed from their blue deeps was the look of the woman who is loved.

I know now that I should have investigated all this, but at the time it seemed impossible—there was so much more to be done that I could possibly accomplish! And then she was so queer anyway. One evidence more or less, what did it matter?

She performed her tasks as usual. Without seeming to do very much, she was always getting things done. She continued to hold the hot hands of the fever patients, and reduce their temperature with that monotonously quiet, coolly suggestive talk of hers; and always, without saying very much, she left the men hopeful and encouraged. In a word, Dryad Dixon brought them happiness without excitement, cheeriness without boistrousness. I reached the point where it was impossible to deny her helpfulness, to ignore the fact that whenever work or patients got beyond us, it was Sister Dixon who was called to establish peace and order. I am ashamed to confess that her hours of rest were sacred to none of us, as they should have been. She worked so easily that she did not seem to work at all, and no one had any compunction about disturbing her.

This was especially true of the men. They seemed to receive from her some sort of strength or relief that none of us could give; and, sacrilegious as the thought appeared to me, I could not rid myself of the impression that there was a healing property in her touch—some power derived from a source unknown to me.

Many of the men clamoured to kiss her, and I was startled more than once by the strange look which crossed their faces as her cool lips touched their burning skin.

"It was the breath of her mouth that gave life back to me the night I nearly died," Jim Donaldson told me, and his eyes were wide with wonder, and the expression of him who has experienced something holy. "I need her. Send her to me," he begged. "She said she would come if I could not sleep."

I REALIZE now that her ministrations were performed with such utter detachment that she was hardly conscious of any of us. But there were times when I used almost to hate her for that cool aloofness, through which no one could penetrate. In reading the portion of her journal which now follows, a portion out of which her eyes seem to gleam like deep blue flames, it seems quite incredible that she should have come back to us at the hospital at all:—

He is a man . . . . a Prince . . . . young! I have talked with him! How absurd this seems as I write it! Most of all, the statement that I talked with him, for our communication was accomplished without the dragging medium of speech. How else, one might ask? Just as two happily-attuned people converse, silently, in the dark; just as the soul of music speaks to us without words; just as the higher things in life are expressed—not by words, but by the lack of them. "Words," said Demosthenes, "are but the shadows of actions." I would rather say, "Words are but the clumsy expression of thoughts."

As soon as he came to me to-day, I knew that another stage in my evolution had been reached. Not only could I see . . distinguished him from those Others . . but I knew that I could communicate with him. It is difficult to set down in words exactly what we said; I could as easily translate the ripple of water, the softness of cloud, the heart of moonlight.

But it will not be unpleasant to try.

We were alone. He sat close to me and touched me without contact. Suddenly, I heard myself framing thoughts, and the words in which they formed themselves were those of an unfamiliar tongue.

"Wilt tell me thy name, O Spirit?" I asked. "Art thou a god, that people do prostrate themselves and worship thee?"

"Nay, fair daughter of Isis," he replied. "The mighty Toth hath blessed me, and Osiris doth give me the shadow of his brilliance, but I am no god. Knowst not that I am a Prince of Egypt?"

"But thou are not a man," I argued. "Thou are but a spirit. Has spirit sex?"

"Look at me," he commanded.

I obeyed. His face was pale; his eyes, unusually large and brilliant, seemed to pour a joyous message into mine. I could look no longer, and trembling beneath his gaze, I turned my face away.

"Call it what thou wilt," he said, and a triumphant note throbbed in his voice. "Thou must know that I am a man . . . and young."

Amazed, I demanded to know if spirit had age.

"Nay, thou whose fairness dost rival the whiteness of the lotus blossom, spirit has no age .. .. it has eternal youth."

"Then has it been long since thou wert of the living?"

He answered by indicating the vast sweep of silent sands. "Only they remember the greatness of my ancient kingdom. Even thou hast forgotten."

"I?"

"Truly, thou," he repeated, sadly. And once more my eyes fell before his ardent gaze. "But see—perhaps thou canst remember."

A vision spread itself before me. A civilization higher and older than any I had imagined, unrolled there upon the desert. I saw the noble architecture of that ancient city, its solemn halls of worship, its magnificent seats of learning, its voluptuous temples of pleasure. Vividly, in a few moments, I seemed to live close, close to the hearts of its proud and fearless people.

A vast building took shape—a building whose dome was the dark, star-pricked sky. It was thronged with people, and wave upon wave of soundless music filled its dim-lit spaces. I could see the massive marble columns—black—which supported a tracery of delicate carving at their top. I could smell the incense drifting from dull gold censers. And far away, before what appeared to be an altar cut from solid turquoise, and studded extravagantly with glittering gems—before this there stood an aged priest and a fair young couple. The man wore his royal insignia—a crown of gold, from which a jewelled serpent raised its head. The girl by his side.

A cry escaped my lips. I was gazing at myself!

The vision faded. Everything faded. I knew nothing until gradually aroused by the comfort of his presence.

"Beloved," he whispered, enfolding me in a close embrace, "thou were almost mine. Death separated us. As I loved thee then, so I have loved thee all these lonely ages. Tell me, hast thou forgotten, Sweet?"

Confusedly, I tried to answer. I tried to ask why he had not come to me before; why I lived physically and he did not, why we seemed to have escaped from one another through different worlds—he in that, I in this. Clumsily, I put the question: "Dost thou not wish to live?"

"Oh, my beloved, not if thou wilt die!" he said.

One day a peculiar thing happened. Going through the ward, I came upon Sister Dixon painting a patient's wound with iodine. I lingered near a moment to watch her work, when there came to me a faint perfume—The Perfume of Egypt, as it seemed to name itself—illusive, yet distinct. It came from her. I moved closer, only to find that my nose detected nothing other than the pungent smell of iodine. Disturbed, I passed on and tried to forget, but the idea that a delicate, sweet perfume emanated from her, grew firmer.

The boys spoke of it, and I noticed something more .. .. there were times when she sat still beside some mangled form that I heard a gentle humming, a medley of divine harmony; not music, exactly, but an indescribable, noiseless sound which did not reach me through my ears. And several times I saw a queer rose light shining about her head. It was like Egyptian moonlight on the desert sands, or like the faint diffusion of sunshine through a crimson parasol; and I saw this thing at night, long after the hot Egyptian sun had set.

Then I tried to avoid the girl. Queer sights and sounds are bad enough at home; out there, strange things lose their strangeness and the brain swings on a less even balance. "Is it true?" someone asks. "Why not?" another replies. "It happened in Egypt."

I was afraid of reaching the point where mad fancies looked sane to me.

Dryad Dixon had been on duty all afternoon, and was not supposed to be in the ward until midnight. I went at a quarter of twelve to call her.

(Continued on page 53)

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The Woman Who Wrecked the World

(*Continued from page 6*)

than that. She had sense enough to grasp fully the fact that her husband was overwhelmingly in love with her and the old Emperor could arrange for him to meet twenty princesses and that her big Crown Prince would be polite and nothing more, to them all. She knew that all the Emperors in Europe would never make Franz Ferdinand give her up. So when she heard the rumours she merely smiled.

Meanwhile, the old Emperor had driven Franz Ferdinand into a corner, so the young man hurled a bomb. When it burst there came out of the smoke the fact that he already had a wife, a charming, brainy woman, and that he was very happy. But in the eyes of the Emperor, Sophie was merely a low-born Countess of Bohemia, a former lady-in-waiting, a morganatic, unknown wife—moreover, of despised Czech blood. They were joined fast by the Church, and she was the mother of a boy; but the old Emperor smiled. Such things had been arranged before—indeed, very often, in the house of Hapsburg. Why not again?

"I will settle a great sum of money on her," he told Franz Ferdinand. "I will make a great donation to the Church. It will be discovered that you were never properly married"—but Franz Ferdinand shook his head. "She is my wife. She will come to the throne with me."

Morosely the old Emperor shook his head. He sighed as he yielded to the inevitable. "You, too, Ferdinand. I thought you were different—strong. I thought that some day you would be an Emperor with a will of iron. But you are like the rest of us—a woman's face."

Melancholy days dawned for the Emperor, but he would not admit defeat. He called for his counsellors and had them refresh his mind on the statutes. He saw that the law of the Austrian Empire forbade any but a princess of royal blood to come to the rank of empress. He smiled grimly as he read this safeguard against the children of any woman, trapping royalty, from ascending the throne. He laughed as he thought of Franz Ferdinand with a wife who could never reign in Austria; with a child who could never come to the Imperial throne. But he scowled as he reflected that curiously enough this same law did not apply in Hungary and in the other dominions of the Dual Monarchy. In these, then, this obscure Countess could in time become Queen, and her son, in time, King. Perhaps it were better to placate Sophie Chotek. Two days later the old Emperor changed Countess Sophie into the Princess of Hohenberg, and gave to her the title of Serene Highness. This would make her forget her ambitions for the Bohemians, so he thought.

Franz Ferdinand was a strong man; he crossed the Emperor's wishes, jeopardizing his future throne. In a sour mood the Emperor might have banished him then and there. Anthony of Rome, and our own Andrew Jackson were strong men, and they laid their power in women's hands. But Franz Ferdinand, when he yielded to Sophie, became a toy in her hands. Vienna said, "She carries him in her pocket." He was honest and he was blunt, quite without the shrewd gift for diplomacy that belonged to the Hapsburgs. Sophie had her enormous ambition to right the wrongs of the Czechs. He did this not idealistically, possessing no passion for justice, no desire to see down-trodden people uplifted. He did it merely because a dainty hand stroked his chin and a sweet voice said: "Franz, won't you do this for me?" Sugar-fed, spur-pricked, the good steed went prancing into the arena of world politics. Blind to what it would mean, never thinking of the power of the forces in the Dual Monarchy, and in Germany, that he would antagonize by espousing the cause of the Czechs, Franz Ferdinand led their fight. For him, personally, it was bad; for the former maid-in-waiting it was good. At the worst, she would be able to tear out the kingdom of Bohemia from the Austrian "crazy quilt" for her son.

Time went on, and her power became more great. The old Emperor grew to know her wisdom and took her into his counsel. When Austria cynically tore up the treaty of Berlin and annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the diplomats wondered. It was a bold, ruthless act. Being wise men, many of the diplomats gave the credit to Franz Ferdinand. He was young, ambitious, strong. There were others who looked behind the figure of the Crown Prince and saw that stronger woman with the firm chin and the round eyes which at times could be as innocent as a baby's. And they decided that it was she who had inspired the tearing up of the treaty of Berlin—she who had made herself ducal wife, who would carve out a great empire for her son, who would make herself supreme in that empire, or pull down the pillars of Europe.

Nothing was beyond her ambition. She schemed across the borders of Austria. She caused herself to be invited to Berlin by the Kaiser; she pretended to agree with him in his schemes. He did her many honours, all of which helped her in Vienna. The old Emperor raised her to the rank of Archduchess and bestowed upon her the title of Imperial Highness. This cleared her path to the throne; it was the first step toward the removal of the barrier between her son and the throne; it made it possible for that boy of unprincely blood to some day become Austrian Emperor.

In Vienna there formed a strong party opposed to the "Chotek woman," as they called her. They pinned their hopes upon the gallant Otto—he who sought to jump his horse over a hearse in the streets of Vienna. A notorious man, he was married to a Princess of Saxony without beauty. One night, at a time when he was Colonel commanding a regiment of dragoons, he drank deep at Sachers and marched his drunkards home with him to the Imperial Palace in the Ausgarten. They boisterously trooped through the park and fell up the palace stairs. The mad Otto decided he would introduce his boon fellows to the Archduchess, his Saxon wife without beauty. An aged retainer who had accompanied her from her home barred the Archduke's path. Straightening his old spine, he said: "Your Royal Highness shall not enter except over my dead body." Otto drew his saber and in his alcoholic fury slashed open the ancient man. Then with his carousers he crossed the threshold. . . . This was the man who was the hope of the conspirators in Vienna.

The spring of 1914 sped along. Franz Joseph was growing very feeble. The day was not far off when he would die, when Franz Ferdinand would come to the throne, there to be ruled by she whose policies ran counter to those of the Austrian nobility, counter to the Hungarian nobles—to Berlin. With increasing power, she became bold. One day she said that there would soon be a kingdom of Bohemia. The German Kaiser sent for Franz Ferdinand and verified his suspicions. Sophie Chotek had made a fool of him. He had blundered in giving her the prestige of an invitation to his court. Bitterly he realized how adroitly she had used it to further her own position in Vienna.

The Kaiser's talk with Franz Ferdinand showed him that the Austrian heir was as soft clay in Sophie Chotek's hands. The heir was opposed to the ascendancy of Germany in Austrian affairs. He was cool toward the plans of Berlin. He could see no point in making war to acquire all the land down to Turkey. He said it would antagonize the English. The Kaiser discerned that it was his wife speaking through the Austrian heir—she who had cleverly read the designs of Germany, that Teutonic scheme to use Austria as a catspaw and then to dominate Austria and to create a Teutonic empire from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf. She knew that were these things to come to pass, that the German Kaiser would rule all, that her dreams for an independent Bohemia—all her other dreams—would be snuffed out. So to the Kaiser's policies her husband said no. Sophie Chotek and Franz Ferdinand had incurred the wrath of Berlin.

They had both been hated by the Vienna court, she because she had been a lady-in-waiting and had risen to a position where she would be Empress; he because he had married a lowly countess and was fighting for the cause of an oppressed, sneered-on people. They had been hated in Hungary, because they both were committed to the creation of a powerful Czech and Slavish state; and the Hungarians hated the Czechs and the Slavs. The hatred for Sophie and Franz Ferdinand grew when they opposed the schemes of the diplomats in Vienna who desired a great land grab in the Balkans. When Berlin's hate was added their doom was written!

There is a little city in the empire called Sarajevo. It is filled with Jugo-Slavs who hate, with good reason, the house of Hapsburg. In whose brain the plot originated is not yet known. The priest who ministered to Sophie Chotek says that it was the plot of Count Tisza, leader of the Hungarian nobles. It would seem, though, in the light of

(*Continued on page 54*)

A Prince of Egypt

(*Continued from page 51*)

Fully dressed, she lay on her cot. Tendrils of wavy golden hair escaped from under her cap; her cheeks were deadly pale; her lips were parted and smiling. She had crossed her slim hands over her undeveloped breast, and no movement as of breathing broke the eerie, lifeless serenity of her rest.

The nearer I approached, the more disturbed I grew. There was something unnatural about her. I am not afraid of death, and I did not think she was dead, but there was a nameless something there, which turned me icy cold and sent my heart into my throat.

Fighting against this terror with all my strength, I went quite close to the bed and looked down.

THE BODY WAS EMPTY! Like an opaque shell. Not transparent or looking as if devoid of life, but rather as though the Thing which is vital had been drawn away.

Even while I stared, unable to take my eyes from her, there sounded again that humming; I was enveloped in a cloud of perfume; the room glowed with a warm rose light, and I saw IT return to that still body, and fill it.

Dryad Dixon stirred and awoke. Fully conscious on the instant, she got to her feet and started to the door.

"Wait!" I called sharply. "As your superior, I insist that you do not go again into the desert alone. It is not safe. You might easily lose yourself among those endless hills of sand."

And then vaguely wondering what prompted me to connect her recent appearance with the desert, I clutched at the stifling air and fell forward on her bed.

NEARLY two months have passed since that night. I am back in England, slowly recovering from fever. It was worth having—to come out of my delirium one morning and see the trees bursting into what Oscar Wilde called a "shrill green." It was like getting a glimpse of heaven after the eternal pink of Cairo.

I was delirious a long time, which accounts for my delay in writing what now lies before me on these pages. And it looks so strange in England!

Yet there are stranger things to tell. .. .. This diary belonging to Dryad Dixon, for example. .. .. I found it less than a week ago, when for the first time I sorted over the contents of my luggage. How it came to be a part of my kit is still a mystery, for although I do not know who packed for me, I know it was not Dryad Dixon. I was sent to England two days after my last experience with her—and twelve hours previous to my going, she disappeared!

A letter from Colonel Mowberly brought me the news—a letter breathing such a storm of emotion as to make it impossible for me to reproduce it, even in part. Poor, broken-hearted Dan! His love for that girl was like the love of a man for a spirit. He could give me no particulars. She simply left the hospital one afternoon, and never returned.

Although there was torture for him in the thought that she had gone away with someone else, he clung to that belief rather than think she had been lost in the desert. He seemed unable to consider the horror of such a death, and pinned his hopes upon me as a means by which she could be traced. He could bear anything but the uncertainty of not knowing what had become of her. The letter was kept from me until a few days ago.

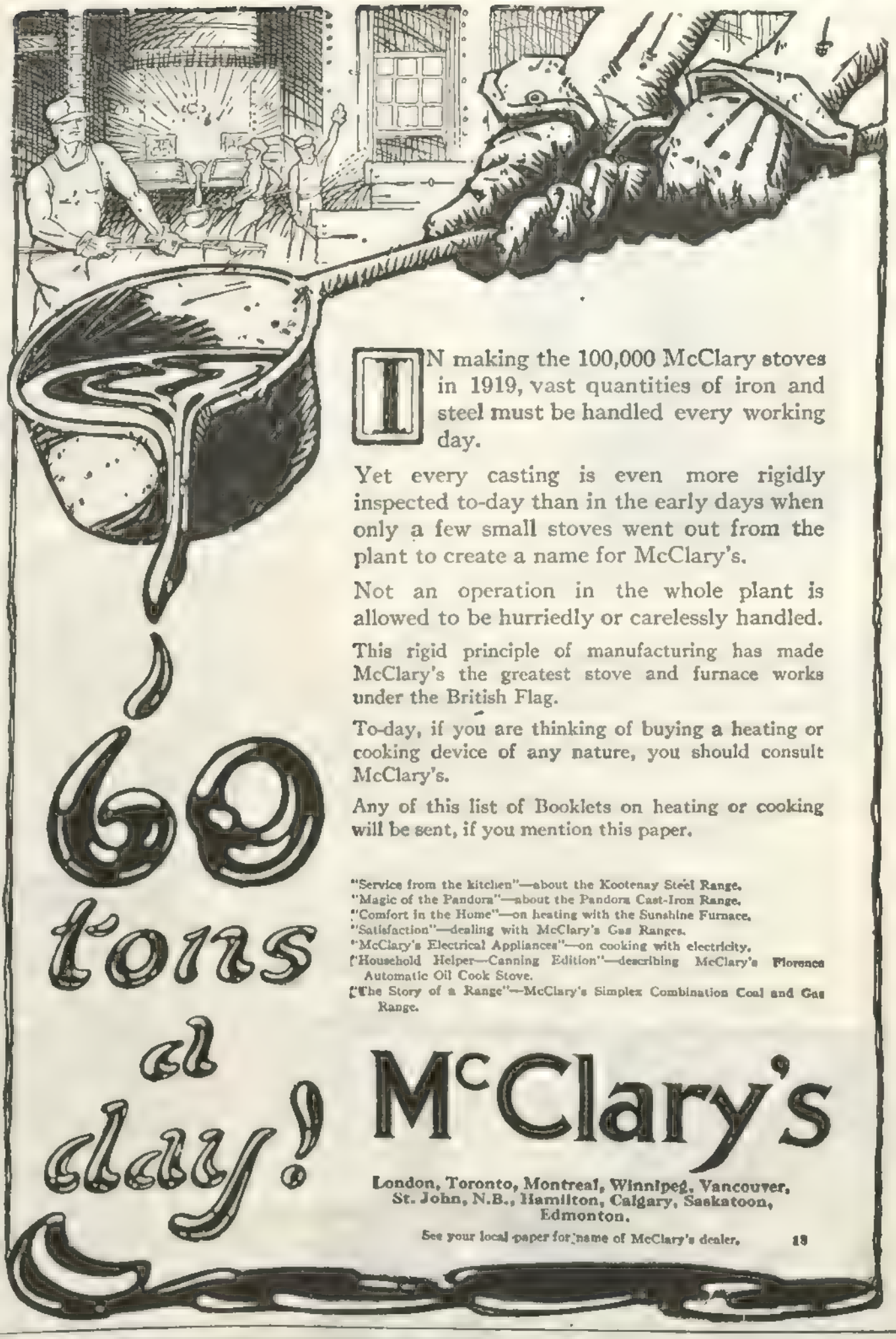
Why did I then feel impelled to look through my luggage? I do not know. Assuredly there was nothing of mine which could throw any possible light on the disappearance of Dryad Dixon! And yet, with faltering feet and trembling hands, I was drawn directly to my kit .. .. and there was this book of hers!

To touch the pages she had written brought back all the strange sensations of those other days; to read them gave me the terrifying certainty of her presence near me. I was again conscious of that faint, elusive perfume—The Perfume of Egypt—diffused about the room. There was, too, a gentle humming, that weird, harmonious medley of sound so difficult to trace, and now and again I knew that the light changed into a silver-rose glow. In England, too .. .. in England!

There is just one more entry—the last in Dryad Dixon's journal—that I should like to give, in answer to Colonel Mowberly's letter. I have no comment to make. I copy it. That is enough:—

Like Job, I sigh and say, "My soul is weary of my life," and at last I understand the message of that

(*Continued on page 54*)



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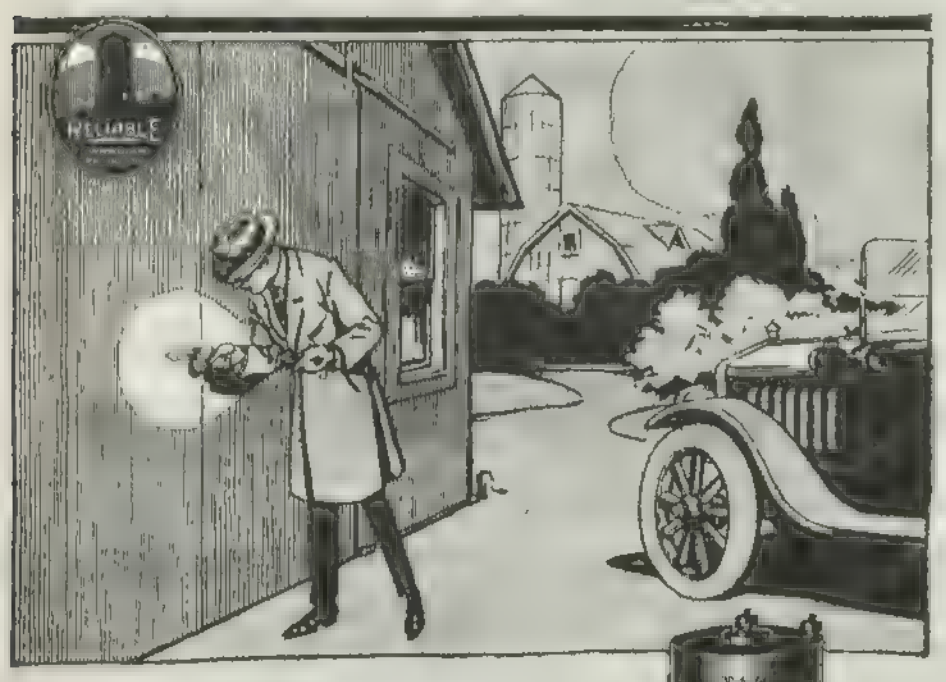

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A Prince of Egypt

(*Continued from page 53*)

wise old woman of stone with her tired smile. I feel keenly the unreality, the vagueness of this passing show, and I have been privileged to know the joy of living for a brief space freed from the burden of a body. To cast it off altogether seems now quite simple; one has but to crawl from it as a butterfly emerges from its chrysalis. I have left my body often of late; sometimes on the sands, sometimes lying on my bed. I am convinced that passing through the veil which divides one world from another—which divides me from him—is but a matter of my own will.

"Death separated us, once," he told me. It shall unite us now!

He loves me! I love him! No words can translate the exquisite communion of souls that is ours. I must go to him to-day .. .. go to him utterly, completely. For some time I have virtually lived out there, compelling my physical body to perform its tasks without me. But such an existence is but a poor compromise. I am cheating both my body and my soul. Besides, my love for him can but half express itself. It is the same with his for me. And for what has this message, this knowledge, been given me if not for my use?

There is none to regret my going. I have nothing to lose; everything to gain. Therefore, to-day—at once—I am determined to take my body out to that great pink desert, and there, in one of the many holes made by those who exhume the mummies at rest beneath the sands, I will bury it.

And even if they find the husk that I have worn throughout my earthly span, I, myself, will be beyond their reach .. .. free .. loving .. .. beloved. .. ..

I come, my Prince of Egypt .. .. I come . . . I come . . .

The Woman Who Wrecked The World

(*Continued from page 52*

recent revelations, that Count Berchtold in Vienna and the Kaiser in Berlin must have known every detail of that plot. In the Vienna court in the summer of 1914 they told Franz Ferdinand that it was his duty, as heir to the throne, to go with his wife to Sarajevo and win the favour of its disaffected people to the house of Hapsburg—an impossible task. Franz Ferdinand knew that Sarajevo was filled with plotters who would welcome the opportunity to assassinate him. He declined to go. The plotters in Vienna caused it to be whispered about that he was afraid; so, in a headstrong way, he said, "I will go."

Before he went the Austrian Foreign Office was warned by the Servian Minister that positive information had come from Belgrade that a plot had been hatched to kill Franz Ferdinand and his wife when they visited Sarajevo.

Vienna let him go. Nor were there any precautions taken for the trip. The priest who was Sophie's spiritual adviser said the other day: "Franz Ferdinand was sent to Sarajevo to be slain. He was led into a trap prepared by the court at Vienna and by the Hungarian aristocracy. Austria never made any proper inquiry into the tragedy, and no one was made responsible for the fact that no precautionary measures were taken to avoid it."

Thereby hangs the tale—the tale goes back to Berlin—to those who swept Franz Ferdinand and the Little Lady of Bohemia from the path of their ambitions, and made the tragedy serve their purpose by creating from it a "cause" for war.

If You Are Ambitious

I HAVE noticed that men who have climbed to great heights, as a rule, have chosen the job which held the larger future, regardless of what it might give in immediate returns. It was not the larger salary they were after, but the larger opportunity. It was the job which gave promise of the greatest future that they wanted, not a "soft snap" with easy money and no future. Many vocations which pay the most money at first have the least future in them. If you must make sacrifices make them when you are first starting out in life. You will find it much easier to make them later. What you need at the outset is, the most of all, the biggest opportunity for growth and development, the job that has the larger possible future in it. If you are ambitious, you won't look for a "soft snap" and "easy money."—Orison Swett Marden in The New Success.

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Virol built up his strength.

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Dear Sirs,

My baby seemed to be quite healthy at birth, but being unable to feed him I tried different foods at various times. At first he appeared to be making progress, but after a few months it became evident he was wasting, and I was advised to try Virol. He soon began to pull round, and in a short time made considerable weight and was altogether brighter and happier. This satisfactory progress has continued, thanks to Virol, which has built up his strength, making him a splendidly sturdy little fellow. In view of the gratifying results obtained, I do not hesitate to recommend Virol whenever the question arises of the best alternative food for baby.—Yours truly, G. C. COLEMAN.

Virol increases the power of resistance to the germs of disease and replaces wasted tissue, it is therefore a valuable food in Measles, Whooping-cough, Infantile Diarrhœa, Influenza, etc.

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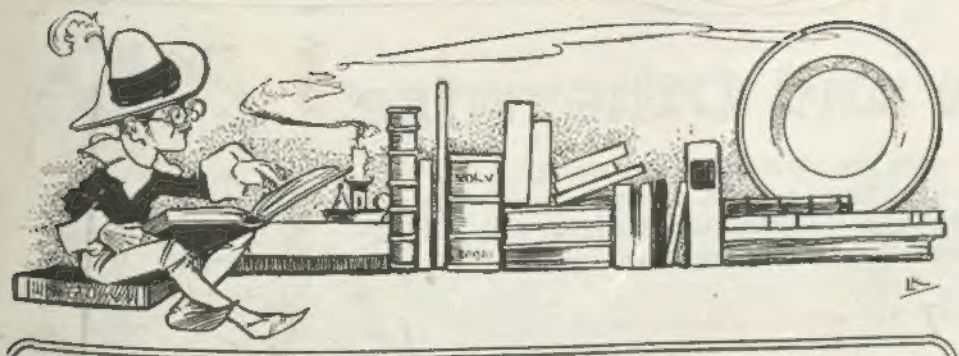

When Do You Read?

IN bed? In the train? In the street car? At meals? On Sundays? On your vacation? Fall evenings? On the water or in your canoe? Whether your answer is yes or no to only one or all of the above questions, whether you read some time or all the time, you will find the privilege of securing any books or music of your choice, free of cost, an invaluable opportunity. The latest popular novels, the standard selections of all great writers, books of travel, biography, science and fiction, are all available to you—*free*—through EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB.

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BOOKS FOR THIS MONTH

See the August issue for additional list.

"RESCUED FROM A HAREM"

A wealthy young American wakes to the sudden fact that he has been made the clever tool of a German spy. Placing his fortune and his services at the disposal of the English Government, he finds time to rescue a beautiful French girl from a Turkish harem, and through her captures the much-wanted spy. This is but a brief outline of George Gibbs' thrilling tale, "*The Black Stone*," price $1.50. A delightful tangle of adventure, mystery and romance.

JIMMIE HIGGINS
By Upton Sinclair. $1.60.

A powerful romance of capital and labour, written in letters of toil, sacrifice and final gain. Mrs. Jack London says: "Jimmie Higgins is immense."

THE CUP OF FURY
By Rupert Hughes. $1.75.

Imagine losing your childhood sweetheart only to find her years later as the adopted daughter of a naturalized English family, of German birth, living in wealth in London and accused of aiding the enemy. This is the startling background of a romance unequalled in intensity and swift-moving situations. A worthy rival of "The Unpardonable Sin."

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1918
By Eugene O'Brien. $1.60.

The thick cream of fiction of 1918 is contained in this recently published collection of the best short stories which have appeared in the current magazines throughout 1918.

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH. By Gregory. $1.50.

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The Way to Her House
Playing With Fire
The Strength of Ten
Life's Story
Round Pegs in Square Holes
Four Alphabets of Characters

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David Copperfield. Dickens
(Two volumes)
Oliver Twist. Dickens
Quentin Durward. Scott
Les Miserables. Hugo
Tales of a Traveller. Irving
Selected Short Stories
Kidnapped. Stevenson
Tale of Two Cities. Dickens

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A Dealer in Empire. Barr
Vergilius—A Tale of Old Rome
The Club of Queer Trades. Chesterton
Tackling Matrimony. Burton
Good for the Soul. Margaret Deland
Partners. " "
An Encore. " "
Where the Laborers Are Few. "
May Iverson's Career. Jordon
Tales of Destiny. "
The Marriage of William Ashe. Mrs. Humphrey Ward

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Smiles
Oh, Frenchy
In the Land of Beginning Again
Are You from Heaven?
That's What God Made Mothers For
Oui, Oui Marie
K-K-Katy
There's a Little Blue Star in the Window
I'm Sorry I Made You Cry
I Hate to Loose You
Just Dreaming of You
Just Awearying For You
We're from Canada (Marching Song)

VOCAL
(Choose any Two)

I'm Longing Always Dear For You
The Littlest of All
That's an Irish Lullaby
Can't You Hear Me Callin' Caroline?
Gypsy's Love Song
Spring's A Loveable Lady
I Did Not Know
Kiss Me Again
Sunrise and You
Somebody Loves You Dear
Then I'll Find My Paradise
'Neath The Autumn Moon
My Wild Irish Rose
Sorter Miss You
No Voice But Yours
The Garden of My Heart

INSTRUMENTAL
(Choose any Three)

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Melodies of Scotland
Narcissus
Traumerei
The Flower Song
To Daffodils
Dance aux Sabots
Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight Valse
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Tender gums—a warning

COAST defense protects the life of a nation, gum defense the life of a tooth. On the gum line danger lies. If it shrinks through Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum tenderness that warns of Pyorrhea. Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea—many under forty also. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums, too. Remember—these inflamed, bleeding gums act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. As it hardens the gums the teeth become firmer.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's. It cleans the teeth scientifically—keeps them white and clean.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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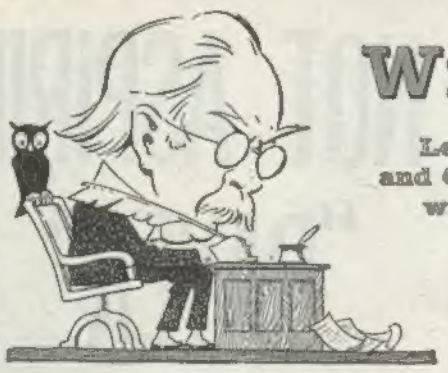

Wise and Otherwise

Leaves from the Editor's Scrap Book and Comments from Her Diary Presented with one Idea—to Stimulate Interest and Afford Relaxation

THIS page is compiled simply of waifs and strays. It is not intended to be either uplifting or demoralizing, sense or nonsense, clever or prophetic, so—

If the anecdotes chronicled hereon are "stale"—comfort yourself with the thought that you're smarter'n I am.

If the bits of news seem to you to be not extraordinary—take pride in the knowledge that you are an unusual and discriminating reader.

If you cannot agree with my views—write and tell me so. I love an argument.

If something on this page reminds you of something else, twice as funny, twice as interesting—send it in. I'll pass it on.

If the page appeals to you—read it as a personal tribute to me. Thanks!

The Editor.

WITH the aid of a few sewing-machine stitches a trick may be devised that will equal, if not surpass, a well-known magic effect often seen on the professional stage. The advantage of this trick is that no sleight-of-hand is necessary.

Two handkerchiefs (silk is easier to handle, but any fabric will answer) are tied together at their extreme corners and placed in an empty goblet or tumbler. A third handkerchief of a different colour (or perhaps a flag would be better) is caused to disappear, removing the two handkerchiefs from the goblet the flag is found to be tied between them.

Use fairly large handkerchiefs, folding one into a triangle, leaving an open space of an inch at the top of the right side of the triangle, and stitching the rest with thread. This forms a pocket that is closed at the top but open at the bottom. The handkerchief is hidden in this pocket, one end being sewed to the end of the handkerchief it is hidden in, while the other end is loose.

When the performer apparently fastens the handkerchiefs together, the third handkerchief is really tied to the loose ends of the hidden handkerchief. Of course, when the handkerchiefs are pulled apart they will be seen to all be tied together.

The vanishing of the handkerchief can be accomplished by an attached elastic, or this part may be entirely left out.

TO the hunter or traveller it is useful to know the time accurately, and most important to know direction. Watch or compass stand the chance of being lost, and the lack cannot be remedied in the wilds. So camper and woodsman are taking a leaf out of the book of the soldier.

The world war made the wrist-watch acceptable to male society and the soldiers found a patented lock useful.

The clasp is fastened by a small sliding bar which locks two small round extensions on the under part in two holes of corresponding size in the upper part.

THE body of the cement is litharge (lead oxide), and may be purchased at a drug store for about ten cents an ounce. Mix it with glycerine to the consistency of a very thick paste, and you have an excellent cement for resetting new lava flame-tips in bicycle and motorcycle acetylene gas headlights. It will also fill, and make leak-proof, large holes in granite and aluminum kitchen-ware, and will repair a galvanized wash-tub or the copper wash-boiler, etc. It must be allowed to set for at least twenty-four hours. A mixture of litharge and shellac, having about the consistency of paste, makes a fine smooth-on cement for leaky automobile radiators and for cracks in the engine water-jacket. The mixture will dry sufficiently for refilling with water in about ten hours.—John Robinson.

AS long as the tight skirt fad doesn't spread to Japan, the Japanese will be able to enjoy their football games. What have tight skirts got to do with football? Plenty; football is played only by members of the nobility, and they wear skirts.

WHEN a number of old newspapers are used to kindle fires it requires considerable time to crumple them, and if they are left folded they do not burn readily. On the other hand, when crumpled they sometimes burn too quickly. A convenient, quick way, when the newspapers are desired to take the place of kindling wood, is to lay eight or ten single sheets of newspaper, one upon the other, and roll them up in a slender tube, then flatten the tube out and bend it under the fingers, so that a single knot can be tied with it. Pull the knot tight; five or six of these knots laid in the stove grate will ignite the coal as well as wood kindling.

WHEN the bough breaks the tea-room will fall, and down will come, teatotalers, tea-room, and all. But that thought does not worry the folks

who are merrily drinking tea in the tree-tops.

This is the village of Robinson, situated just outside Paris. It was built in memory of Robinson Crusoe, and symbolizes the kind of time he ought to have had when he came back from his island. Besides these tea-rooms, there are dance-halls, "movies," merry-go-rounds, and many side attractions.

Orders taken in the tea-room are sent below in baskets. The baskets are then filled and hoisted up.

Where the late Czar of Russia and his Family spent their last days.
The room in the house in Ekaterinburg, Siberia, where the late Czar and Czarina of Russia slept while awaiting execution by the Reds. The former Czar and his unhappy family were roused at 2 o'clock on the morning of July 17th, 1918, led downstairs into a room on the floor below their sleeping quarters and murdered.

A VICTORY bridge for Niagara Falls and another one for Buffalo have been proposed by Dr. T. Kennard Thomson, a consulting engineer of New York. He has drawn up plans for building them should his proposal be accepted.

The bridge at Niagara would have a clear span of a thousand feet, with the roadway one hundred feet wide and one hundred and forty-five feet above the water. It would be made of massive steel trusses encased in concrete. The total cost of such a structure is estimated at not more than ten million dollars.

The plan for Buffalo's bridge is for one of six spans, since the water below is less violent than the water at Niagara. Each span would be three hundred feet long, and the spans and approaches would measure in all about a mile.

This bridge, which would likewise be one hundred feet wide and cost ten million dollars, is planned to be built of rock-faced granite backed with concrete.

The idea seems to us a good one. What more fitting background for the commemoration of heroic deeds than a bridge of dignified architecture?

"I WANT a pair of the best gloves you have," said Mrs. Nurich at the glove counter.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the polite salesman. "How long do you want them?"

"Don't git insultin', young man! I want to buy 'em, not hire 'em."

AN English soldier, a French soldier, and a German soldier were discussing the merits of the gas masks of their respective armies, and it was decided to try them out. A live skunk was procured and placed in a small shack.

The Englishman went in first with his mask and stayed inside for a full hour.

The Frenchman then went in, but had to come out after half an hour had elapsed.

The German then went inside, and in less than two minutes the skunk came out.

THE aviator, looking down into the still, clear water, saw a submarine sunning on the bottom of the ocean. He signaled a destroyer. She steamed up and dropped a depth-bomb. After the tumult had subsided, oil began to spread on the surface of the water; the U-boat had been blown to pieces.

That was the war-time job of the naval airplane. What will it do now? Hunt fish instead of submarines?

Every year forty fishing-schooners start out from Gloucester, Mass., in search of great schools of mackerel. Heretofore the custom has been to station a lookout on the foremast of each vessel. Presently one of the lookouts would sight a school of fish. Then the boats would close in, spread their nets, and haul in the fish.

These lookouts, who were stationed about thirty feet above the level of the water, could spot fish only within a radius of a mile or so. Think of the possibilities of an airplane flying three hundred feet up! One observer in an airplane could scan an area ten times as large as would be possible to the lookouts of a whole fishing fleet, and would save the boats much of the time that is usually wasted in cruising around.

The town of Gloucester has made a request of Secretary of the Navy Daniels to lend her a fleet of forty flying-boats.

THE root of all good manners is in kind-heartedness.

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is excellent for many kinds of pickles and relishes. It adds a distinctive flavor to apples, quinces, melons, pears, and other late fruits. For baking many old-time dishes, the natural, delicious molasses taste of Lantic Old Fashioned Brown Sugar holds an agreeable surprise to those housewives who have never tried it.

Grandmother's Recipes Free

We have just published a new edition of this old-time cook book, which contains over 80 recipes such as grandmother used. This book will be sent free upon receipt of 2-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing. Be sure when ordering Brown Sugar that you get the genuine Lantic Old Fashioned Brown. It comes in 100-lb. bags, marked with our Red Ball Trade-Mark, from which your grocer will sell you as many pounds as you wish.

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Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, sent to you for 15c.

For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream.

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For the commoner skin troubles

You will find complete treatments, as well as scientific advice on the skin and scalp, in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." This booklet is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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Blackheads
Skin Blemishes
Oily Skin and Shiny Nose
Coarsened Skin
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